The Young and Field LITERARY READERS

Book Six

office

WISCONSIN

Public School Library Regulations

Prescribed by the State Superintendent

Name of school Van Wagner

Town Franklin *County* Vernon

(Village or city)

Dist No. Jt. 2 *Accession No.* 241

(To be filled in by the teacher)

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RULES:

I. The Teacher of the public school shall have charge of the Library while the school is in session and shall be responsible for the books.

II. Unless a shorter time is specified by the librarian, books may be kept two weeks without renewal.

III. Fines shall be assessed as follows:
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   2. For an injury beyond ordinary wear, an amount proportionate to the injury as estimated by the Librarian.
   3. For the loss of a volume, the cost of the book.
   4. One who has incurred a fine may be refused permission to take books from the library until the fine is paid.

IV. A copy of these regulations shall be pasted upon the inside of the cover of each volume in the school district libraries, unless other approved means of marking ownership are employed.

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*See "Library Regulations" in List of Books for (Township) School Libraries.

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THE YOUNG AND FIELD LITERARY READERS

Book Six

BY

ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools

AND

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

Author of "Fingerposts to Children's Reading," "Rome," Etc.

GINN AND COMPANY

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TO THOSE WHO READ THIS BOOK

As you take up these readers, one after another, you realize that in each one you can see a little farther into the great world of books. You are becoming better acquainted with the authors whose names you already knew, and you are making friends with some who before were strangers to you.

In this volume you will find several about whom we have not talked before. Among Americans, there are Hawthorne, Howells, Aldrich, Emerson, Warner, James T. Fields, Mary Mapes Dodge, Audubon, and Dr. Jordan; among the writers of England are Browning, Cowper, Maria Edgeworth, and Leigh Hunt. But a most important part of Book Six is the section "Readings from Famous Books." Here you will learn of some of the greatest books that the world has known — books hundreds of years old, but so fresh and so full of interest and so *alive* that one never thinks of them as being old. They seem as new to-day as when they were written.

Of these great books, you have already read in earlier volumes from the Bible and "The Arabian Nights." In this volume you will read, in easy form, stories from Homer's "Odyssey," Vergil's "Æneid," Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Spenser's "The Fairy Queen," Cervantes' "Don Quixote," and Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Other plays of Shakespeare are greater than this, to be sure, but you will read them later; we have selected this because it will interest you *now*. Then there is the beautiful story of enchantment which Milton wove into his poem "Comus"; and there are the

adventures of Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe; and the voyages of Gulliver, by Swift. Some of these names may sound strange to you, but the stories are not hard, and they are stories which every well-educated person ought to know.

Here is a feast of good things. We have given you enough to show you what each is like, and we think you will not be contented until you have found and read the books from which these selections are taken.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The selections from Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Aldrich, Warner, and James T. Fields are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the works of these authors.

Acknowledgments are also due to the following publishers for permission to reprint copyrighted selections from their books: to Harper & Brothers for the selection from Howells's "The Flight of Pony Baker"; to Charles Scribner's Sons for Lanier's "The Song of the Chattahoochee" and the selection from Mrs. Dodge's "Hans Brinker"; to the John Lane Company for the selection from Judge Parry's version of "Don Quixote"; to The Macmillan Company for the selection from Church's "The Fairy Queen and her Knights"; to Little, Brown, and Company for the selection from Francis Storrs' "Canterbury Chimes"; and to A. C. McClurg & Co. and the author for "The Story of a Salmon," from Dr. Jordan's "Science Sketches."

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THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS

In the word lists of this book you will find the following marks, which are also used in dictionaries, and which show the sounds of the letters:

ā: Long a, as in nāme = e̱ as in the̱y.
a̓: Unaccented or obscure long a, as in senate̓.
â: Circumflex or caret a, as in câre = ê as in whêre.
ă: Short a, as in ăm.
ă̓: Unaccented or obscure short a, as in ă̓ccount.
ä: Italian a, as in ärm.
å: Short Italian a, as in åsk.
ä̓: Final or unaccented short Italian a, as in sofä̓.
ã as in cowãrd = ē as in hēr, ĭ as in sĭr, ō as in wōrk, û as in fûr, ỹ as in mỹrrh.
ạ as in whạt = ŏ as in nŏt.
ạ̈ as in ạ̈ll = ô as in hôrse.

ē: Long e, as in ēvening = ï as in machïne.
ė̆: Unaccented or obscure long e, as in ė̆vent.
ĕ: Short e, as in bĕd.
ĕ̓: Unaccented or obscure short e, as in decĕ̓nt.
ẽ: Tilde (tĭl'dĕ) e, as in hẽr = ĭ as in sĭr, ō as in wōrk, û as in fûr, ỹ as in mỹrrh, ã as in cowãrd.
e̱ as in the̱y = ā as in nāme.
ê as in whêre = â as in câre.

ī: Long i, as in īce = ȳ as in mȳ.
ĭ: Short i, as in ĭt = ў as in mўth.
ï as in machïne = ē as in ēvening.
ĭ as in sĭr = ẽ as in hẽr, ō as in wōrk, û as in fûr, ỹ as in mỹrrh, ã as in cowãrd.

ō: Long o, as in ōld = ow as in crow.
o̓: Unaccented or obscure long o, as in o̓bey.
ô: Circumflex or caret o, as in hôrse = ạ as in ạ̈ll.

ŏ: Short o, as in nŏt = ạ as in whạt.
ŏ: Unaccented or obscure short o, as in cŏnnect.
ô̆: Modified short o, as in sô̆ft.
ọ as in wọlf = o͝o as in fo͝ot, ụ as in pụll.
o̤ as in mo̤ve = o͞o as in fo͞od, ṳ as in rṳle.
ȯ as in sȯn = ŭ as in ŭp.
õ as in wõrk = ẽ as in hẽr, ĩ as in sĩr, û as in fûr, ỹ as in mỹrrh, ã as in cowãrd.
o͞o: Long oo, as in fo͞od = o̤ as in mo̤ve, ṳ as in rṳle, ew as in drew.
o͝o: Short oo, as in fo͝ot = ọ as in wọlf, ụ as in pụll.

ū: Long u, as in ūse = ew as in few.
ū̇: Unaccented long u, as in ū̇nite.
ŭ: Short u, as in ŭp = ȯ as in sȯn.
ŭ: Unaccented or obscure short u, as in circŭs.
ü: German u, as in *grün*.
û as in fûr = ẽ as in hẽr, ĩ as in sĩr, ỹ as in mỹrrh, etc.
ṳ as in rṳle = o͞o as in fo͞od, o̤ as in mo̤ve, ew as in drew.
ụ as in pụll = o͝o as in fo͝ot = ọ as in wọlf.

ȳ as in flȳ = ī as in īce.
ў as in mўth = ĭ as in ĭt.
ỹ as in mỹrrh = ẽ as in hẽr, ĩ as in sĩr, û as in fûr, etc.

ç as in miçe (= s)
ch as in chorus (= k)
çh as in çhaise (= sh)
ġ as in caġe (= j)
d͜ū as in verdure = deu in grandeur
t͜ū as in nature

n̲ as in in̲k (= ng)
s̲ as in is̲ (= z)
x̲ as in ex̲act (= gz)
th as in then
N as in the French *ensemble*
K as in the German *ich*

When not marked, c is sounded as in cat (= k); ch as in child; g as in go; ph as in phantom (= f); qu as in quit (= kw); s as in so; th as in thin; x as in vex; ou as in out (= ow in now); oi as in oil (= oy in boy).

Sometimes ci and ti have the sound of sh, as in gracious, nation.

Letters in italic type (*a*, *e*, *i*), without marks, are not sounded.

THE YOUNG AND FIELD

LITERARY READERS

BOOK SIX

PART I. STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE

BEN FRANKLIN'S WHARF

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

[On the Fourth of July in the year 1804 the old town of Salem, Massachusetts, was gay with flags and banners and noisy with the booming of cannon. Independence Day was being celebrated in the usual manner; but Captain Hawthorne and his wife, in their old frame house on Union Street, felt that day like doing a little extra celebrating, for a boy had just been born to them.

Captain Hawthorne was a sailor and commanded one of those merchant ships that used to go out from the wharves of Salem to all the great ports of the world, for Salem had been a famous seaport until the neighboring city of Boston outgrew it and took its trade away.

This boy of Captain Hawthorne's was named Nathaniel, and for four uneventful years he lived with his sister and his gentle mother in the old house on Union Street, until one day news came that his father had been stricken with a fever, in a foreign port, and had died there, far from home. Another little sister came into the family the same year, and the mother and the three children all

went to live with their grandfather Manning in a tall old gray house not far away.

Nathaniel was a handsome boy, with large deep eyes and a thoughtful face. He loved to read, but he also loved all outdoor sports and was skilled in them. When he was fourteen the family went up into the woods of Maine, on the borders of Sebago Lake. Here Nathaniel spent his time tramping through the forest or skating by moonlight on the lake, or building camp fires and sitting beside them till he fell asleep. He says that he did a great deal of reading meanwhile, and that his favorite books were Shakespeare and "Pilgrim's Progress."

After a year in the Maine woods he went back to Salem, where he studied for a time under a private teacher and entered Bowdoin College in the same class with Longfellow and with Franklin Pierce, who afterwards became president of the United States.

After graduating from Bowdoin, in 1825, Hawthorne returned to Salem and for more than twelve years lived with his mother and sister in the old house which his grandfather had left them. He passed his days shut up in his room, writing and reading. Most of the things he wrote did not please him; so he burned them and began again. At dusk each evening he would go out and take a solitary walk, generally along the seashore. He once said that he doubted if during those years there were twenty people in Salem who were aware of his existence.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

But after a time some of his stories found their way into the magazines, and with the help of a college friend they were collected and published in a book called "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow was at that time writing for the *North American Review*, and was one of the first to praise the book and to bring it into notice.

Near the Hawthornes in Salem lived at that time the Peabodys, a family in which there were three young women daughters. Sophia, the youngest, was an artist. She had read Hawthorne's stories without knowing who their author was; and she became so much interested in them that she made a sketch of one of the characters whom she especially liked. Not long after this the acquaintance between the Hawthornes and the Peabodys was renewed, — for it seems the families had known one another in the years before Captain Hawthorne's death, — and a little later it was announced that young Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody were to be married.

Hawthorne now began to see that he must earn more than his magazine stories and his book were paying him; accordingly he found employment in the Boston custom-house, where he weighed bales of cotton and barrels of sugar by day and wrote stories by night. It was during this time that he wrote his book of true stories from New England history, called "Grandfather's Chair."

But a change soon occurred in the government of the custom-house, and Hawthorne lost his position. He had

heard that a company of educated people were starting a large farm near West Roxbury, where every one was to work with his hands a part of each day and have plenty of time for reading and study. All were to live together like one great family and share everything equally. It was called Brook Farm. This seemed to Hawthorne an admirable plan, and he at once joined the company, spending one season in plowing and cultivating, milking cows, hoeing potatoes, and doing all sorts of farm work. He enjoyed it and made a good farmer, but he found that if the farm was to be kept up there was no time to read or study; for some of the company did not like to soil their hands with farm work, and others hardly knew a spade from a pitchfork. They were willing to let Hawthorne and a few others do the farming while they did the reading, but that was a division of labor not altogether pleasing to the young man. Afterwards he wrote a book, "The Blithedale Romance," which told something of life at Brook Farm.

In 1842 Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody were married and went to live at Concord, Massachusetts, in an old house not far from Concord Bridge, where, you will remember, one of the first fights of the American Revolution took place. This house had formerly been the home of the village minister and was known as the Old Manse. It had also been occupied by Emerson. The Old Manse is still standing — a fine old-fashioned hip-roofed house

at the end of a long avenue of trees, almost buried in foliage. In it the Hawthornes spent four happy years. Their eldest child was born there, and there Hawthorne wrote another book of short stories, which he called "Mosses from an Old Manse." Emerson was a neighbor, and near by lived Thoreau and Dr. Alcott and his daughters, one of whom, Louisa, is known to young people as the author of "Little Women" and "Little Men."

The Hawthornes then went back to Salem, for Hawthorne had been given charge of the Salem custom-house. In an unused storeroom of that building he found one day an old bundle of papers, dating from colonial times, which greatly interested him, and out of the facts related in them he wrote "The Scarlet Letter." This, more than any of his other books, made him known and honored as a novelist.

Perhaps the happiest period of his life was the year he spent at Lenox, among the mountains of western Massachusetts, with his wife and children. He lived out of doors, took the children on nutting excursions, made kites and boats for them, and told them stories. These stories were chiefly about the Greek myths, and he published them afterwards in "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." In Lenox he also wrote "The House of the Seven Gables."

His college classmate Pierce had now become president, and appointed Hawthorne consul or representative of the

United States at Liverpool. After several years in Liverpool and several more spent in traveling through Europe, where he wrote "The Marble Faun," Hawthorne returned to Concord and settled in the old Alcott house, called The Wayside, which he had bought before he went to Europe. Here he died in the spring of 1864.

This story about Benjamin Franklin is from Hawthorne's "Biographical Stories."]

I. BUILDING THE WHARF

In the year 1716, or about that period, a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his schoolfellows and playmates by the name of Ben Franklin. Ben was born in 1706; so that he was now about ten years old. His father, who had come over from England, was a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler, and resided in Milk Street, not far from the Old South Church.

Ben was a bright boy at his book and even a brighter one when at play with his comrades. He had some remarkable qualities which always seemed to give him the lead whether at sport or in more serious matters.

Mr. Franklin found it so difficult to provide bread for his family that when the boy was ten years old it became necessary to take him from school. Ben was then employed in cutting candle-wicks into equal lengths and filling the molds with tallow; and many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which he

had helped to make. Thus, you see, in his early days as well as in his manhood his labors contributed to throw light upon dark matters.

Busy as his life now was, Ben still found time to keep company with his former schoolfellows. He and the other boys were very fond of fishing and spent many of their leisure hours on the margin of the mill-pond catching flounders, perch, eels, and tomcod, which came up thither with the tide. The place where they fished is now, probably, covered with stone pavements and brick buildings and thronged with people and with vehicles of all kinds. But at that period it was a marshy spot on the outskirts of the town, where gulls flitted and screamed overhead and salt-meadow grass grew under foot.

On the edge of the water there was a deep bed of clay, in which the boys were forced to stand while they caught their fish. Here they dabbled in mud and mire like a flock of ducks.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades, while they were standing mid-leg deep in the quagmire.

"So it is," said the other boys. "What a pity we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not in his nature to be sensible of an inconvenience without using his best efforts to find a remedy. So, as he and

his comrades were returning from the water-side, Ben suddenly threw down his string of fish with a very determined air.

"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a scheme which will be greatly for our benefit and for the public benefit."

It was queer enough, to be sure, to hear this little chap—this rosy-cheeked, ten-year-old boy—talking about schemes for the public benefit! Nevertheless, his companions were ready to listen, being assured that Ben's scheme, whatever it was, would be well worth their attention. They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises ever since he had been old enough to wear smallclothes. They remembered, too, his wonderful contrivance of sailing across the mill-pond by lying flat on his back in the water and allowing himself to be drawn along by a paper kite. If Ben could do that, he might certainly do anything.

"What is your scheme, Ben?—what is it?" cried they all.

It so happened that they had now come to a spot of ground where a new house was to be built. Scattered round about lay a great many large stones which were to be used for the cellar and foundation. Ben mounted upon the highest of these stones, so that he might speak with the more authority.

"You know, lads," said he, "what a plague it is to be forced to stand in the quagmire yonder — overshoes

and stockings (if we wear any) in mud and water. See! I am bedaubed to the knees of my smallclothes; and you are all in the same pickle. Unless we can find some remedy for this evil, our fishing business must be entirely given up. And surely this would be a terrible misfortune!"

"That it would! that it would!" said his comrades, sorrowfully.

"Now, I propose," continued Master Benjamin, "that we build a wharf, for the purpose of carrying on our fisheries. You see these stones. The workmen mean to use them for the underpinning of a house; but that would be for only one man's advantage. My plan is to take these same stones and carry them to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. This will not only enable us to carry on the fishing business with comfort and to better advantage, but it will likewise be a great convenience to boats passing up and down the stream. Thus, instead of one man, fifty, or a hundred, or a thousand, besides ourselves, may be benefited by these stones. What say you, lads? Shall we build the wharf?"

Ben's proposal was received with one of those uproarious shouts wherewith boys usually express their delight at whatever completely suits their views. Nobody thought of questioning the right and justice of building a wharf with stones that belonged to another person.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted they. "Let's set about it."

It was agreed that they should all be on the spot that evening and commence their grand public enterprise by moonlight. Accordingly, at the appointed time, the whole gang of youthful laborers assembled and eagerly began to remove the stones. They had not calculated how much toil would be requisite in this important part of their undertaking. The very first stone which they laid hold of proved so heavy that it almost seemed to be fastened to the ground. Nothing but Ben Franklin's cheerful and resolute spirit could have induced them to persevere.

Ben, as might be expected, was the soul of the enterprise. By his mechanical genius he contrived methods to lighten the labor of transporting the stones, so that one boy, under his directions, would perform as much as half a dozen if left to themselves. Whenever their spirits flagged he had some joke ready, which seemed to renew their strength, by setting them all into a roar of laughter. And when, after an hour or two of hard work, the stones were transported to the water-side, Ben Franklin was the engineer to superintend the construction of the wharf.

The boys, like a colony of ants, performed a great deal of labor by their multitude, though the individual strength of each could have accomplished but little.

Finally, just as the moon sank below the horizon, the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we may catch fish at our ease."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then they all went home in such an ecstasy of delight that they could hardly get a wink of sleep.

II. TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES

In the morning, when the early sunbeams were gleaming on the steeples and roofs of the town and gilding the water that surrounded it, the masons came, rubbing their eyes, to begin their work at the foundation of the new house. But on reaching the spot, they rubbed their eyes so much the harder. What had become of their heap of stones?

"Why, Sam," said one to another, in great perplexity, "here's been some witchcraft at work while we were asleep. The stones must have flown away through the air!"

"More likely they have been stolen!" answered Sam.

"But who on earth would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third. "Could a man carry them away in his pocket?"

The master mason, who was a gruff kind of man, stood scratching his head and said nothing at first. But

looking carefully on the ground, he discerned innumerable tracks of little feet, some with shoes and some barefoot. Following these tracks with his eye, he saw that they formed a beaten path towards the water-side.

"Ah, I see what the mischief is," said he, nodding his head. "These little rascals, the boys — they have stolen our stones to build a wharf with!"

The masons immediately went to examine the new structure. And to say the truth, it was well worth looking at, so neatly and with such admirable skill had it been planned and finished. The stones were put together so securely that there was no danger of their being loosened by the tide, however swiftly it might sweep along. There was a broad and safe platform to stand upon, whence the little fishermen might cast their lines into deep water and draw up fish in abundance. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Ben and his comrades might be forgiven for taking the stones, because they had done their job in such a workmanlike manner.

"The chaps that built this wharf understood their business pretty well," said one of the masons. "I should not be ashamed of such a piece of work myself."

But the master mason did not seem to enjoy the joke.

"Sam," said he, more gruffly than usual, "go call a constable."

So Sam called a constable, and inquiries were set on foot to discover the perpetrators of the theft. In the

course of the day warrants were issued, with the signature of a justice of the peace, to take the bodies of Benjamin Franklin and other evil-disposed persons who had stolen a heap of stones. If the owner of the stolen property had not been more merciful than the master mason, it might have gone hard with our friend Benjamin and his fellow-laborers. But luckily for them, the gentleman had a respect for Ben's father, and moreover was amused with the spirit of the whole affair. He therefore let the culprits off pretty easily. But when the constables were dismissed, the poor boys had to go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer execution too, from their own fathers. Many a rod, I grieve to say, was worn to the stump on that unlucky night.

As for Ben, he was less afraid of a whipping than of his father's disapprobation, for he had a greater reverence for his father than for any other person in the world. Consequently, after being released from the clutches of the law, Ben came into his father's presence with no small perturbation of mind.

"Benjamin, come hither," began Mr. Franklin, in his customary solemn and weighty tone.

The boy approached and stood before his father's chair, waiting reverently to hear what judgment this good man would pass upon his late offense. He felt that now the right and wrong of the whole matter would be made to appear.

"Benjamin!" said his father, "what could induce you to take property which did not belong to you?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, hanging his head at first, but then lifting his eyes to Mr. Franklin's face, "if it had been merely for my own benefit, I never should have dreamed of it. But I knew that the wharf would be a public convenience. If the owner of the stones should build a house with them, nobody would enjoy any advantage except himself. Now, I made use of them in a way that was for the advantage of many persons. I thought it right to aim at doing good to the greatest number."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, solemnly, "so far as it was in your power, you have done a greater harm to the public than to the owner of the stones."

"How can that be, father?" asked Ben.

"Because," answered his father, "in building your wharf with stolen materials, you have committed a moral wrong. No act," continued Mr. Franklin, "can possibly be for the benefit of the public generally which involves injustice to any individual. And I do verily believe, Benjamin, that almost all the public and private misery of mankind arises from a neglect of this great truth: that evil can produce only evil; that good ends must be wrought out by good means."

"I will never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell briefly the story of Hawthorne's life. What other noted American authors were nearly of Hawthorne's age and were associated with him at different times in his life? Tell something about Concord, Massachusetts. Point out on a map the different places in which you know Hawthorne lived. Name some of his best-known books.

2. Tell in your own words the story of Ben Franklin's Wharf. 3. How old was Franklin when he left school and why did he leave? 4. What is meant by "In his early days as well as in his manhood his labors contributed to throw light upon dark matters"? 5. Put into simpler words "They remembered how sagaciously he had conducted all their enterprises ever since he had been old enough to wear small-clothes." 6. Explain why Franklin thought his wharf would be a "public benefit"? What *is* a "public benefit"? 7. What does the building of the wharf show of Franklin's character?

8. What is meant by the boys having to "go through another trial, and receive sentence, and suffer execution too, from their own fathers"? 9. Explain "clutches of the law"; "no small perturbation of mind." 10. What do you think of Ben's argument that it was "right to aim at doing good to the greatest number"? 11. What did Ben's father say about it? 12. Which was right? 13. Tell what you know of Benjamin Franklin besides this story which Hawthorne tells of him (see any school history of the United States).

Other stories of Hawthorne which you will enjoy are "The Pine Tree Shillings," "The Sunken Treasure," and "The Old-Fashioned School," from "Grandfather's Chair"; Benjamin West, Sir Isaac Newton, and Samuel Johnson, from "Biographical

Stories"; "Little Daffydowndilly," "The Snow Image," and "A Rill from the Town Pump" (Riverside Literature Series No. 29), also some of the Greek stories from "A Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales."

A short story of Franklin's life will be found in Montgomery's "Beginner's American History" and in several other primary histories, but the best account is Franklin's "Autobiography," that is, his life written by himself. A good sketch of Hawthorne's life is in the Riverside Literature Series No. 10.

uneventful (ŭn ē̇ vĕnt′fu̧l): without important events or happenings.
Sebago (Sē̇ bā′gō): a lake in Maine.
Bowdoin (Bō*w*′d*oi*n): a college at Brunswick, Maine.
custom-house: a house where duties and customs are paid.
tallow-chandler: a maker or seller of tallow candles.
contributed (c*ŏ*n trĭb′ū tĕd): helped.
tomcod: a fish somewhat like the cod but much smaller.
vehicles (vē′hĭ cle*ş*): wagons, carriages, or anything in which persons or freight are carried.
quagmire (quăg′mīr*e*): marsh, bog.
sensible: aware.
sagaciously (s*ȧ* gā′sh*ŭ*s lў): wisely.
conducted: carried on.
enterprises: undertakings.
smallclothes: tight knee breeches.
authority (a̤u thŏr′ĭ tў): influence.
pickle: an unpleasant situation.
underpinning: foundation.
uproarious (ŭp rō*ar*′ĭ *oŭ*s): noisy.
requisite (rĕk′wĭ s̱ĭt*e*): necessary.
resolute (rĕs̱′ō̇ lūt*e*): determined.
flagged: drooped, lost strength.
individual (ĭn dĭ vĭd′ū̇ *ă*l): of a single person.
ecstasy (ĕc′st*ȧ*-çў): joy so great as to take away all self-control.
perpetrators (pẽr′pĕ trā tõrs̱): those who do or perform a thing.
warrants (wa̧r′r*ă*nts): papers giving an officer the right to arrest.
issued (ĭsh′ū̇*e*d): sent out.
justice of the peace: an officer who performs the less important duties of a judge.
culprits (cŭl′prĭts): those accused of crime or wrongdoing.
execution: the carrying out or fulfilling the judgment of a court.
disapprobation: disapproval.
perturbation (pẽr t*ŭ*r bā′shȯn): disturbance of the mind or feelings.
involves (ĭn vŏlv*e*s̱′): includes.

THE OWL CRITIC

JAMES T. FIELDS

[There was probably no one in America half a century ago who had so many friends among the literary men and women of his time as James T. Fields. He was himself a writer and a poet; but he was also a publisher, and, as a member of the firm of Ticknor and Fields, published the works of that famous group, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes.

Mr. Fields was born in 1817, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. At seventeen he went to Boston to seek his fortune and there obtained a position in a bookstore. He loved books; and as the years rolled on, the "Old Corner Bookstore" at the corner of Washington and School streets became the meeting place of the literary men and women of New England. The *Atlantic Monthly* had its office there, and Fields followed Lowell as its editor, from 1862 to 1870.

Fields was a man of great kindness, generosity, and charm of manner, and he made friends with every one. He tramped the woods with Hawthorne; he camped with Whittier; he was intimate with Lowell, Holmes, Dickens, Tennyson, and Browning. His wife, Annie Fields, was also a writer and a poet.

His best-known book is "Yesterdays with Authors."]

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he could n't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion:
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 't is!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls
And other night fowls,

And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'T is against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness:
The man who stuffed him does n't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise

Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the life of James T. Fields. Name some of his friends. 2. Tell in your own words, briefly, the story of the Owl Critic. 3. What does the line "And the barber kept on shaving," so often repeated, show about the young man who was criticizing the owl? 4. Explain "anatomy," "ornithology," "taxidermists." 5. Who was Audubon? Who is John Burroughs? Why are these two men named? 6. What is a "glance analytic"? 7. This story might be called a fable. What is the lesson to be learned from it? 8. Compare this poem with Saxe's "The Blind Men and the Elephant" (Literary Readers, Book Five, page 82).

Other good poems of this author are "Don," "The Tempest," "The Stormy Petrel," "Jupiter and Ten," "The Alarmed Skipper," "The Turtle and the Flamingo," "Last Words in a Strange Land," and "Spring among the Hills." They are all in his book "Ballads and Other Verses," from which "The Owl Critic" is taken.

preposterous (prē pŏs′tĕr *ŭs*) : absurd.
owl-eology (owl ē ŏl′ŏ ġy) : a made-up word, meaning the science of owls.
deflection (dē flĕc′shŏn) : a turning away from the proper position.
canted (cănt′ĕd) : tipped, tilted.
attitude (ăt′tĭ tūd*e*) : position.
anatomy (ăn ăt′ŏ mў) : the science of the structure or arrangement of the parts of animals or plants.
ornithology (ôr nĭ thŏl′ŏ ġy) : the science of birds.
posture (pŏs′t*u̲*re) : pose, position.
taxidermists (tăx′ĭ dĕr mĭsts) : those who stuff or prepare the skins of birds and animals.
Audubon (A̲u′du bŏn) : a famous American naturalist (see p. 343).
John Burroughs (Bŭr′rō*ughs*) : another well-known American naturalist.
encounter (ĕn coun′tĕr) : to meet.
normal (nôr′măl) : natural.
analytic (ăn ą lўt′ĭc) : critical, in the sense of looking deeply or sharply into a thing to see what it is made of.

HOW FRANK BAKER SPENT THE FOURTH[1]

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

[Some seventy years ago or more, if you could have looked one afternoon into the back yard of an old house in Hamilton, Ohio, you might have seen a barefooted boy under a big cherry tree writing as hard as he could write. The boy was only about ten, but he was composing a tragedy which was to be played by his "crowd" of boys in the loft of a barn. Most of the boys were to be Roman conspirators, and one was to plunge a cardboard dagger into the heart of a consul, while another cried, "Strike, Stephanos, strike!" It was all written in verse and was very thrilling.

The boy was William D. Howells, and this play-writing was one of the things that he was very fond of doing. Other things were swimming, playing marbles, and flying kites. He tells us that he was really two boys; part of him went with the fellows and entered into every sort of fun, the other part wrote verses, read ancient history, and dreamed great dreams. In his books "A Boy's Town" and "The Flight of Pony Baker" he has told us a great deal about himself and about the boys with whom he used to play in those days when he was a lad down in the old town of Hamilton, near Cincinnati.

[1] From "The Flight of Pony Baker." Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Howells was one of a family of eight children, and was born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, just across the river from Wheeling, in the year 1837. When he was only three years old his parents moved to Hamilton, Ohio, and his father became editor of a weekly newspaper. William learned to set type when he was a very small boy, and spent much time in the printing office — when he was not playing with the boys or writing tragedies. The family lived in Hamilton till he was fifteen, and then moved to Dayton, where the elder Howells took charge of another paper. But the Dayton paper did not pay very well, and the four boys all had to work in the printing office to lessen the expenses. Mr. Howells tells us that sometimes he had to work at the type case until eleven o'clock at night and then get up at four in the morning to deliver papers.

After two years of this sort of life in Dayton, the paper failed. Then the father was given charge of a gristmill in the country, and the family lived in a log cabin, worked in the mill, and cultivated about eighty acres of corn. The boys slept in the loft. There were cracks in the roof through which they could see the stars, and often in the morning they stepped out of bed into a drift of snow, which had blown through the chinks of the roof. William's favorite books at Hamilton had been Goldsmith's histories of Greece and Rome, "Don Quixote," and "The Arabian Nights," but here, in an old barrel in the

William Dean Howells

loft, he found a volume of the early poems of a new poet named Longfellow, and was greatly taken by them.

After a time the family returned to town, and William went to Columbus, where he got a job at typesetting on the *Ohio State Journal*, at four dollars a week. This he contributed toward the support of the family. Meanwhile he studied by himself and learned Spanish, French, and Italian.

At nineteen he became a reporter on the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and at twenty-two went back to the *State Journal* at Columbus as news editor. Not long after this he sent some poems to the *Atlantic Monthly*; they were printed, and he was asked for more. He also wrote a biography of Lincoln, who was then a candidate for president. Afterwards Howells was made United States consul at Venice; and while living there, found time to write two delightful books of travel, "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys."

After returning to this country he wrote for several of the New York papers and later was made editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. About 1871 he began to write stories, and they proved very successful. "Their Wedding Journey," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and "A Hazard of New Fortunes" are among the best-known. He also wrote a number of farces, or short plays, as "The Sleeping Car," "The Mouse Trap," and "The Elevator." He is one of the greatest modern American story-tellers.

This selection is taken from "The Flight of Pony Baker." Pony's cousin Frank went to Pawpaw Bottom with Jake Milrace, to spend the Fourth of July with a boy named Dave Black. Dave had not invited them, and did not even know who Frank was, but that didn't make any difference to the boys. They decided to go just the same. So they saddled their horses and set off through the woods.

When they reached the Blacks', they found Dave's father at work on a wheat fan. He didn't seem very glad to see them, but told them that Dave was out in the pasture hauling fence rails. Frank was rather surprised to find everybody working, but Jake explained that Dave's father was British and didn't believe much in the Fourth of July.

The boys worked all the morning helping Dave load and unload rails. They had a good farm dinner, and after finishing up the rails Dave was given the rest of the day to play.]

Then they started for the swimming-hole. They had to go through a piece of woods to get to it, and in the shadow of the trees they did not notice that a storm was coming up till they heard it thunder. By that time they were on the edge of the woods, and there came a flash of lightning and a loud thunder-clap, and the rain began to fall in big drops. The boys saw a barn in the

field they had reached, and they ran for it; and they had just got into it when the rain came down with all its might. Suddenly Jake said: "I'll tell you what! Let's take off our clothes and have a shower-bath!" And in less than a minute they had their clothes off and were out in the full pour, dancing up and down and yelling like Indians. That made them think of playing Indians, and they pretended the barn was a settler's cabin and they were stealing up on it through the tall shocks of wheat. They captured it easily.

Dave stole up on Frank, who was bending over, pretending to hoe, and after he had tomahawked Frank he gave the scalp-halloo, and Jake came running out of the barn and had to be chased round it twice, so that he could fall breathless on his own threshold and be scalped in full sight of his family. It was easy to scalp Frank, because he wore his hair long, but Jake had his cropped close to his skull.

Then Dave pretended to be a war-party of Wyandots, and he gathered up sticks and pretended to set the barn on fire. By this time Frank and Jake had come to life and were Wyandots too, and they all joined hands and danced in front of the barn.

The sun came out bright and hot after the storm, and the boys left the barn and took across the field to the creek. The storm must have been very heavy, for the creek was rushing along bank-full, and there was

no sign left of Dave's swimming-hole. But they had had such a glorious shower-bath that they did not want to go in swimming anyway, and they stood and watched the yellow water pouring over the edge of a milldam that was there, till Dave happened to think of building a raft and going out on the dam. Jake said, "First rate!" and they all rushed up to a place where there were some boards on the bank; and they got pieces of old rope at the mill and tied the boards together till they had a good raft big enough to hold them, and then they pushed it into the water and got on it. They said they were on the Ohio River and going from Cincinnati to Louisville. Dave had a long pole to push with, like the boatmen on the keel-boats in the early times, and Jake had a board to steer with; Frank had another board to paddle with, on the other side of the raft from Dave.

The dam was a wide, smooth sheet of water, with trees growing round the edge and some of them hanging so low over it that they almost touched it. The boys made trips back and forth across the dam and to and from the edge of the fall till they got tired of it, and they were wanting something to happen, when Dave stuck his pole deep into the muddy bottom and set his shoulder hard against the top of the pole with a "Here she goes, boys, over the Falls of the Ohio!" and he ran along the edge of the raft from one end to the other.

Frank and Dave had both straightened up to watch him. At the stern of the raft Dave tried to pull up his pole for another good push, but it stuck fast in the mud at the bottom of the dam, and before Dave knew what he was about, the raft shot from under his feet, and he went overboard with his pole in his hand, as if he were taking a flying leap with it. The next minute he dropped into the water heels first and went down out of sight. He came up blowing water from his mouth and holloing and laughing and took after the raft, where the other fellows were jumping up and down and bending back and forth and screaming and yelling at the way he looked hurrying after his pole and then dangling in the air and now showing his black head in the water like a muskrat swimming for its hole. They were having such a good time mocking him that they did not notice how his push had sent the raft swiftly in under the trees by the shore, and the first thing they knew one of the low branches caught them and scraped them both off the raft into the water almost on top of Dave. Then it was Dave's turn to laugh, and he began: "What's the matter, boys? Want to help find the other end of that pole?"

The next thing was to take off their clothes and dry them. But they had no patience for that; so they wrung them out as dry as they could and put them on again. The sun was hot, and they were almost dry by the time

they got to Dave's house. They went with him to the woods-pasture on the way and helped him drive home the cows.

Then Frank and Jake thought they had better be going home, but Dave's mother would not let them start without something to eat; and she cut them each a slice of bread the whole width and length of the loaf and spread the slices with butter, and then apple-butter, and then brown sugar. Dave's mother said they must come and see Dave again some time.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Howells's life. Do you think the hard work which he had to do when he was a boy made him better or worse when he became a man? Name some of his books. From what book is this selection taken?

2. What do you think of Jake and Frank's going to Dave's to spend the Fourth without an invitation? How would the way in which farmers lived in those days help to explain it? 3. Why did Dave's father work on the Fourth? What *is* the Fourth? 4. Write or tell briefly how you have played Indian at some time. Another story of playing Indians and early settlers is told in Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy." 5. What does the story of the raft show you about the advantage of knowing how to swim? 6. Do you think the boys would have had any more fun if they had stayed in town?

Now is a good time for you to read "The Flight of Pony Baker" and "A Boy's Town." Selections from both books are published in a volume called "Boy Life."

Other good stories of boy life are Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy" (see page 58 of this book), Warner's "Being a Boy" (see page 323), and Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer."

tragedy (trăj′ĕ dy): a play telling of something sad or terrible.

conspirators (cŏn spĭr′ā tōrs): plotters.

consul (cŏn′sŭl): a public official. In Rome the consuls were the head of the government. A modern consul looks after the business affairs of his country in a foreign city and gives assistance to his countrymen in various ways.

gristmill: a mill for grinding grain.

reporter (rē pōrt′ĕr): one who reports or gathers news for a newspaper.

hazard (hăz′ărd): a chance or risk.

wheat fan: a machine for blowing the chaff, or husk, away from the wheat.

scalp-halloo: a yell given by an Indian when about to scalp a victim.

threshold: (thrĕsh′ōld): doorsill.

Wyandots (Wȳ′ăn dŏts): also called Hurons; a tribe of Indians formerly in Michigan and Ohio.

keel-boat: a shallow covered freight boat with a keel but no sails.

(*For memorizing*)

THE EAGLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls;
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

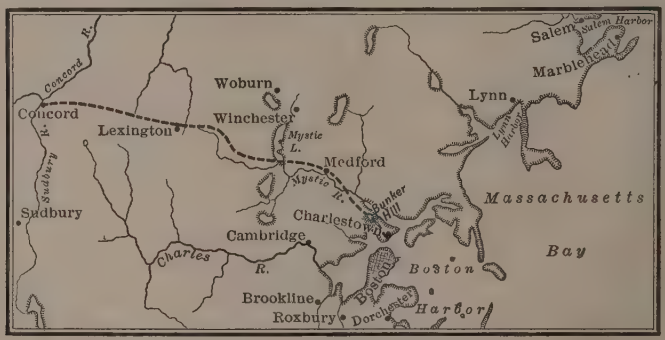
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[It was eleven o'clock on the night of April eighteenth, 1775. For weeks Boston had been full of British troops sent over from England to keep the people of Massachusetts from rising, as they had threatened to do, in defense of their rights. A whisper had passed through the city and the outlying villages that on this particular night a force of British soldiers would probably go to Lexington, a village some fifteen miles away, to arrest Samuel Adams and John Hancock, two of the patriot leaders, and send them to England to be tried for treason. It was also feared that the troops would go on to Concord, five miles farther, and destroy the arms and supplies which the Americans had collected at that place.

Paul Revere, a Boston engraver and an earnest patriot, was waiting at Charlestown to give the alarm and arouse the people as soon as he knew that the troops were really on the way. There were two roads to Lexington — one which could only be reached by crossing in boats the arm of the sea that separated Charlestown from Boston; the other by land, over Boston Neck and in a roundabout course through the villages of Roxbury, Brookline, and Cambridge. Another horseman, William Dawes, was ready to ride over the latter route.

The poem doesn't tell all the story. Paul Revere was stopped by British officers near Concord, and a young Concord doctor, Samuel Prescott, carried on the news.

"Paul Revere's Ride" is from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The poet supposes that a company of travelers were at the old inn at Sudbury, when a storm came on and held them there. To pass away the time



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF PAUL REVERE, APRIL 18-19, 1775

each told a story; and this was the landlord's story. The poem was written in 1860, just before the Civil War. For Longfellow's life, see Book Four, page 63.]

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On the shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Of what longer poem is "Paul Revere's Ride" a part? Tell what you can about this longer poem. 2. Why were the British going to Lexington and Concord? Tell what you can of the troubles that led to the presence of this large British force in Boston. 3. Draw a map showing the route of Paul Revere and locating the places named in the poem. 4. What route would the British take if they went by land? What, if by sea? What part of the sea would they have to cross? 5. What is Middlesex? What is a "muffled oar"?

6. Why is the *Somerset* called a *phantom* ship? What does the moon add to this night picture on the bay? Try to imagine how it looked. 7. Can you see any connection between this British ship and the idea of a prison (page 45, line 16)? 8. What did Paul Revere's friend find the British soldiers doing, and what did that show him about their route? What are grenadiers?

9. Read the lines that describe the scene in the belfry. Why do you suppose the pigeons are mentioned? Why the churchyard and the graves? 10. What is meant by "their night-encampment"? What was the "shadowy something far away"? 11. Describe Paul Revere as he waited for the signal. What showed his impatience?

12. Notice how vivid a picture is given in the four lines beginning "A hurry of hoofs." Explain the line "The fate of a nation was riding that night." How did the spark kindle the land into flame? 13. Describe the poet's picture of Medford; of Lexington. 14. What was the bloody work that the meeting-house windows would look upon? 15. Describe the picture of Concord. What happened the next day at the bridge

at Concord? 16. Tell what you can of how the "British Regulars fired and fled." (See any good American history.) 17. Why shall the call of Paul Revere "echo forevermore"? 18. Put into simpler language the last six lines. 19. Memorize the poem, or at least such portions of it as you like best. Of the different pictures contained in it, which do you think is the finest?

Verses of other poets describing famous rides are Adelaide Procter's "A Legend of Bregenz," Browning's "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" and "Boot and Saddle," T. B. Read's "Sheridan's Ride," Scott's "Bonnie Dundee" and "Young Lochinvar," Longfellow's "The Leap of Roushan Beg," Walter Thornbury's "The Cavalier's Escape," and John Boyle O'Reilly's "The Ride of Collins Graves."

Other poems by Longfellow suitable for this grade are "The Bell of Atri," "King Robert of Sicily," "Rain in Summer," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "The Challenge of Thor."

Middlesex (Mĭd'dle sĕx): a county in Massachusetts.

muffled oar: oars wrapped with cloth or some other material to deaden the sound.

moorings (mo͝or'ĭngz): anchors or cables used to hold a ship.

phantom (phăn'tŏm): ghostly.

hulk: the body of a ship.

muster: a calling together of troops.

barrack (băr'răck): a building for soldiers.

grenadiers (grĕn *à* dēērz'): a special regiment or corps who usually wear high bearskin caps.

stealthy (stĕal'thy): sly, silent.

spell: influence.

impetuous (ĭm pĕt'ū *o͝us*): eager, headlong.

saddle-girth: the band or strap which encircles the body of a horse and holds the saddle on.

spectral (spĕc'trăl): ghostly; same as *phantom*.

bulk: a body.

aghast (*à ghȧst'*): horrified.

regulars: soldiers belonging to the regular army.

defiance (dĕ fī'ăn*ç*e): a willingness to fight, or a challenge to fight.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[One cannot look at Emerson's picture without feeling that he was not only wise but kind and good. Look at the face thoughtfully. It is a face to love and trust. You will surely want to count this man among your friends.

Emerson was born in Boston in 1803. His father, who was a minister, died when the boy Ralph was only eight years old, and left the family very poor. There were six children. It is said that one winter Ralph and the brother who was nearest his own size had to make one coat answer for both of them. One day Ralph would go to school and his brother would stay at home; the next day his brother would go and Ralph would stay at home. But that did not keep them from studying.

One who knew Emerson when a boy in school has said: "There he stands, that boy whose image, more than any other, is still deeply stamped upon my mind, as I then saw him and loved him — I knew not why — and thought him so angelic and remarkable, feeling towards him more than a boy's emotion, as if a new spring of brotherly affection had suddenly broken loose in my heart."

He was ready for college at fourteen and earned his way by waiting on the tables in the college dining hall and doing errands for the president. He won a prize of

Ralph Waldo Emerson

five dollars for public speaking, and sent it home to his mother to buy a shawl, but she had to use it instead to pay a debt. He was always doing something for others. After graduating he taught school for a time in Boston and earned money to help his younger brothers through college. Then he became a minister and preached in the Old North Church.

After several years he gave up his church work and spent his time wholly in writing and lecturing; but his lecturing was really preaching, and he did great good by it. Some of the wise things which he said were:

"They can conquer who believe they can."

"He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear."

"Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year."

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

"Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall. Never name sickness."

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

"Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy."

Emerson spent some time in England and made many friends there — among them Carlyle and Coleridge and

Wordsworth. When he returned to this country he settled in Concord, Massachusetts, and occupied for a time the Old Manse, where his grandfather had lived before him and where Hawthorne afterwards made his home. Here he wrote his lectures and his first book, "Nature." He loved the woods about Concord and often went out alone to do his writing there.

A little later he moved into another house, brighter and more cheerful, with tall horse-chestnut trees in front of it and a garden and a brook behind it. Here he lived a happy life. Mrs. Emerson was a woman of culture and good sense, and their four children made the old home gay enough. Emerson wrote to a friend: "Life is all preface until we have children. Then it is deep and solid."

During Emerson's life at Concord he published several volumes of essays and the books "Representative Men," "The Conduct of Life," and "Society and Solitude," also a book of poems. The Hawthornes and the Alcotts were his neighbors; and many unknown friends came from near and far to talk with him, or even simply to shake his hand. He lived to be nearly eighty years old, and died only a few months after he had attended the funeral of Longfellow.

Emerson was one of the greatest thinkers that America has given to the world, and he had the rare gift of being able to put a great deal into a few words.

You remember about the fight at Concord Bridge, the morning after Paul Revere's ride. On the sixty-first anniversary of this battle a monument was placed there to mark the spot. Upon it was a noble bronze statue of the Minute-Man, gun in hand. Public exercises were held at the unveiling of the monument, and Emerson was asked to write a poem for the occasion. He wrote the "Concord Hymn," and the first stanza of it was cut upon the monument.]

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of Emerson's life. 2. Memorize his sayings quoted on page 54, and tell what you think they mean. 3. Tell how the "Concord Hymn" came to be written.

4. Describe in your own words the battle at Concord Bridge and tell what caused it (see page 43 of this book, and any good American history). The "rude bridge," which stood there at the time of the battle, was of wood and has since been replaced by a structure of stone and cement. 5. What would be a more common word for "flood" (line 10)? 6. Who were the "embattled farmers"? What does "embattled" mean? 7. What is meant by the shot's being "heard round the world"?

8. In the second stanza, what three things are mentioned to show how long a time had passed since the battle? How many years was it? 9. What is a "votive stone"? 10. Of what advantage is it to mark the spots where great deeds have been done in our nation's history? 11. Put into simpler words "That memory may their deed redeem."

12. The last stanza is addressed to the Spirit of Liberty. What did this Spirit make the minute-men of Concord do? 13. Explain the line "To die, and leave their children free"? 14. Does the quietness of the poem seem to make it more earnest or less so? Does noise ever show real patriotism? 15. *Memorize the poem.*

16. Read Emerson's poem "The Mountain and the Squirrel" (Book Four, page 120). Which of the poems do you like the better? Why?

flood: here a river or stream.
embattled: drawn up in battle.
shaft: monument.
votive: something promised, or given to show gratitude.
redeem: here means bring back.

THE BOYS' THEATER AT RIVERMOUTH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

[Mr. Aldrich calls the story of his boyhood "The Story of a Bad Boy," but the reading of it does not give one the feeling that he was very bad. He was mischievous, as most boys are, but he was never mean. If he fought, it was to defend a smaller boy who was being picked upon; if he got into mischief, it was generally mischief of a sort that could injure no one. He was, on the whole, a hearty, healthy young fellow, a real live boy.

Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the autumn of 1836, only a few months before Howells. When he was about a year and a half old his parents moved to New Orleans, where Mr. Aldrich, senior, invested his money in the banking business — invested it so securely, his son tells us, that he was never able to get more than half of it out again. The New Orleans home of the Aldriches was an old brick house with wide verandas, in the midst of a large garden. There were fig and orange trees and magnolias all about it, and it must have been a very comfortable sort of place for a boy to grow up in. But Tom's father wished that Tom should be educated in the North, and some years later took him back to Portsmouth to live with his grandfather and go to school. It is this life at Portsmouth that is described in "The

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Story of a Bad Boy." Some of the names are changed a trifle, but it is easy to see that Rivermouth is Portsmouth and that Tom Bailey is Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The old Bailey or Nutter place, where he lived with Grandfather Nutter and Aunt Abigail, and Kitty Collins the good-natured Irish maid, and Gypsy the pony, is described so faithfully that we can almost see it. Tom had a little bedroom over the hall, with wall paper figured, as he has said, with small bunches of leaves unlike any that ever grew in this world, and on every other bunch perched a yellow bird pitted with crimson spots, as if it had just recovered from a severe attack of the smallpox. Once, when Tom was ill, he counted these birds on the wall paper and found that there were two hundred and sixty-eight, not including those split in two where the paper was badly joined.

There were books — Baxter's "Saints' Rest," which Tom didn't care much for, and "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Arabian Nights" and "Don Quixote," which he did. At school he made friends. There was Pepper Whitcomb, with the many freckles, who offered Tom the core of his apple the first day at recess. There was Charley Marden, who gave him some molasses candy with cayenne pepper on it during recitation and became his faithful comrade ever after, because Tom swallowed it and didn't tell the teacher. There was Harry Blake, who used to cut his initials on everything he came across and who was

especially fond of cutting them on the shells of stray mud turtles. There were Fred Langdon, and fair-haired little Binny Wallace, and Phil Adams, and Jack Harris, and many a good time did Tom have with them.

After several years of jolly boy life in school and at play, there came a sad day when Tom received a letter from the South saying that his father was dead in New Orleans. It was found, too, that the banking business had failed and had carried with it not only his father's money but a large part of his grandfather's as well. Tom had by this time prepared for college and was ready to enter Harvard, but he was obliged to change his plans and go to work. An uncle in New York offered him a place in his counting-house, and Tom accepted it, but he spent his spare moments writing verses, because he loved to write, and could write well. His little "Ballad of Baby Bell" came out one day in a New York newspaper and was copied into other papers from one end of the country to the other. He knew then what his life work was to be; and he began it by leaving his uncle's office and finding a place as a proof-reader in a New York publishing house. Meanwhile he wrote for the magazines, and for a year was war correspondent for the *New York Tribune*.

In 1866 he went to Boston and became editor of a weekly literary paper, also writing for various magazines. Some fifteen years afterwards, when Howells retired as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Aldrich succeeded him.

In Boston he became the friend of Longfellow, Holmes, and others of the older group of New England writers. He was greatly loved, because of his kind heart, his wit, and his good fellowship. He spent the winters in Boston and the summers either at his seaside home or at his farm, which he called "Ponkapog."

Among his poems are "Baby Bell," "Before the Rain," and "Marjorie's Almanac." His best stories are "Marjorie Daw" and "The Stillwater Tragedy." He also wrote a volume of travel, "From Ponkapog to Pesth," and sketches of Portsmouth called "An Old Town by the Sea."

After Mr. Aldrich's death in 1907, subscriptions were raised; the old Bailey house, or "Nutter House," as he called it, was bought, and the furniture that had been in it when "Tom Bailey" lived there was collected and put back in the old places. Even the little coat that Tom used to wear hangs over the back of a chair in his bedroom, as if it were just ready to be put on. The old house is open to visitors, and one who has once seen it feels more strongly than words can tell that "Tom Bailey" was a real living presence.]

There was a good deal of wet weather during those first six weeks at Rivermouth, and we set ourselves at work to find some indoor amusement for our half-holidays. It was all very well for Amadis de Gaul and Don Quixote not to mind the rain; they had iron overcoats, and were

not, from all we can learn, subject to croup and the guidance of their grandfathers. Our case was different.

"Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal rainy afternoon.

"Let's have a theater," suggested Binny Wallace.

The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage-house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My managerial eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theater. I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting. The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances; and it often required the united energies of the Prince of Denmark, the King, and the Grave-digger, with an occasional hand from "the fair Ophelia" (Pepper Whitcomb in a low-necked dress), to hoist that bit of green cambric.

The theater, however, was a success, so far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins, with which our doorkeeper frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a good deal of this counterfeit money. The price of

admission to the "Rivermouth Theater" was twenty pins. I played all the principal parts myself — not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

At the tenth representation, my dramatic career was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland. Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act that character himself. I would not let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had. I made a crossbow out of a piece of whalebone and did very well without him. We had reached that exciting scene where Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son. To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.

I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised the crossbow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience — consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying

her way in with a clothes-pin. I raised the crossbow, I repeat. Twang! went the whipcord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time and destroyed my aim.

I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

Luckily poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an injunction against all theatricals thereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had not hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried "Hear! hear!" I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

This was my last appearance on any stage. It was some time, though, before I heard the end of the William Tell business. Malicious little boys who had not been allowed to buy tickets to my theater used to cry out after me in the street:

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
"I," said the sparrer,
"With my bow and arrer,
I killed Cock Robin!"

The sarcasm of this verse was more than I could stand. And it made Pepper Whitcomb pretty mad to be called Cock Robin, I can tell you!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Mr. Aldrich's life. In what ways were his boyhood and Mr. Howells's alike? In what ways were they different? Locate Portsmouth on a map. 2. Tell what has been done with the old house at Portsmouth where Mr. Aldrich lived when a boy.

3. Who was Amadis de Gaul? Don Quixote? What is meant by "iron overcoats"? 4. The Prince of Denmark was Hamlet, in Shakespeare's play of that name; "the fair Ophelia" was a young girl at court, whom Hamlet loved; the King and the Grave-digger were other characters in "Hamlet." From these hints, what do you suppose the boys had been playing at their theater?

5. Give the story of William Tell. 6. Tell how the boys played it at Rivermouth and what happened. 7. Put into simpler words: "I shall never be able to banish that awful

moment from my memory"; "issued an injunction against all theatricals thereafter"; "attributed the accident to Pepper himself." 8. Describe a maelstrom. How did Tom liken it to Pepper's mouth?

"The Story of a Bad Boy" is full of other fun which you will enjoy. Read also a few of Aldrich's poems, as "Marjorie's Almanac" (Literary Readers, Book Three, page 286), "The King," "Before the Rain," "After the Rain," "Alec Yeaton's Son," "A Turkish Legend," and "Like Crusoe walking by the Lonely Strand."

invested: laid out, as money, in some business, to obtain profit.

presence: a person who is present.

Amadis de Gaul (Ăm′ȧ dĭs dē Gạul): a legendary hero of the Middle Ages, son of the king of Gaul. He had surprising adventures and won the hand of the princess Oriana of England.

conclave (cŏn′clāve): a secret assembly.

managerial (măn ȧ̊ ġĕ′rĭ ȧl): belonging or pertaining to a manager.

capabilities (cā pȧ bĭl′ĭ tĭẹs): powers, capacity.

the drama (drä′mȧ): the art of writing or presenting plays.

invariably (ĭn vā′rĭ ȧ blў): always.

united energies: the strength of several put forth together.

Ophelia (Ŏ phē′lĭ ȧ): the heroine in Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Gessler (Gĕss′lēr): a legendary Austrian governor of Switzerland who oppressed the people.

spectators (spĕc tā′tŏrs): those who look on.

issued an injunction: an expression used in law, meaning to prohibit or put a stop to certain acts.

attributed (ȧt trĭb′ū tĕd): considered as due to.

maelstrom (māel′strŏm): whirlpool.

malicious (mȧ lĭsh′ŏŭs): having ill will or hatred.

sarcasm (sär′cāṣm): scorn, ridicule.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

[One of the gentlest and most lovable of the English writers of a century ago was Leigh Hunt. His father was an English lawyer — afterward a clergyman — who was born in the West Indies and educated in Philadelphia. His mother was a Quaker lady whom his father met and married in Pennsylvania. The elder Hunt remained loyal to the English during the Revolutionary War, and was mobbed by citizens of Philadelphia, barely escaping to England with his life.

Leigh was the youngest of the children, and was born at Southgate, England, in the year 1784. He was a delicate lad, with an imagination that made him see ghosts and goblins in the dark, but with a courage that was always fighting against fear.

He was sent to a celebrated school in London called Christ's Hospital, or the "Blue-Coat School." Several other well-known English authors, both before and after him, attended this school and have described it. In Hunt's time there were some seven hundred boys upon its roll. They wore a uniform consisting of a blue woolen gown or blouse, with leather belt, duck breeches, yellow stockings, and a little worsted cap, which was too small to be of any use and which was usually carried in the hand.

The boys did not have too much to eat. Their breakfast was bread and water — not a great deal of bread but plenty of water. Their dinner was also mainly bread, with a small slice of meat every other day; "about such," says Hunt, "as would be given to an infant three or four years old," and even that was often left half eaten, it was so tough. On the days when they did not have meat, they had milk porridge, very thin, or sometimes rice milk. There were no vegetables nor desserts. Once a month they had roast beef, and twice a year pork. At one of these pork dinners they had the luxury of a pudding made of peas.

One of the masters is described as a stern man who flogged the boys without mercy. On one occasion when three boys were called before him for misconduct, he said he had n't time to flog them all, but they might draw lots to see who should get the whipping. If you are ever inclined to think your school life hard, remember those English boys of a hundred years ago and be thankful for the schools that we have to-day.

Hunt began to write verses while at school, and published a volume of them when only seventeen. A few years afterward he wrote criticisms of books and plays for a small paper in London, and at twenty-three published a volume of these essays. Not long afterwards he and his brother John started, in London, a paper called *The Examiner*, which once got him into serious trouble.

In it he had made some rather sarcastic remarks about the Prince of Wales, who in those days was not greatly respected by the people. For this offense Hunt and his brother were fined and sent to prison for two years. Before their trial they were told that if they would agree never to mention the Prince of Wales again in their paper, they might go free; but this they would not promise. They did not greatly mind going to prison, though doubtless they would rather have remained at home, but they were unwilling to give up their right to print what they knew to be the truth. So they refused to make any promises, and to prison they went.

Hunt was very fond of flowers, and in his prison window he grew vines and roses, concealing the iron bars by training the flowers over them. The poets Shelley, Keats, and Byron, with many other distinguished people, visited him in his cell; and on the whole he was more honored than disgraced by his imprisonment.

Several years after being released he went to Italy to start a paper with Shelley and Byron. But Shelley died, and Hunt and Byron quarreled, and the paper was soon given up. Afterwards Hunt edited another paper in London, and wrote several books, chiefly poems and literary essays. He died in 1859, at the age of seventy-five. On his tombstone is written the line from "Abou Ben Adhem,"

Write me as one that loves his fellow men.

This little poem, of only eighteen lines, is his best-known work. It means that God loves those who love their fellow men, because by this they show that they love him.]

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold: —
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Leigh Hunt's life. 2. Why does the poet say of Ben Adhem in the first line, "May his tribe increase!"? 3. What impression do you get of Ben Adhem from lines 6 and 10? 4. Think of how the moonlight looks, shining into a room at night, and see if you cannot feel the peace and quiet of this scene. Note that Ben Adhem was not at all surprised to see an angel there. Why? 5. What other names are given to the angel, and why are these different names used? 6. What do the words "Abou spoke more low," line 16, tell you of his feeling? Why did he speak "cheerly still"?

7. Why, on the second night, did Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest? Was it because of what he had said to the angel, or because of what God knew of him? 8. What does this poem teach? 9. Why do you suppose it is so well known and so widely read? 10. *Memorize the poem.*

11. The closing part of the parable of the Talents, as told in the Bible (Matthew xxv, 14–30), and the parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke x, 30–37), have the same thought. What is a parable? Might this poem be called a parable?

For examples of those who love their fellow men, see the stories of Florence Nightingale, Father Damien, and Dr. Grenfell (Literary Readers, Book Five, pages 285, 304, 314).

Other short poems of Hunt are "The Glove and the Lions," "Jaffàr," "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," and "The Flower in the Window."

Abou Ben Adhem (Ä′bo͝o͝ Bĕn Äd-*h*ĕm).
Leigh (Lē*igh*).
cheerly: an old word for cheerily.
presence: here something that can be felt but not seen; a spirit.
accord: harmony, peaceful agreement.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

MARIA EDGEWORTH

[If you could have looked into the old manor house at Edgeworthstown, in County Longford, Ireland, a few years after the close of the American Revolution, you would have seen a family life that could not have failed to interest you. The house was an old-fashioned structure with high, dark wainscoting, heavy oaken beams, and a great hall or living room with a big open fireplace at one side and windows which looked out over a pleasant garden.

You would have seen children of all ages reading or drawing or doing sums, for there were many children in the Edgeworth family — first and last, I believe, there were eighteen of them — and you would perhaps have noticed especially a girl of some seventeen or eighteen years busily writing at a little desk or table, which she moved about to whatever part of the room best suited her, but which was generally placed near the big fireplace. This girl, Maria Edgeworth, is the one who particularly attracts us, though I should like to tell you something also of her father, a scholarly and ingenious gentleman who was interested in everything from the education of children to the invention of turnip cutters and one-wheeled carriages.

Maria Edgeworth was born on New Year's Day, 1767, in Oxfordshire, England, some forty miles from London. Her father had spent his younger life in England and had married there, but when Maria was about fifteen he took his family to Ireland to live upon this estate which his father had left him. Maria began writing when she was very young. Her first book was a translation from the French, in which her father helped her. She was inclined to stop when about halfway through, but her father, then and there, made her promise him that she would never give up a task which she had once begun. She promised and she kept her word.

Maria Edgeworth and her father wrote several books together, but she first became known as an author through her stories for children, one of which you are to read to-day. Several of these tales were printed in a book called "The Parent's Assistant." The title looks rather dry, but the book is n't. The name simply means that the book was to furnish parents with a collection of stories to be read or told to their children.

Soon after the publication of her first stories for children Miss Edgeworth began to write novels for grown people, and the best were those which told of Irish life, among them "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee." A number of short stories were published together in the two volumes, "Moral Tales" and "Popular Tales," some of them a little old-fashioned, it is true, but full of fun, and

each having in it some thought well worth remembering. Miss Edgeworth was honored by the literary men and women of her day, as well as by the people. Scott said her stories of Irish life first gave him the idea of writing his Scottish novels.

Miss Edgeworth lived to be eighty-two years old. She kept up her writing until the end of her life, and published, in all, nearly fifty volumes of stories. The story "Waste Not, Want Not" was written either during or shortly after a visit to Clifton, in England. The scene of it is partly upon the Downs or high pasture lands near Clifton, and partly in the neighboring city of Bristol. The title, as you probably know, is a proverb, and means that if one does not waste, he will not come to want.]

Mr. Gresham, a Bristol merchant, had by honorable industry and economy accumulated a considerable fortune. He was fond of children, and as he had no sons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, Hal and Ben, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an opportunity of judging of them.

The morning after the two boys arrived at their uncle's, Mr. Gresham heard their voices in the hall.

"Come," said he, "if you have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whipcord. Ben took his parcel to the

table and after breaking off the sealing wax began carefully to examine the knot and then to untie it. Hal stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner and then at another to pull the string off by force.

"I wish these people would n't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben, how did you get yours undone? I wish I could get this string off. I must cut it."

"Oh, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, "don't cut it, Hal. Look what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same; it 's a pity to cut it."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of packthread?"

"It is whipcord," said Ben.

"Well, whipcord — what signifies a bit of whipcord? You can get a bit of whipcord twice as long as that for twopence; and who cares for twopence? Not I, for one, so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord.

"Lads, have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlor door as he spoke.

"Yes, sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half-cut, half-entangled string. "Here 's the parcel."

"And here's my parcel, uncle; and here's the string." said Ben.

"You may keep the string for your pains," said Mr. Gresham.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this?" said Hal; "these tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings?"

"I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine, long, smooth string, which had tied up the parcel.

"Oh, how I wish I had a string!" said Hal. "What shall I do for a string? I'll tell you what! I can use the string that goes round my hat!"

"But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hat-band?"

"I'll manage to do without one," said Hal; and he took the string off his hat for his top. It soon was worn through.

Some time afterwards, a lady who had been acquainted with Hal's mother arrived at Clifton. She was informed that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's; and her sons came to see him and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. When he returned in the evening, he told all the news he had heard at Lady Diana Sweepstakes'—for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance.

"Do you know, uncle — do you know, Ben," said he, "there's to be the most famous doings that ever were heard of upon the Downs here the first day of next month. There's to be a race, and after the race there's to be an archery meeting. And after the ladies have done shooting, we boys are to have our turn, and Lady Di is to give a prize of a very handsome bow and arrow to the best marksman amongst us. And we must each have a uniform."

"Why must you?" said Mr. Gresham.

"Why, sir, because everybody has — I mean everybody that's anybody; and it's settled, all about it, except the buttons. The young Sweepstakes are to get theirs made first for patterns; they are to be white, faced with green, and they'll look very handsome, I'm sure; and I shall write to mamma to-night about mine; and I shall tell her to be sure to answer my letter, without fail, by return of post; and then, if she makes no objection — which I know she won't, because she never thinks much about expense, and all that — then I shall bespeak my uniform, and get it made by the same tailor that makes for Lady Diana and the young Sweepstakes."

"Mercy upon us!" said Mr. Gresham, who was almost stunned by this long speech. "I don't pretend to understand these things, but we will inquire into the necessity of the case, and if it is necessary, I'll get them for you."

"You, uncle? Will you, indeed?" exclaimed Hal.

"Put on your hats, boys," said Mr. Gresham, "and come with me. I know a gentleman whose sons are to be at this archery meeting, and we will inquire into all the particulars from him."

The gentleman upon whom Mr. Gresham called had three sons, who were all to be at the archery meeting; and they unanimously assured him, in the presence of Hal and Ben, that they had never thought of buying uniforms for this grand occasion, and that amongst the number of their acquaintance they knew of but three boys whose friends intended to be at such an unnecessary expense.

Hal's thoughts were, however, at present too full of the uniform to allow his judgment to act with perfect impartiality. As soon as their visit was over, and all the time they walked down the hill towards Bristol, he continued to repeat nearly the same arguments which he had formerly used.

"Now for our uniforms!" cried he, when his uncle stopped at the woolen draper's door.

"Uncle," said Ben, stopping Mr. Gresham, "I don't think a uniform is at all necessary for me. I'm very much obliged to you; but I would rather not have one."

"Well, we will see about it," said Mr. Gresham. "Perhaps the sight of the beautiful green and white cloth and the epaulets (have you ever considered the epaulets?) may tempt you to change your mind."

The green cloth and the white cloth and the epaulets were produced, to Hal's infinite satisfaction. His uncle took up a pen and calculated for a few minutes; then showing the back of the letter upon which he was writing, "Cast up these sums, boys," said he, "and tell me whether I am right."

"Yes, sir, quite right."

"Then by this calculation I find I could, for less than half the money your uniforms would cost, purchase for each of you boys a warm greatcoat, which you will want, I have a notion, this winter upon the Downs."

"Oh, sir," said Hal, with an alarmed look, "but it is not winter yet; it is not cold weather yet. We shall not want greatcoats yet."

Mr. Gresham took six guineas out of his purse and placed three of them before Hal and three before Ben. "I believe your uniforms would come to about three guineas apiece," said he. "Now I will lay out this money for you just as you please. Hal, what say you?"

"Ah!" said Hal, sighing, as he looked at the epaulet. "Uncle, if you would not be displeased if I choose the uniform ——"

"I shall not be displeased at your choosing whatever you like best," said Mr. Gresham.

"Well, then, thank you, sir," said Hal; "I think I had better have the uniform, because if I have not the uniform now, it will be of no use to me, as the archery

meeting is the week after next, you know; and, as to the greatcoat, perhaps between this time and the very cold weather, which, perhaps, won't be till Christmas, papa will buy a greatcoat for me."

To all this reasoning Mr. Gresham made no reply; but he immediately bought the uniform for Hal, and desired that it should be sent to Lady Diana Sweepstakes' sons' tailor, to be made up.

"And how am I to lay out the three guineas for you, Ben?" said Mr. Gresham.

"A greatcoat, uncle, if you please."

Mr. Gresham bought the coat; and after it was paid for, five-and-twenty shillings of Ben's three guineas remained.

The long-expected first of September at length arrived. The sun shone bright, but there was a sharp and high wind.

"Ha!" said Ben, "I shall be glad of my good great-coat to-day, for I've a notion it will be rather cold upon the Downs."

"Oh, never mind! I don't think I shall feel it cold at all," said Hal, as he dressed himself in his new green and white uniform.

"Good morning to you, uncle; how do you do?" said he when he entered the breakfast-room. "How do you do?" seemed rather to mean "How do you like me in my uniform?" And his uncle's cool "Very well, I thank you, Hal" disappointed him, as it seemed only to say, "Your uniform makes no difference in my opinion of you."

"The Master Sweepstakes, sir," said Stephen the butler, "are come for Master Hal. They say that all the young gentlemen who have archery uniforms are to walk together in a body, I think they say, sir; and they are to parade along the Well Walk, they desired me to say, sir, with a drum and fife, and so up the hill by Prince's Place, and all to go upon the Downs together, to the place of meeting."

"Well," said Mr. Gresham, "don't keep these Master Sweepstakes waiting. Off with you, Mr. Uniform."

Hal stepped proudly and felt as if the eyes of the whole universe were upon him. When they were halfway up the hill, he let go his hat, which he had hitherto held on with anxious care; for the hat, though it had a fine green and white cockade, had no band or string round it. The string, as we may recollect, had been used in spinning Hal's top. The wind blew the hat down the hill and lodged it at length upon a bank. Hal pursued it. He thought this bank was hard, but alas! the moment he set his foot upon it the foot sank. He tried to draw it back; his other foot slipped, and he fell prostrate, in his green and white uniform, into the treacherous bed of red mud.

The obliging mistress of a lodging house received Hal, covered as he was with dirt. The uniform was rubbed and rubbed, and a spot here and there was washed out; and Hal kept continually repeating, "When it's dry it

will all brush off — when it 's dry it will all brush off, won't it?" But soon the fear of being too late at the archery meeting began to balance the dread of appearing in his stained habiliments; and he now as anxiously repeated, whilst the woman held the wet coat to the fire, "Oh, I shall be too late; indeed, I shall be too late; make haste; it will never dry; hold it nearer — nearer to the fire! I shall lose my turn to shoot! Oh, give me the coat; I don't mind how it is, if I can but get it on!"

Holding it nearer and nearer to the fire dried it quickly, to be sure, but shrunk it also, so that it was no easy matter to get it on again. However, Hal, who did not see the red splashes, which were still too visible upon his shoulders and upon the skirts of his white coat behind, was pretty well satisfied to observe that there was not one spot upon the facings.

At length he reached the appointed spot. There was a great crowd of people, and as they opened a passage for him they could not refrain from laughing at the mixture of dirt and finery which he exhibited. In vain, when he got into the midst of the circle, he looked to his friends the young Sweepstakes for their countenance and support. They were amongst the most unmerciful of the laughers.

At this moment he felt somebody pull his elbow, and to his great relief he heard the friendly voice and saw the good-natured face of his cousin Ben.

"Come back; come behind these people," said Ben, "and put on my greatcoat; here it is for you."

"My hands are benumbed; I can scarcely feel," said Hal, rubbing them and blowing upon the ends of his fingers.

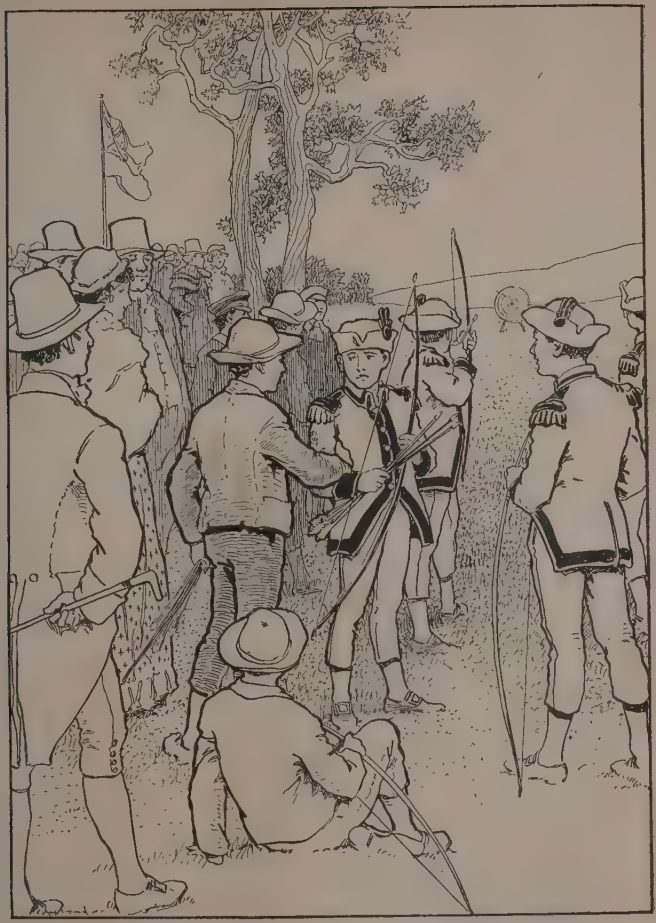
"Come, come," cried young Sweepstakes, "I'm within one inch of the mark; who'll go nearer? I shall like to see. Shoot away, Hal; but first understand our laws; we settled them before you came upon the green. You are to have three shots, with your own bow and your own arrows; and nobody's to borrow or lend under pretense of others' bows being better or worse, or under any pretense. Do you hear, Hal?"

Hurried by his impatient rival, and with his hands so much benumbed that he could scarcely feel how to fix the arrow in the string, he drew the bow. The arrow was within a quarter of an inch of Master Sweepstakes' mark, which was the nearest that had yet been hit. Hal seized his second arrow. "If I have any luck —" said he. But just as he pronounced the word "luck," and as he bent his bow, the string broke in two.

"There, it's all over with you!" cried Master Sweepstakes, with a triumphant laugh.

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow was not successful. His second was exactly as near as Hal's first.

"You have but one more," said Master Sweepstakes.



"TO HIS GREAT RELIEF HE HEARD THE FRIENDLY VOICE AND SAW THE GOOD-NATURED FACE OF HIS COUSIN BEN"

Ben, before he ventured his last arrow, prudently examined the string of his bow, and as he pulled it to try its strength it cracked. Master Sweepstakes clapped his hands with loud exultations and insulting laughter. But his laughter ceased when Ben calmly drew from his pocket a piece of whipcord.

"The everlasting whipcord, I declare!" exclaimed Hal, when he saw that it was the very same that had tied up the parcel.

"Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow, "I put it into my pocket because I thought I might happen to want it." He drew his bow the third and last time.

Master Sweepstakes, with anxiety, examined the hit. There could be no doubt. Ben was victorious! The bow, the prize bow, was now delivered to him; and Hal, as he looked at the whipcord, exclaimed, "How lucky this whipcord has been to you, Ben!"

"It is lucky, perhaps you mean, that he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell something of Maria Edgeworth's life. Name two or three of her stories. 2. Give as briefly as possible an outline of this story. 3. Tell what kind of man Mr. Gresham was. 4. What kind of boy was Hal? Ben? Compare them.

5. Why did Mr. Gresham give each of the boys a parcel to unwrap? 6. Why do you think he gave them tops? 7. What do you think of the top string used by Hal? ("Hatband"

here means a cord, usually of silk, one end of which could be unfastened and held in the hand on windy days.)

8. If you were to shoot in an archery contest, what should you think of having a uniform? What would be the advantages of it? What the disadvantages? 9. What idea of Hal is expressed in Mr. Gresham's calling him "Mr. Uniform"?

10. What other name should you give to what Hal called Ben's "luck"?

Other good stories for young people, by Miss Edgeworth, are "Simple Susan" and "Lazy Lawrence" (both in "The Parent's Assistant"), "Rosamond," "Harry and Lucy," and "Frank."

manor house (măn′ŏr): the house belonging to an estate, the proprietor of which has tenant farmers under his authority.

wainscoting (wān′scŏt ĭng): panelwork on the inner walls of a house.

absentee (ăb sĕn tēe′): a landholder who lives in a country or district away from his land.

loch (lŏĸ): a lake or bay.

hospitably (hŏs′pĭ tă blў): with kindness and generosity to guests.

Gresham (Grĕsh′ăm).

accumulated (ăc cū′mū lāt ĕd): stored up.

the Downs: grassy uplands along the southern coast of England.

what signifies: of what use is.

packthread: strong thread or twine.

whipcord: hard-twisted cord, sometimes used for whiplashes.

twopence (tŭp′pĕns): a small English coin worth about four cents.

unanimously (ū năn′ĭ mo͝us lў): with the same opinion.

impartiality (ĭm pär shĭ ăl′ĭ tў): fairness.

woolen draper: a dealer in woolens.

epaulet (ĕp′a͡u lĕt): a shoulder ornament or badge.

infinite (ĭn′fĭ nĭte): unbounded.

cast up: add up.

greatcoat: overcoat.

guinea (gu͡ĭn′ẽa): an English gold coin worth about five dollars.

shilling: an English coin worth a little more than twenty-four cents.

complacency (cŏm plā′çĕn çў): self-satisfaction.

prostrate (prŏs′trāte): lying flat.

habiliments (hȧ bĭl′ĭ mĕnts): dress.

countenance (coun′tẽ nȧnçe): here means encouragement.

pretense: false show.

exultation (ĕx ŭl tā′shon): lively joy at success or victory.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

WILLIAM COWPER

[Cowper was an English poet, who wrote his best poems during the years just following the American Revolution. He was the son of a clergyman and was born in 1731, at Great Berkhamstead, in the county of Hertfordshire, about thirty miles northwest of London. His mother died when he was only six years old, and his father sent him away to school. There he had a sorry time of it, for a gang of young ruffians, older than he, abused him and made his life miserable. He did not complain, and it was nearly two years before the true state of affairs was discovered. Then the ringleader was expelled, and Cowper was afterwards sent to another school, the Westminster, where he fared much better. He was a good scholar, a good football and cricket player, and was liked by both the master and the boys.

After seven years at Westminster, Cowper took up the study of law; a few years later he rented an office in the law courts and hung out his sign, but as a lawyer he was not a success. During this time and all through his life he had fits of illness and melancholy. His life as a whole was a sad one, but there were times when he was bright, happy, and witty, and one of these times was when he wrote the ballad of John Gilpin.

Cowper had a good friend in young Mr. Unwin, who took him to the Unwin home at Huntingdon and made him one of the family. Mrs. Unwin, young Unwin's mother, was like a mother to Cowper throughout the rest of her life, taking care of him when he was ill and despondent, and sharing her small income with him when he was without money. They lived for many years at Olney, not far from the place of Cowper's birth.

Cowper had written a number of hymns and a volume of poems which had not attracted much attention, when in the summer of 1781 Lady Austen, a bright and interesting young woman, came to Olney and soon became acquainted with Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. One day Lady Austen told Cowper a story which amused him greatly. He woke up several times in the night and found himself laughing at it. And this story was about the now famous John Gilpin and his wild ride from London to Ware and back. During the night Cowper put it into the form of a ballad and the next morning recited it to Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin. Some time afterwards it fell into the hands of a well-known actor of that day, who recited it in public; and at once all London, between laughs, wanted to know who wrote it. The picture of the unhappy rider, clinging wildly to the neck of his horse and dashing down the road, was displayed in all the print shops, and Gilpin became one of the famous characters of the day.

Lady Austen told Cowper that he ought to write a poem in blank verse — that is, verse without rime. "I will," said he one day, "if you will tell me what to write about."

"Oh," she replied, "write about anything. Write about this sofa on which we are sitting."

It seemed a hard task to make much of a poem out of a sofa, and in fact Cowper called it "The Task"; but out of it came his most perfect work. He begins by telling how man invented the first seat, which was a three-legged stool, and how after a time a fourth leg was added, and then a back, and it became a chair, and then it was stretched out and arms were given to it, and it became a sofa. Then he goes on to tell how much better it is not to be obliged to sit or lie upon a sofa, but instead to walk through country lanes or climb the hills — and almost before you know what he is doing he has written a magnificent poem on the beauties of country life.

"The Task" was published and at once made Cowper celebrated as a poet. "John Gilpin" was printed in the same book, to let people know who its author was.

Cowper was a deeply religious man, and if you will look into almost any of our hymn books you will find a number of his hymns. Among the best-known of them are "O for a closer walk with God" and "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Cowper also wrote a fine translation of Homer's Iliad in blank verse; and after his death, which occurred in 1800, some of his letters were collected and published. He was one of the best letter writers who ever lived.]

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'T was long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

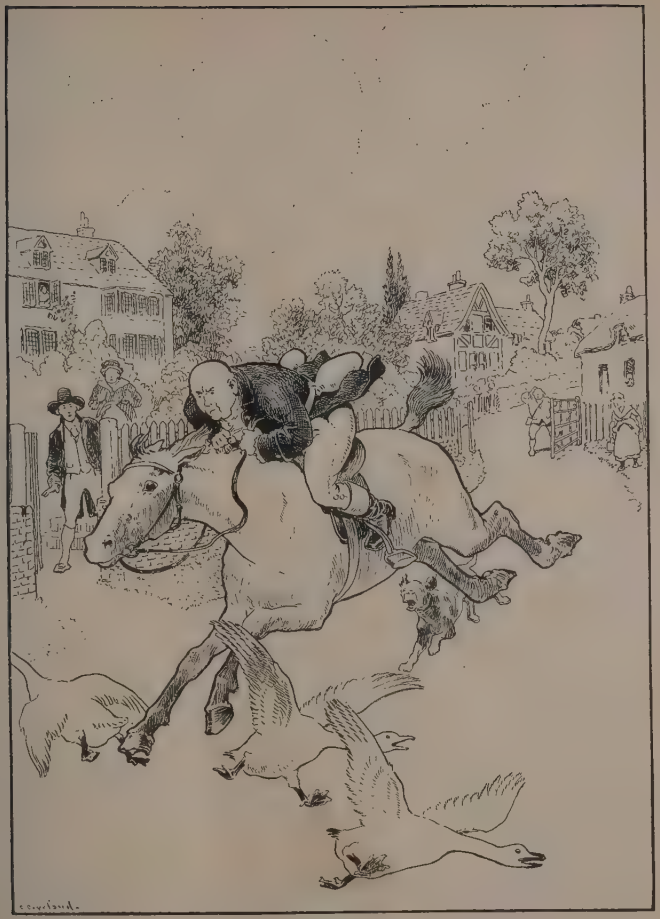
And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.



"HOW IN A TRICE THE TURNPIKE-MEN
THEIR GATES WIDE OPEN THREW"

At Edmonton his loving wife,
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired";—
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there!
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him;

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here —
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here;
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about the author of these verses. For what different kinds of writing did he become noted?

2. Write or tell briefly in prose the story of John Gilpin's ride. 3. Put into simpler words "a *trainband* captain *eke* was he"; "John Gilpin's *spouse*"; "these *twice ten tedious* years." 4. What was "the *Bell* at Edmonton"? "a chaise and pair"? 5. Why did the poet use the expression "On horseback after *we*"? Is it correct? 6. What is a linen draper? a calender? a *frugal* mind? all *agog*?

7. What do we learn about the Gilpin family from the fact that they got into the chaise three doors away from their home? from the fact that Gilpin got down from the horse to wait on some customers? 8. What does the line about Betty coming *downstairs* tell you about where the Gilpins lived? 9. Put into correct prose the stanza beginning "So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried."

10. What did the people mean by crying, "He carries weight"? 11. Why did the turnpike-men raise the gates? 12. What was the *Wash* of Edmonton? What were the *gambols* that Gilpin played? 13. Where was Mrs. Gilpin waiting for her husband? Why did n't the horse stop? 14. A pun is the use of a word or expression in a double meaning. What was Gilpin's pun about his hat and wig? What two meanings might be given to the line "They are upon the road."

15. Put into other words: "in merry pin"; "Each comely in its kind"; "in a hungry case"; "luckless speech, and bootless boast." 16. Does the use of the word "sing" in line 16, page 100, add anything to the fun? What word would you expect? 17. Which way did the postboy ride to meet Gilpin, and what success did he have? 18. Memorize the stanza or stanzas which you like best.

Other poems of Cowper that you can read are "The Cricket," "The Retired Cat," "The Distressed Travelers, "The Nightingale and the Glowworm," "Report of an Adjudged Case," (the Nose, the Eyes, and the Spectacles), "Epitaph on a Hare," "On a Spaniel called Beau killing a Young Bird," "Beau's Reply," "The Snail," and "Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk."

For stories of other celebrated rides see page 51, after "Paul Revere's Ride."

Great Berkhamstead (Bĕrk hăm´stĕad) : a town in Hertfordshire.

Hertfordshire (Här´fŏrd shĭre) : a county in England, a little north of London.

Unwin (Ŭn´wĭn) : an English family.

Olney (Ōl´nĕy) : a town in Buckinghamshire, England, about sixty miles northwest of London.

client (clī´ĕnt) : one who consults a lawyer or employs his services.

credit : good name, honor.

train-band captain : captain of a "trained band" of citizen soldiers.

eke (ēke) : also, likewise.

spouse (spouse) : a husband or wife.

the Bell : the name of an inn at Edmonton.

chaise and pair (çhāz) : a two-wheeled carriage and pair of horses.

linen draper (drā´pēr) : a retail dealer in linen goods.

calender (căl´ĕn dēr) : one whose business it is to put a smooth surface on paper or cloth.

frugal (frụ´găl) : saving, economical.

agog (ȧ gŏg´) : eager, astir.

Cheapside : a street in London.

saddletree : the frame of a saddle.

exercise : to train, as soldiers.

ear : here a handle.

equipped (ē quĭpped´) : fitted out.

galled (galled´) : chafed, made sore.

carries weight : in racing, a horse is sometimes weighted to make conditions equal.

trice : an instant, a moment.

turnpike-men : keepers of a tollgate; that is, a gate across a public road, at which travelers are required to pay money, called a toll, for the expenses of building and repairing the road.

twain (twāin) : two.

basted (bās´tĕd) : moistened with liquid, as in cooking.

Islington (Ĭs´lĭng tŏn) : a part of London, north of the Thames.

gambols (găm´bŏls) : friskings or frolics.

the Wash : a piece of ground covered with shallow water.

trundling : here, whirling, swishing.

not a whit : not a bit.

accosted (ăc cŏst´ĕd) : greeted.

guise (guīse) : fashion, manner.

forebode (fōre bōde´) : to foretell.

in merry pin : in a merry mood.

comely (cŏme´lў) : pleasing, or agreeable to the sight.

case : here condition.

bootless : useless.

half-a-crown : an English silver coin worth about sixty cents.

amain (ȧ māin´) : at full speed.

hue and cry (hūe) : an outcry to stop a criminal escaping. By English law, until 1827, those who heard the hue and cry were bound to help arrest the man.

highwayman : one who robs on a public road.

THE RACE FOR THE SILVER SKATES

MARY MAPES DODGE

["Hans Brinker; or the Silver Skates" is one of the best of modern stories for young people. If its author, Mrs. Dodge, had written nothing else, this would have brought her honor enough, but she is even better known as the editor of the children's magazine, *St. Nicholas*, from its beginning, in 1873, until the time of her death in 1905, thirty-two years afterwards.

Mrs. Dodge's name, when a girl, was Mary Mapes. She was a daughter of Professor Mapes, a scientist and inventor, and was born in New York City in 1838. Her parents were cultured people, and among their friends were some of the brightest writers and talkers of that day.

Mary was a happy, healthy, frolicsome child, fond of fun and very fond of reading. She wrote verses on all the family birthdays and holidays — in fact, there was hardly anything that she would not write verses upon.

As she grew older she helped her father with his scientific books and pamphlets, somewhat as Maria Edgeworth helped *her* father. She married a New York lawyer, Mr. Dodge, who died a few years later, leaving her to provide for their two boys. How should she do it? That was the question which she asked herself.

She began by writing stories and poems for the magazines. With the boys she returned to her father's home, which was then near Newark, New Jersey. This was a large farm, or estate, and the gardener's house on the edge of the orchard being empty, she fitted it up for her study. Here she wrote "Hans Brinker."

It was during the Civil War. Mrs. Dodge had been reading Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and had become very much interested in the Dutch people. Every night, just before the boys went to bed, it was her custom to tell them a story, and during the time when she was reading Motley she naturally began to tell them about the children of Holland. The boys were so interested that she continued the same story night after night, making it up as she went along. One night she said to herself, "Why should n't I write out this story and publish it?" She at once began to read all the books she could find upon Holland and the Dutch. She talked with people who had lived in Holland, and learned about the everyday life of the Dutch. Then she filled out her story and wrote it, and it was published.

Several years later, when she and the boys were traveling in Holland, one of them asked a clerk in a bookstore for a book that would tell the most about Dutch life. In reply, the clerk handed the boy a copy of "Hans Brinker" and said, "This is the best picture of Dutch life that was ever written."

In 1870 Mrs. Dodge became one of the editors of a New York magazine called *Hearth and Home*. Something that happened while she was connected with this paper will show you how she gained much of her success.

An issue of the paper was about to be printed, when Mrs. Dodge received an important piece of news. If this news was to be used, it would be necessary to change the whole form of the paper. Mrs. Dodge called the other editors and the printers and told them her plan. They all said it would be fine, but it was too late to make the change; it was impossible.

"Yes," she said, "I know it's impossible — of course. But let's do it, just the same. Why not?" She had her way, and they *did* it, and it brought them great credit.

"It's impossible — but let's do it, just the same!" She simply meant that nothing is impossible to one who is determined to succeed.

As editor of *St. Nicholas* she had the help and friendship of some of the best-known authors of that time. Longfellow and Whittier and Bryant wrote for the magazine; Kipling wrote for it the best of his "Jungle Book" stories; Mrs. Burnett wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sarah Crewe"; Stockton contributed some of his brightest children's stories and was for years its assistant editor. But Mrs. Dodge, above all, made it what it was.

Other books of hers are "Donald and Dorothy," "The Land of Pluck," and "Rhymes and Jingles."

Much of Mrs. Dodge's later life was spent in a beautiful cottage in the Catskills, near Tannersville, New York, which in summer became a favorite meeting place for authors, players, and literary people.

This description of the race, from "Hans Brinker," is somewhat abridged.]

The 20th of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river; but the ice flashed defiance and showed no sign of melting.

Already the north side of the frozen Y was bordered with eager spectators; the news of the great skating-match had traveled far and wide. Men, women, and children, in holiday attire, were flocking toward the spot. It seemed that everybody, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians fresh from the boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic Orphan House, in sable gowns and white headbands. There were old-fashioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee-breeches; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts, and bodices of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and

cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume — shy young rustics in brazen buckles; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long, narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps; and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets; men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers, and steeple-crowned hats.

That pavilion with the blue flags contains the musicians. Those pagoda-like affairs, decked with sea-shells and streamers of every possible hue, are the judges' stands; and those columns and flagstaffs upon the ice mark the limit of the race course. The two white columns, twined with green, connected at the top by that long, floating strip of drapery, form the starting-point. Those flagstaffs, half a mile off, stand at each end of the boundary line.

The air is so clear, it seems scarcely possible that the columns and flagstaffs are so far apart. Half a mile on the ice, when the atmosphere is like this, is but a short distance, after all, especially when fenced with a living chain of spectators.

Where are the racers? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight — forty boys

and girls in picturesque attire, darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering, in the fullness of youthful glee.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter, by this time, are standing in front, braced for the start; for they are to have the first run. Two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate-straps. It is pretty to see them stamp to be sure that all is firm.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice:

"The girls and boys are to race in turn until one girl and one boy have beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the united columns, skate to the flagstaff line, turn, and then come back to the starting-point; thus making a mile at each run."

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark! They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated. Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go!

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary-mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes. The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see. Katrinka is ahead!

Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She, too, waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering, but she hears only her father's voice:

"Well done, little Gretel!"

Soon Katrinka, with a quick, merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all — all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them! She has won!

"Gretel Brinker, one mile!" shouts the crier.

While the girls are resting — some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain — the boys form in a line.

Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast. Off start the boys!

Half-way already. Did ever you see the like!

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter. There were hundreds of legs, I am sure. Where are they now? There is such a noise, one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh! at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant. No, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone. The other boys are nearly at the boundary-line. A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to" and turn at the flagstaffs.

Something black is coming now, one of the boys; it is all we know. The crowd fairly roars. Now they come nearer; we can see the red cap. There's Ben, there's Peter, there's Hans!

Hans is ahead. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears. Peter *must* beat. Gretel gazes with clasped hands; four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes; but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them, and passed the goal.

"Carl Schummel, one mile!" shouts the crier.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle; and the bugle, using its voice as a bow-string, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight; but one has not long to look. Before we can fairly distinguish them, they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another. It is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flag-staff, which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost — eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Hilda is in advance. She is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind. They are whisked around at the flagstaff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast — Hans, Peter, and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff. Fly, Hans; fly, Peter. Don't let Carl beat again!

"Peter van Holp, one mile!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes; the same throbbing of music through the din.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility; some wear a smile, half-bashful, half-provoked; but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one-half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How nervously they examine each strap! How erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Again the eager straining of eyes; again the shouts and cheering; again the thrill of excitement, as after a few moments four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back nearer, nearer, to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Katrinka, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel — Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race; *now* she is in earnest. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop — until the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice; he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell; it is already ringing through the crowd. Gretel has won the silver skates!

Like a bird she has flown over the ice; like a bird she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to

dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her; the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear.

With natural pride Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking. He is kneeling, bending his face low, and working hastily at his skate-strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes, my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap, to make a new hole; and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off a skate, "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker!" cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend. The bugle will sound in a minute."

"Mynheer," pleaded Hans, in a husky voice, "you have called me your friend. Take this strap — quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time. Indeed, I am out of practice. Mynheer, you *must* take it"; and Hans, blind and deaf to any remonstrance, slipped his strap into Peter's skate and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert from the line; "We are waiting for you."

"For madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick! She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate

is almost on. Quick, mynheer, fasten it. I could not possibly win. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear, and ringing.

Off go the boys! See them! They are winged Mercuries, every one of them. Ben is foremost!

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. Who is ahead now? It is Peter, Peter van Holp! Fly, Peter! Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength, into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness. Hilda is trembling, and dares not look up. The pursuers are close upon you. Touch the white column! It beckons; it is reeling before you —

"Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the silver skates!"

"Peter van Holp!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter van Holp!" shouted a hundred voices; for he was the favorite boy of the place. "Huzza! Huzza!"

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake-boy, was near the head.

Three gayly twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river, facing the Van Gleck pavilion. Skating slowly, and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was beautiful to see the bright procession glide along like a living creature. It curved and doubled, and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches, curling, twisting, turning, never losing form, until at the shrill call of the bugle rising above the music it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls standing in double semicircle before Madame van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the center, in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said; there is such a buzzing all around her. She is thinking that she ought to try and make a courtesy, such as her mother makes to the *meester*, when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter, too, has something in his hands. "Oh, oh! how splendid!" she cries; and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sunshine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell briefly the story of Mrs. Dodge's life. 2. From what book is this selection taken? Name two other books by the same author. 3. In what country is this race supposed to have taken place? Write or tell what you know about it — its people, dikes, canals, windmills. What are the people called? Why should you think skating would be so popular there?

4. What is meant by the sunlight *trying its power* on lake, canal, and river? by the ice *flashing defiance*? 5. What do you think of Mrs. Dodge's description of the crowd? Write a description of some crowd which you have seen. 6. Notice the different classes of people in this crowd described by Mrs. Dodge, especially the *gentry*, *peasants*, and *burghers*. What are the chief differences between them? (See word list.) 7. Describe a pavilion. If you have ever seen a pavilion, tell where. 8. Give the rules of the race. 9. What do you learn of Gretel from the sentence "She, too, waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion"? 10. What idea of the start do you get from the sentence "The bugle, using its voice as a bow-string, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows"?

11. What do we learn about Hans from his offer to give his strap to Peter? What do we learn of Peter from his being unwilling to take the strap? What would the giving up of the strap mean to Hans? Why does Hans call Peter "mynheer"? 12. Why are the boys called winged Mercuries? Who was Mercury? 13. Explain "Fly Peter! Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength, into your feet."

14. Read and try to imagine the scene that followed the race. Then describe it in your own words. 15. Which of the skaters do you like best? Why?

You will want to read the whole story of "Hans Brinker." Mrs. Dodge's "The Land of Pluck" tells also about Holland and the Dutch, and contains several short stories of Dutch life.

Motley (Mŏt′le*y̆*) : an American historian (1814–1877).

issue (ĭsh′ū̇*e*) : that which is published or sent out at a certain time, as a number or printing of a paper or magazine.

attire (*ă*t tīr*e*′) : dress, clothes.

gentry (ġĕn′try̆) : in Holland that class of society lower than the nobility and higher than the burghers.

burghers (bûr′g*h*ẽrṣ) : townspeople or citizens. They are lower than the gentry and higher than the peasants or farm laborers.

Parisians (P*ȧ* rĭzh′*ă*nṣ) : those who live or were born in Paris.

boulevard (bo͞o′lḗ värd) : a broad, handsome street.

charity uniforms : uniforms worn by the children of charity schools, or schools in which the poor are educated and supported.

sable : black.

cocked hats : hats with brims turned up to the crown, giving them a triangular shape.

bodice (bŏd′ĭç*e*) : a woman's close-fitting waist.

brocade (brō̇ cād*e*′) : silk stuff woven with gold and silver thread.

rustics (rŭs′tĭcs) : people from the country.

fillets (fĭl′lĕts) : bands worn around the hair.

homespun (hōm*e*′spŭn′) : cloth made or spun at home.

broadcloth (brô*a*d′clô̆th) : a sort of fine smooth-faced woolen cloth.

steeple-crowned : having a high tapering crown.

pagoda (p*ȧ* gō′d*ȧ*) : a towerlike building of many stories, usually richly ornamented.

crier (crī′ẽr) : one who gives a public notice in a loud voice.

bugler (bū′glẽr) : one who plays on a bugle.

disdain (dĭs dā*i*n′) : scorn, contempt.

pervades (pẽr vād*e*ṣ′) : spreads through the whole.

lithe (līth*e*) : slender and bending easily or gracefully.

mynheer (mȳn he̱*e*r′) : the Dutch word for *Mr.*; a title of respect.

deigned (de̱*ig*n*e*d) : condescended.

resolved itself : changed or melted.

majestically (m*ȧ* jĕs′tĭ c*ă*l lȳ) : royally, like a king or queen.

meester : the Dutch word for *master*, used in speaking of a man of learning.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING

[The reign of Queen Victoria, in England, was made famous by two great poets. One of them, about whom you have already read,[1] was Tennyson; the other, of whom I shall tell you something to-day, was Robert Browning.

Browning was born in 1812, three years after Tennyson, in a suburb of London called Camberwell, which has since become a part of the city. Then there were pleasant fields about it, and country lanes, and near by a wood, among whose shadows the boy used often to play. But young Robert Browning's favorite haunt was a group of elms on a bit of high ground near his home, where he could look out over the roofs and spires and chimneys of the great city just beyond. Especially he loved, as night was coming on, to watch the city's twinkling lights and wonder about the houses from which they shone out and about the people who had lighted them. All through his life he cared more for people than for nature; he liked society, was friendly with all, and while other poets found their poetry in trees and flowers and running brooks, he found his in the hearts of men.

[1] Literary Readers, Book Five, page 207.

Robert's father was a bank clerk, and we have reason to believe a good one. By faithful work and saving he had become fairly well-to-do; and he spent his leisure in reading and study, in collecting rare books — of which he had a fine library — and in trying to write poetry, in which he was not altogether successful. He greatly loved his boy, and it is said that often at night he used to pace back and forth in his library with the child in his arms, singing him to sleep with a fragment of an old Greek song which he loved. One of the boy's earliest recollections was of his father telling him the story of the fall of Troy and pointing out the burning palaces and temples in the glowing coals of the big fireplace, while his mother was singing in the dusk of the evening, from the next room, a wild, weird song which seemed like a fitting accompaniment to the story.

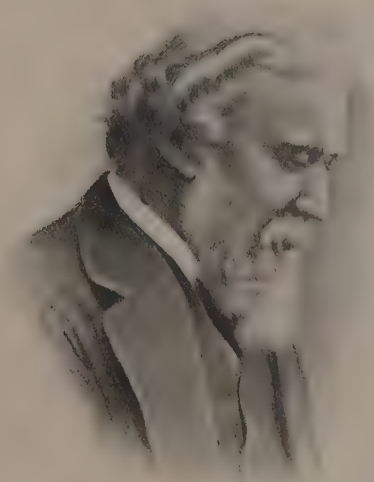
His mother was a noble woman, and Robert Browning throughout her life was entirely devoted to her. He also had a sister two years younger than himself, of whom he was very fond. All the family loved music and pictures and poetry, and it seems as if Robert could not help being a poet. When he was only twelve, he tried to find a publisher for a volume of verse which he had written. The verse was probably not very good. At least he found no one willing to publish it.

When about thirteen, he saw at one of the second-hand bookstores, in which his father had already taught

him to browse, a little book of poetry by Shelley. The name of the poet was unfamiliar to him, and in fact to most Englishmen of that day, for Shelley's poetry had not then begun to be appreciated; but the verses thrilled him; he wanted to know more of this wonderful new poet, and after some questioning he learned that Shelley had written a few books of poems and had been dead some years. That was all anybody seemed to know about him. Robert's mother helped him to get this information, and succeeded in finding a volume or two of poems by Shelley and also some by Keats.

Browning has told how he took the books out into the garden to read them. It was an afternoon in May, and as evening came on, two nightingales began to sing in the trees above him. A new world of poetry had opened to the boy. Shelley and Keats were now his heroes, and he imagined that the two nightingales were their spirits singing to him. This thought of the nightingales he carried with him many years.

Young Robert Browning was fond of pets, and especially of strange pets such as no other boy would have. He kept a tame eagle, a hedgehog, a monkey, a magpie, an owl, and several snakes — a whole menagerie of pets, in fact; and it is said that one winter's day, when he had found two ladybugs nearly frozen in the snow, he brought them home, put them into a box lined with cotton, and labeled them "Animals found surviving in



Robert Browning

the depths of a severe winter." He was a boy with an investigating turn of mind, and often disturbed his parents by his fondness for pulling things to pieces to see how they were made.

He went to school, off and on, until he was fourteen. Then for four years he studied under a private tutor and for two years at the University of London. At twenty he left the university and went to Italy. He had spent much time in studying music and art, and thought seriously of becoming a painter or a musician, but he now decided to devote himself entirely to the writing of poetry. His first poem was not a success, nor his second, nor his third. Then he wrote a play in verse, which was played in London a few nights by the actor Macready, but that too was unsuccessful. People could not understand him. Yet he kept at work, feeling sure that they would listen in the end. And they did.

He now began to have his poems printed in little pamphlets, which sold at sixpence (equal to twelve cents of our money) or a shilling (equal to twenty-four cents). The first of these pamphlets contained the poem "Pippa Passes," of which you will read on page 382, and which at once attracted attention. The third contained "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which Browning had written to amuse the little son of Macready, when the boy lay ill in bed. In the same pamphlet were also the "Incident of the French Camp," "My Last Duchess," and "Boot

and Saddle." Pamphlets which followed contained "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Boy and the Angel," "Saul," and other poems that have since become famous.

Among the first to read and appreciate Browning's poetry was Elizabeth Barrett, herself a well-known poet of that day. She was a young woman of a beautiful spirit, but was an invalid, scarcely able to leave her room, and it was thought she had not long to live. Browning married Miss Barrett and took her to Italy. There she grew well again, and a few years later they had a little son who was a great joy to both his parents and who afterwards became a successful painter.

For fifteen years the Brownings lived in Italy, with occasional short journeys to England and to France. Their home was an old palace in Florence, known as Casa Guidi. They lived mainly out of doors, wrote poetry, read, and studied. But in 1861 Mrs. Browning died, and Browning, with his boy, went back to London. There he lived for nearly thirty years, honored and made much of, but remaining through it all simple, unspoiled, a true and earnest man. There he wrote his most important poem, "The Ring and the Book," and there he enjoyed the friendship of the greatest authors, poets, and statesmen of the world. In 1889 he went again to Italy, and died there at the age of seventy-seven, while visiting his son in Venice.

We think of Browning always as a *strong* man, full of life, full of energy, thinking high thoughts, and loving all men as his brothers.

The story of the Pied Piper, which we have here given you, is founded upon an old fourteenth-century legend of the city of Hamelin in Germany.]

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and speaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking;
"'T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,

Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get the long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with the carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty."

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor;
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed.
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas, for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Browning's life. Name as many authors as you can who lived in England or America during the same period. Point out on a map the city where Browning was born, where he lived with Mrs. Browning, and where he died. Name four or more of his poems.

2. Locate on a map Hanover and the Weser. Hamelin, being a small city, is not shown on many school maps. Brunswick is the duchy or district in which Hamelin is situated. 3. Does the exclamation "Rats!" in line 16, page 126, express more or less than would be expressed by a full sentence, as "There were rats in Hamelin"? One of Browning's strong points is his power to express a great deal in a word. 4. Notice how many different pictures of the boldness of the rats are given in lines 17–26, page 126. How do they add to the story? 5. What is meant by shrieking and squeaking "in fifty different sharps and flats"? 6. What was the Town-Hall? the Corporation? (You may think of the Corporation as somewhat like our city council or village trustees, but more dignified.)

7. Why did the tap at the door frighten the mayor? What is meant by his "looking bigger"? 8. Describe the piper. Why is he called "pied"? What does the line "But lips where smiles went out and in" tell you about him? 9. Describe the pipe. What modern musical instrument is most like it? 10. Where is Tartary? What is the Cham? the Nizam? What did the piper do for these Asiatic people? 11. What offer did he make to the mayor and corporation of Hamelin? How much would this sum amount to in our money? (See *guilder*, in word list.) How much did they offer the piper, and why did they offer him so much more than he asked?

12. What is a "musical *adept*"? 13. Read lines 17, page 129, to 3, page 130; then shut your eyes and try to see the picture of the rats tumbling out of their holes. Notice how the picture seems to grow from line to line. What is the effect of repeating the word "rats" so many times. 14. Why is the "stout" (or strong) rat that swam the river compared to Julius Cæsar? (It is said that Cæsar, when surrounded by his enemies in Egypt, leaped into the sea and escaped, swimming with one hand, while in the other he held high above the water some precious manuscripts which he had with him, to save them from a wetting. Browning supposes that this rat had written a manuscript on the destruction of the rats of Hamelin, which he carried home to Rat-land.) 15. What did the music of the pipe sound like to the rats? Notice that the only music which a rat can appreciate is that which makes him think of something to eat. 16. Explain "scraping tripe," "cider-press's gripe," "train-oil flasks," "psaltery," "drysaltery," "nuncheon," "bulky sugar-puncheon."

17. Why did the mayor and corporation refuse to pay the piper? What does this tell you of their character? What do you think of a person who fails to keep a promise? 18. Where is Bagdat, or Bagdad, and what do you know of it? 19. Explain "the prime of the Head-Cook's pottage," "bate a stiver," "a lazy ribald," "vesture piebald." What did the piper do for the caliph's cook? Why did he do it so cheaply? (Note that the pottage was all that the cook was rich in.) 20. Why did the mayor feel safe in refusing to pay the piper?

21. What was the difference between the music which the piper played to attract the rats and that which he played to attract the children? (Notice that in both cases the music suggested the things that the hearers liked best.) 22. Read

lines 1–11, page 133; then shut your eyes and try to see this second picture. Which do you like better, and why? 23. Read what the lame child said, and tell what is meant by "the piper also promised me." Do you think the piper promised anything, or was it the music that made the child think all these things were coming? 24. What was the text that came into the minds of the burghers? (See Matthew xix, 24.)

25. Why was it decreed that all law papers should be dated from the time of the loss of the children? 26. In lines 15–25, page 136, what is suggested as to the fate of the children? Where is Transylvania? What are "*alien* people"? Explain "some subterraneous prison," "trepanned." 27. Memorize lines 9, page 129, to 7, page 130; 21, page 132, to 11, page 133, and lines 5–10, page 134. 28. What lesson does the story teach? 29. What does it suggest about the power of music? What is the use of military bands? Why are hymns sung in churches? What is the effect of dance music?

Other poems by Browning which may be read in this grade are Pippa's Song (see page 382), "Boot and Saddle," "Incident of the French Camp," and "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." The last three are better for Grade Seven.

pied (pīed): of various colors.

Hamelin (Hăm′ĕl ĭn): now called Hameln, a town in Brunswick, Germany, about twenty-five miles southwest of Hanover.

tutor (tū′tŏr): a private teacher.

Macready (Măc rēa′dў): an English actor (1793–1873).

Casa Guidi (Că′să Gwĭ′dĭ): a house or palace in Florence occupied by the Brownings.

Weser (Vē′zĕr): a river in Germany.

ditty: a song.

vermin: small animals troublesome to man.

vats: large vessels or tubs.

sprats: small European herrings.

noddy: a simpleton or fool.

corporation (côr′pŏ rā′shŏn): a group of persons acting together to perform certain duties; here the government of a town.

dolts (dōlts) : dunces, numskulls.
consternation (cŏn stĕr nā′shŏn): great surprise and alarm.
kith and kin : relations, nationality.
newt : a kind of lizard.
viper (vī′pĕr) : a poisonous snake.
vesture (vĕs′tūre) : garments.
old-fangled (făn′gled) : old-fashioned.
Cham (*Ch*ăm) more commonly called K*h*ăn : the ruler of the Tartars.
Nizam (Nĭ zăm′) : the ruler of one of the states of India.
vampire-bats : bats which suck the blood of men and animals.
guilder (gŭl′dĕr): a German or Dutch coin worth about forty cents.
adept (*à* dĕpt′) : one fully skilled in a certain thing.
cherished (chĕr′ished) : held dear.
commentary (cŏm′mĕn tā rў) : an account of certain events, with remarks or comments.
conserve (cŏn sĕrve′) : preserves.
train-oil flasks : bottles containing oil from the whale or some other sea animal.
psaltery : (*p*salt′ĕr ў) an ancient musical instrument, somewhat like a zither or a harp.
drysaltery (drў salt′ĕr ў) : a shop for dried or salted meats.
nuncheon (nŭn′cheon) : a noon lunch.
sugar-puncheon : a large cask or hogshead for holding sugar.
perked : appeared briskly, bobbed up.
poke : here a pocket or purse.
prime : the first, or best, part.
pottage (pŏt′tăge) : a thick soup.
scorpions (scôr′pĭ *o*nz) : poisonous creatures belonging to the spider family, shaped somewhat like a crawfish.
not bate a stiver (stĭ′vĕr) : not lessen in the slightest degree; as we would say, "not take off a cent."
brook : to endure, to bear.
ribald (rĭb′ăld) : a low, coarse person.
piebald (pīe′bald) : pied, made up of several colors.
justling (jŭs′lĭng): jostling, crowding.
on the rack : tortured, tormented.
fallow deer : a European deer of a pale-yellow color, spotted in summer with white.
tabor (tā′bŏr) : a small instrument like the head of a drum; a tambourine without jingles.
hostelry (hŏs′tĕl rў) : an inn.
Transylvania (Trăn′sўl vā′nĭ *à*) : a province in southeast Hungary.
alien (āl′yĕn) : foreign.
ascribe (*ă*s crībe′) : to attribute or name as the cause or source of a thing.
subterraneous (sŭb tĕr rā′nē *o*ŭs) : underground; more often called subterranean.
trepanned (trē pănned′) : ensnared.

PART II. READINGS FROM FAMOUS BOOKS

THE ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS

FROM THE "ODYSSEY"

HOMER

[The oldest writings of the Greeks are two noble poems called the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." It is said that Homer wrote them, but who Homer was, no one really knows. The Greeks believed he was an old blind poet who wandered from court to court and from city to city, reciting his poems and taking such reward as the people chose to give him. No one knew where he was born, and it was not until after his death that any one thought it worth while to ask. Then he became famous, and seven cities claimed to be his birthplace. An old verse says:

> Seven cities claimed the mighty Homer, dead;
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

But many do not believe there ever was a Homer. They think the poems which are called his were made by different singers and afterwards put together and written out much as the stories of "The Arabian Nights," long afterwards, were put together and written out. All that we know is that they were sung nearly a thousand

years before Christ, and that they tell us more about old Greek life than any other writings that we have.

The "Iliad" tells about the war between the Greeks and the Trojans and how the Greeks took the city of Troy. The "Odyssey" tells what happened to the Greek warrior Odysseus — or Ulysses, as he is sometimes called — after Troy had been taken and destroyed.

Odysseus was one of the bravest and most clear-headed of the Greeks, and it was through his trick of making a hollow wooden horse and filling it with soldiers that Troy was at last taken. After the war was over, with his part of the army in twenty ships, he set sail for his home in the rocky island of Ithaca. A storm overtook them and drove them out of their course to the land of the Cicones, a hostile people, where they fought and took a city. But against the will of Odysseus the men spent the following night in feasting and plundering, until the Cicones came back and slew great numbers.

Those who were left, fled in their black ships and were tossed to and fro by storms until they reached a land of palm trees and flowers and soft breezes, where the natives offered them a strange fruit called the lotus. They ate of this lotus, and at once it made them forget their homes and native land, so that they wished only to stay in that happy place forever and eat of that pleasant fruit. But Odysseus dragged them to the ship and bound them hand and foot and sailed away with them.

Then they came to an island where the Cyclops, a race of giant shepherds, dwelt. And by chance they wandered into the cave of Polyphemus, the largest of the Cyclops, who had but one eye — a red one — in the middle of his shaggy forehead. And Polyphemus, being hungry, seized and ate two of the Greeks, and then lay down to sleep. In the morning he ate two more, and went out, shutting the rest of them into the cave with a great stone which he rolled before its mouth. At night he returned and ate two more of his guests; but while he slept, Odysseus and those of his companions who were left, thrust an olive tree into the giant's one great eye and, after blinding him, escaped beneath the bodies of the sheep.

Then they came to the island of Æolus, the king of the winds. He treated them kindly, and at parting gave Odysseus a great bag in which were shut up all the winds except the west wind. That he left free to blow them home to Ithaca. But while Odysseus slept, his comrades opened the bag to see what it contained, and the winds, leaping out, blew them back over their course, and they were lost again.

Again they saw land, and Odysseus sent three of his men ashore to see what place it was. It proved to be the home of the Læstrygonians, a race of man-eating giants. They devoured one of the messengers and hurled rocks at Odysseus' ships, sinking all but one and spearing the unfortunate Greeks like fishes in the water.

Odysseus, with the one remaining ship, fled from the Læstrygonians and came to the island of Circe, the witch-goddess. What happened there I am going to tell you in the words of the "Odyssey," translated from Greek into easy English. The Greek is in verse; and I will give you the first seven lines of this selection in English verse of the same kind, so that you may get an idea of the way it rolls along. The rest is translated into prose, because we can express more nearly the meaning of the Greek words in that way. Odysseus is supposed to be telling his story.]

Then in our swift black ship we came to the island Ææa,
Where dwells the fair-haired Circe, a mighty and beautiful goddess:
She was a child of the Sun, but spoke with the lips of a mortal.
Silently turned we the ship into a sheltering harbor:
One of the gods must have led us, else we could never have found it.
Down on the shore we lay, weary and worn with our labors:
Thus for two days and two nights there was no strength in our bodies.

But when the golden-haired dawn brought in the third day, I took my spear and my sharp sword, and leaving the ship I went quickly up to find a place where I could

look out over the land, hoping that I might see some sign of human labor or hear some human voice. I climbed to the top of a rocky hill, and looking out I saw smoke curling up from the broad earth through an oak thicket and a wood. Then I considered whether it were wise to go forward and find out what made the smoke. And as I thought, it seemed the better way first to return to the shore and to my swift ship; there to give my comrades their midday meal and send all out to search.

But on my way, as I drew near to the ship, some god was good to me and sent a stag, with lofty branching horns, across my path. The stag was coming from his woodland pasture to the river, that he might drink, for the sun was hot upon him. As he came out I threw my spear at him. The bronze shaft pierced him; he fell dead in the dust. Then I gathered some willow wands and wove a rope a fathom long, twisted from end to end. With this I bound together the feet of the huge beast and throwing him across my neck and leaning on my spear, for he was so large that it was not possible to hold him on one shoulder with my hand, I went on my way to the black ship. There I threw him down and cheered my men with hopeful words.

"Friends," said I, "in spite of all our troubles we shall not go down to the house of Hades until the appointed time. Come! While there is yet food and drink in the swift ship, let us eat, lest we grow weak with hunger."

Even so I spoke, and at once they hearkened to my words, and throwing off their cloaks upon the shore of the ever-restless sea they looked joyfully upon the stag, for he was a noble beast. Then, when they had cheered their eyes with the sight, they washed their hands and prepared the splendid feast.

All the rest of that day we sat and feasted. And when the sun went down and darkness settled over the earth, we lay down to sleep upon the beach. But when the early rosy-fingered dawn appeared, I called my men together and said to them:

"Listen, my suffering comrades! We do not know where is the place of darkness or of dawning, nor where the light-giving sun goes under the earth, nor where he rises. So let us take counsel right speedily whether any way is still open to us. For my part, I fear there is none, for I went to the top of a rocky hill where there is a wide outlook, and I saw that this is an island, encircled like a crown by the endless sea. It lies low in the waves, and in the midst of it I saw smoke rising through an oak thicket and a wood."

Thus I spoke, and their very souls were crushed within them. They cried aloud, but no good came to them from their complaining.

Then I counted out my well-armed company into two bands, and set a leader over each. One band I led myself; the other I put in charge of Eurylochus, a man godlike

in strength. Then we shook the lots in a bronze-bound helmet, and out sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus, first. So he set forth, and with him two and twenty of my companions. The rest of us were left behind.

Among the glens of the forest my comrades found the house of Circe, built of polished stone, upon a height of land. Around it roamed mountain wolves and lions, which Circe had bound with hateful charms. The beasts did not attack my men, but stood upon their hind legs, wagging their long tails. As dogs fawn upon their master when he comes from a meal, because he brings them dainty bits to please them, so these strong-clawed wolves and lions fawned upon my men. But the men were filled with fear. And standing upon the porch of the fair-haired goddess, they heard Circe, within, singing sweetly as she passed to and fro before the great imperishable web which she was weaving — a lovely, delicate, shining web, such as goddesses are wont to weave.

Polites, always foremost of men, and the dearest and truest of all my companions, was the first to speak.

"Friends," said he, "some one within is walking to and fro before a great loom and singing sweetly. All the house echoes with the music. A goddess she must be — or a woman. Let us, then, quickly call to her."

He spoke, and they shouted aloud and called to her. And straightway she opened the shining doors and came out and bade them enter; and they went in with her,

suspecting nothing. But Eurylochus tarried without, for he guessed that there was some snare.

So she led them in and seated them on couches and on chairs and mixed a drink for them of Pramnian wine, with yellow honey and barley meal and cheese. And into this drink she put a hateful charm, to make my comrades quite forget their native land.

Now when she had given them the cup and they had drunk it off, she smote them with a wand, and straightway they became swine, with chunky heads, squeaking voices, fat sides, bristles — everything was changed except their reason. That remained as before. Circe then shut them up in a sty, and as the tears rolled out of their pig-eyes she flung them acorns and chestnuts and cornel berries, such things as wallowing swine are wont to eat.

Meanwhile Eurylochus returned to the swift black ship to bring me tidings of his fellows and of their sorry fate. Not a word could he speak, at first, so smitten to the heart was he with grief. But when, greatly surprised at his appearance, we questioned him, he told us all.

When he had finished I slung over my shoulder my silver-studded sword — large it was, and made of bronze, and with it I took my bow and bade him lead me back the way he came. But he knelt and clasped my knees with both hands and begged me not to go to the house of Circe, but rather to embark in the swift ship with what remained of our comrades and speed away.

"SHE SMOTE THEM WITH A WAND, AND STRAIGHTWAY THEY BECAME SWINE"

"Eurylochus," said I, "stay here yourself, if you will, by the black hollow ship. I shall go on, for I must."

With this, I went up from the ship. And lo, as I walked through the solemn glades of the wood and approached the great hall of the goddess Circe, Hermes, he of the golden wand, met me, and he was in the likeness of a youth with the down upon his lip, the time of life when a young man is most winning. He took my hand and said:

"Poor man, where are you going, alone, among these hills, knowing not your way? Your comrades yonder in the halls of Circe are penned in like swine. Do you hope to free them? Take then this powerful herb and go to Circe's house, for this shall save you in the evil day. I will tell you all the magic arts of Circe. She will mix a drink for you and put a charm into it, but even so she cannot work her spell; this herb will save you.

"And I will tell you more. When Circe smites you with her long wand, then draw the sharp sword from your thigh and spring upon her as if you would slay her. And she will shrink back. Then bid her promise by the blessed gods that she will plot no more against you."

With that, Hermes gave me the herb that he had plucked from the ground and he showed me its nature. It was black at the root, but its flower was white as milk; and the gods call it moly. It is hard for mortal men to find, but the gods can find all things.

Then Hermes went away up through the woody isle to high Olympus. I made my way to the house of Circe, but my heart was troubled as I went. At last I stopped at the door of the fair-haired goddess, stood a moment, and called aloud, and she heard my voice. Quickly she came and opened the shining doors and bade me enter. I followed her with a heavy heart. She led me to an inner room and seated me on a beautiful, silver-studded chair, richly carved, and under it was a footstool. Then she mixed me a drink in a golden cup, and into it she put a hateful charm, for her heart was bitter against me.

Now when she had given me this drink and I had drunk it off — though I was not affected by it — she smote me with her wand and cried out, "Be off to the sty and lie there with your fellows!"

But I drew my sharp sword from my thigh and sprang upon her as if I would slay her. And with a great cry she crouched down and clasped my knees and, still wailing, spoke these winged words:

"Who of the sons of men are you? Whence come you and from what city? I marvel much that after drinking of my mystic drink you are not overcome. No other living man who has felt this charm has been able to withstand it. But you have, I think, a spirit that cannot be bound. Surely you must be the ever-ready Odysseus, who Hermes of the golden wand has often told me

should come hither on his way from Troy, in his swift black ship. If this be so, put up your sword into its sheath, and let us trust each other."

She spoke; but I, answering her, said:

"Nay, Circe. How can you ask me to be gentle when you have turned my comrades into swine within your halls? First swear that you will plan no further mischief against us." And she promised as I bade her.

Now all this time attendants were busying themselves about the halls. One threw over the chairs goodly cloths of purple and linen. Another drew up silver tables beside the chairs and put upon them golden baskets. A third mixed cheering wine in a silver bowl, and set out cups of gold. A fourth brought water and kindled a great fire under a mighty kettle, and when it had boiled in the bright brazen vessel, the attendant seated me in the bath, and tempering the water to a pleasant warmth, poured it over my head and shoulders till it had taken the sore weariness out of my limbs.

So after I had been bathed and rubbed with oil and clothed in a fair coat and tunic, I was led in and seated upon a beautiful silver-studded chair, richly carved, and beneath it was a footstool. And a maid brought water for my hands in a goodly golden pitcher and poured the water out over a silver basin for me to wash, and she drew up a polished table beside me. Then the grave housekeeper brought bread and set it before me, and

spread upon the table many dainties, giving freely of her store, and bade me eat. But there was no joy in my heart; I sat thinking of other things, and my heart foreboded ill.

Now when Circe saw me sitting thus, putting not forth my hands to the food, but weighed down with heavy sorrow, she drew near and said, in winged words:

"Why sit you thus, Odysseus, like a dumb man, breaking your heart and touching neither meat nor drink? Do you suspect some further snare? You have no cause to fear, for I have sworn a solemn oath."

So spoke she, and answering, I said: "Ah, Circe, what true man could have the heart to taste of meat and drink until he had freed his friends and had looked upon them face to face? If you really wish me to eat and drink, set free my trusty comrades."

Thus I spoke, and Circe went out of the hall with her wand in her hand. She opened a sty and drove out what seemed to be a herd of swine, nine seasons old. They stood before her, and she went among them and put upon each another charm. And lo, from their limbs the bristles dropped away, which the first mischievous charm had made to grow. And the swine became men again, younger than before, and fairer and taller. And they all knew me and each grasped me by the hand.

Then, standing near, the fair-haired goddess spoke: "Go now, heaven-born Odysseus, to your swift ship,

and first of all draw up the ship upon the beach and put into the caves by the shore all your goods and your tackle. Then come back and bring with you your trusty comrades."

She spoke and I agreed. I went to the swift ship and found my trusty companions in great sorrow. And they said, in winged words: "O son of heaven, we are as glad at your return as if we had seen Ithaca, our native land, once more. But tell us of the fate of our companions."

So spoke they, and I answered in soft words: "Let us first of all draw up the ship upon the beach and put into the caves all our goods and tackle. Then quickly follow me that you may see your comrades in the mystic house of Circe, eating and drinking, for they have abundance."

So I spoke, and straightway they hearkened to my words. But Eurylochus, alone, would have held back all my companions, and speaking winged words, he said: "Foolish men, whither are we going? Why are your hearts so set on sorrow that you should go to the halls of Circe and let her turn us into swine or wolves or lions to guard her great house? Remember the Cyclops and how this reckless man, Odysseus, led us into the cave, and many of our comrades perished there."

So he spoke, and I was tempted to draw my sharp sword from my thigh and strike him down, but my

comrades stayed me with soft words, saying, "Heaven-born Odysseus, let us leave this man here, if you will, to guard the ship; but do you lead us to Circe's mystic house."

So saying, we went up from the ship and from the shore. But Eurylochus did not stay beside the hollow ship. He went with us, for he feared my angry words.

Meanwhile Circe had shown the rest of my company to the bath, and they had been rubbed with oil and had soft coats and tunics put upon them. And we found them all feasting gayly in her hall. Then, standing by my side, the immortal goddess said:

"Heaven-born son of Laertes, ever-ready Odysseus, I know the misfortunes you have suffered upon the teeming sea and the wrongs done to you on land by savage men. But come, take meat and drink until your spirit shall come back to you as when first you left your rugged land of Ithaca."

So she spoke, and our hearts were glad. And day after day, throughout the year, we stayed there in the house of Circe, eating and drinking. But when the seasons had rolled around and the long spring days came back, then my trusty comrades, calling me aside, said:

"You who are held here by the power of a goddess, think now of your native land, if you expect ever to be saved and to return to your high-roofed house."

So spoke they, and I knew that they were right. So after the day's feast was done, I went to Circe and, speaking in winged words, I said: "O Circe, fulfill now the promise which you made and send me on my homeward way. I am eager to be gone. So are my men, and they move my heart with their desire."

So I spoke, and straightway the immortal goddess answered: "Heaven-born son of Laertes, ever-ready Odysseus, remain no longer in my house against your will. But you must make another journey first, and must go down to the halls of Hades and of dread Persephone, to seek the spirit of Tiresias of Thebes, the blind prophet."

So spoke she, and my soul was crushed, and I said, "O Circe, who will show us the way, for no man has ever yet sailed in a black ship to the land of Hades?"

Thus I spoke, and she answered: "Be not disturbed for lack of a guide, but set the mast and spread the white sails and sit you down, and the breath of the North Wind shall bear you on. When you have crossed the Ocean stream to where the grove of Persephone rises from a rugged shore, with its tall poplars and its willows, draw up the ship by the deep-eddying Ocean stream and seek out the moldering house of Hades. There you will find Tiresias, and he will tell you the way, that you may go homeward over the teeming sea."

Even as she spoke, the golden-throned dawn appeared, and I roused my men with cheering words. "Sleep now no more," said I, "nor drowse in pleasant slumber, but let us go, for the mighty Circe has told me what to do."

So spoke I, and their hearts were glad, but as they went upon their way I said, "You think perhaps that you are going to your native land, but Circe has set for us a different journey, even to the house of Hades and of dread Persephone, there to seek out the spirit of Tiresias of Thebes."

And as I spoke, their hearts were crushed within them, and they sat down where they were and groaned and tore their hair, but no good came from all their groaning.

And as we went sorrowfully down to the swift ship and to the shore, Circe, passing unseen before us, made fast by the black ship a black ewe and a ram. For when a goddess does not wish to be seen of men, who can see her going to and fro?

Now when we had come down to the ship and to the shore, we first of all drew the ship into the mighty sea and set the mast and sails and put into it the sheep, and then went on board, sorrowing. And fair-haired Circe, the mighty goddess of mortal speech, sent after our dark-prowed ship a favoring wind that filled the sails. This was her kindly escort.

And we set in order all the tackle of the ship and sat down; and the wind and the helmsman kept us in our

course. So all day long we sailed the sea, and the sails stretched before the wind. Then the sun set, and all the ways were dark.

[Odysseus and his men reached at last the house of Hades, and there Tiresias the prophet gave them directions and warnings and sped them on their way.

Soon they came to the island of the Sirens, where the winds never blow and the air is heavy with the perfume of flowers; and the Sirens, beautiful women, sit there singing so sweetly that none can listen to the song and pass them by. But when men come near, the Sirens seize and slay them; and their island is surrounded with heaps of bones. But Circe had warned Odysseus of the Sirens, and he ordered his men to bind him to the mast so that he could not reach the rudder. Then he stopped their ears with beeswax, so that they could not hear the Sirens' song. Thus they passed on in safety.

Then their way led them between the two monsters Scylla and Charybdis, which were like two frightful rocks, around which the waters hissed and boiled. Fearing Charybdis most, they passed nearer to Scylla, and Scylla reached out and snatched away six of Odysseus' men.

So the little company grew smaller with each adventure. Those that were left soon reached an island on which were pastured the cattle of the Sun. Odysseus forbade his men to harm these cattle, but the men grew hungry

and disobeyed, and soon were feasting again after their old manner. The Sun was angry and asked help of Zeus; and Zeus sent after Odysseus' ship a fearful storm, striking the men dead with his lightnings, one by one, and breaking the ship to fragments. Odysseus alone escaped death. He clung to a piece of the broken mast and was borne by the waves to the island of the goddess Calypso.

Calypso and her maidens took care of him and kept him for more than a year — some say for seven years. He was contented for a time but soon began to long once more for home. Calypso bound him with a charm and would not let him go. At length Pallas Athene took pity upon him and begged Zeus to send Hermes and command Calypso to let him go. Calypso loved Odysseus and wished him to stay, but she could not disobey the word of Zeus, so she and her maidens helped Odysseus to build a raft, and they wove linen for a sail, and loaded the raft with provisions and rich gifts, and sent him on his way.

Poseidon, the sea god, was angry at this and stirred up another mighty storm and wrecked Odysseus' raft. But the nymph Ino took pity on the friendless man and came to him in the likeness of a sea gull, carrying in her beak a magic girdle. Odysseus put it on, and with its help swam through the waves for two days and two nights, until he reached the shores of the Phæacians. Here,

after being bruised and torn upon the rocks, he landed and was found by a young princess, who took him to her father the king. The king clothed him, made a feast for him, and after he had heard his story sent him home to Ithaca in one of the Phæacian ships.

But even there his troubles were not past, for in his absence many chiefs and nobles of Ithaca, thinking him dead, had come to ask in marriage Penelope, his faithful wife. Penelope felt that Odysseus would some time come back to her, and she put off her suitors. But they would not go away. Instead, they stayed in the palace, helping themselves to food and wine and feasting day after day. While this was going on, Telemachus, the son of Odysseus and Penelope, now grown to be a strong young man, took a ship and went out to seek his father. He heard news which made him sure that Odysseus was still alive; and with this news he returned to Ithaca just at the time that Odysseus himself had landed there from the Phæacian ship. Pallas Athene made them to know each other, and together they planned to destroy the suitors. Odysseus was to go to the palace dressed as a beggar, while Athene put it into the heart of Penelope to bring out the great bow of Odysseus and ask the suitors to try to shoot with it. She knew that none of them was strong enough even to bend it.

Odysseus went to the palace in his beggar's rags, and the suitors treated him shamefully, but he held his peace.

Then Penelope brought out the great bow and told the suitors she would marry any one of them who could string it and shoot one of the arrows through the rings or holes at the ends of twelve axes, set up in a row, some distance from each other. They tried and failed. Then Odysseus asked if he might take the bow. He strung it easily and sent an arrow flying through all the rings. Then he turned upon the suitors, and with the help of Telemachus and a few of his old servants who recognized him and were faithful to him, he shot down those insolent ones or put them to the sword. So Odysseus found his home and wife and son and kingdom once more, and reigned in peace and honor.]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you know of the author of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." 2. Tell in a few words what the "Iliad" is about; what the "Odyssey" is about. 3. Who was Odysseus, and how did he happen to be at Troy? 4. Describe his adventure with the Cicones. 5. Tell about the Lotus-eaters. 6. Tell of the Cyclops. 7. Tell of Æolus. 8. Tell of the Læstrygonians. 9. Who was Circe? Why is the dawn "golden-haired"? "rosy-fingered"? 10. What did the sight of the curling smoke tell Odysseus, and what did he decide to do? 11. Tell what happened on his way back to the ship. 12. What is meant by going down "to the house of Hades," and who was Hades, or Dis? (See Literary Readers, Book Three, page 205.) 13. How were their souls crushed? 14. Why did they shake lots?

15. Describe the house of Circe and the animals that surrounded it. It was said that Circe turned men into such animals as they were most nearly like. Can you see anything about Odysseus' companions that should make her turn them into swine? 16. What do you think of the conduct of Eurylochus? 17. Why is Hermes called "he of the golden wand"? Describe this wand (see Literary Readers, Book Three, page 196). 18. What did Hermes give to Odysseus? 19. Why was Circe afraid of Odysseus? Was it simply because he drew his sword?

20. Why did not Odysseus demand at once that his comrades should be released, instead of asking only a promise that Circe would plan no further mischief? What does this show of Odysseus' character? 21. Does the description of setting out the chairs and table and of preparing the bath make the story more interesting to you or less so? Why? 22. Why did Odysseus refuse to eat? 23. What is meant by "winged" words? by the "teeming" sea? by the "golden-throned" dawn? 24. Why do you think it was necessary for Odysseus' comrades to remind him that it was time to start toward Ithaca? 25. Why do you think Circe sent him first to the land of Hades to consult Tiresias? 26. What does Circe's act in taking the two sheep to the ship tell us of her feelings?

27. Tell briefly about the Sirens. 28. Describe Scylla and Charybdis. What do we mean when we say that a person is "between Scylla and Charybdis"? 29. Tell about the cattle of the Sun and the punishment that followed their slaughter. 30. Tell about Calypso. 31. Tell of Poseidon's rage and Ino's friendship. 32. Tell of the Phæacians. 33. Describe the return to Ithaca and the destruction of the suitors.

34. Was Odysseus a perfect hero? What did he do that was good? What did he do that you do not like?

The story of Odysseus and Circe may be easily dramatized. Make swords and spears of wood, armor and shields of cardboard, and helmets from paper or from the crowns of old hats (for pictures see the dictionary or encyclopedia). Make a sty with closed front, behind which the change into swine and back again will seem to be made.

The stories of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are told nearly in the words of the Greek, but somewhat shortened, in Church's "The Story of the Iliad" and "The Story of the Odyssey." The best easy prose translation of the "Odyssey" is that of Professor Palmer. The prose translation of the "Iliad" by Lang, Leaf, and Myers is good. The best translations in verse, of both poems, are by the poet Bryant.

Odyssey (Ŏd′ĭs sey) : a Greek poem so called from its hero, Odysseus (Ō dĭs′seūs).

Iliad (Ĭl′ĭ ăd) : a poem so called from Ilium, the Greek name for Troy, an ancient city in Asia Minor.

Trojans (Trō′jănṣ) : people of Troy.

Ithaca (Ĭth′ȧ cȧ) : one of the Ionian Islands, west of Greece.

Cicones (Çĭ cō′nēṣ) : also called Ciconians — a people living on the northern shore of the Ægean Sea.

lotus (lō′tŭs) : a mythical plant.

Cyclops (Çȳ′clŏps) : a race of one-eyed giants supposed to have lived on the island of Sicily.

Polyphemus (Pŏl ȳ phē′mŭs) : the Cyclops who imprisoned Odysseus.

Æolus (Ā ē′ō lŭs) : the ruler to whom Zeus gave charge of the winds.

Læstrygonians (Lăĕs trȳ gō′nĭ ȧnṣ) : a race of man-eating giants.

Circe (Çĭr′çē) : a witch-goddess, daughter of the Sun.

Ææa (Ā ē′ȧ) : the ancient name of a small island between Italy and Sicily.

golden-haired dawn : so called because the golden glow in the sky was thought of as the hair of the goddess of the dawn.

bronze (brŏnze) : a mixture of copper and tin.

fathom (făth′ȯm) : the space to which a man can stretch his arms; about six feet.

go down to the house of Hades (Hā′dēṣ) : to die. Hades was another name for Dis, or Pluto, the god of the dead.

rosy-fingered dawn: the rays of rosy light sometimes seen in the east before sunrise were called the fingers of the dawn.

Eurylochus (*E*ū rȳl′ŏ *ch*ŭs): a companion of Odysseus.

Polites (Pŏ lī′tēs): another companion of Odysseus.

Pramnian (Prăm′nĭ *ă*n): a kind of wine made near Smyrna.

cornel (côr′nĕl): a European shrub.

silver-studded: ornamented with silver studs or knobs.

clasped my knees: among the ancients clasping the knees of another was a sign of entreaty.

moly (mō′lȳ): a mythical herb having magic power.

mystic (mȳs′tĭc): mysterious.

tempering (tĕm′pĕr ĭng): moderating or making milder, often by mixing.

tunic (tū′nĭc): a garment worn by the ancients, reaching to or below the knees and fastened with a girdle.

foreboded (fōre bōd′ĕd): felt that some evil was coming.

winged words: words that dart from the lips swiftly, as if on wings.

tackle: ropes and pulleys.

teeming sea: teeming or swarming with fishes and other animal life.

Tiresias of Thebes (Tī rē′shĭ ăs of Thēbes): a prophet who was made blind by the gods but who was given power to understand the language of birds.

Ocean stream: the ancients thought that the earth was flat and that the ocean flowed around the edge of it like a river.

ewe (ū): a female sheep.

escort (ĕs′côrt): one or more persons who travel with another to give protection.

Sirens (Sī′rĕns): sea maidens whose songs lured sailors upon the rocks.

Scylla (Scȳl′*à*): a monster who lived upon a rock on the Italian coast opposite Sicily.

Charybdis (C*hà* rȳb′dĭs): a monster who lived in a whirlpool on the coast of Sicily opposite Scylla.

Calypso (C*à* lȳp′sō): a sea goddess who lived on an island in the western Mediterranean.

Pallas Athene (Păl′*à*s *Á* thē′nē): the goddess of wisdom, also called Athena, and by the Romans Minerva.

Poseidon (Pŏ sī′dŏn): the god of the sea; called Neptune by the Romans.

Ino (Ī′nō): a maiden who was changed into a nymph or goddess.

Phæacians (Ph*a*ĕ ā′shĭănz): a people said to have once lived upon the island now called Corfu.

Penelope (Pē nĕl′ŏ pē): the wife of Odysseus.

suitor (sūit′ŏr): one who seeks a woman's hand in marriage.

Telemachus (Tē lĕm′*à ch*ŭs): the son of Odysseus.

THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY

FROM THE "ÆNEID"

VERGIL

[The traveler who visits Naples may see to-day, just outside the city, a tomb covered with ivy and grasses, which is called the Tomb of Vergil. Whether Vergil was really buried there we do not know, but the place is visited by many who love his poems and who honor him.

Vergil was a Latin poet, born near Mantua, in the north of Italy, about seventy years before Christ. He wrote several famous poems which are still read, in the Latin, in our schools. Vergil's father was a farmer and beekeeper, and the boy, whose full name was Publius Vergilius Maro, was brought up to love farm life. A group of his poems, the "Georgics," tells all about a Roman farm, with its fields, its trees, its horses and cattle, and its bees. It was written to make the Romans think more of country life and less of the city. Another group of poems, the "Eclogues," tells stories of shepherds and farmers.

Vergil went to school at Cremona and at Milan, and afterwards studied at Naples and at Rome. After living several years at Rome he went back to the old farm near Mantua, but when Antony and Octavian had overthrown the army of the Roman republic and had taken

possession of the government, they seized all the farms about Mantua and gave them to their soldiers, because some of the people of Mantua had helped the defeated army of the republic. Vergil had taken no part in the war, but he lost his farm. He went to Rome to see Octavian about it, and Octavian promised that he should have his farm back. When Vergil tried to take it, however, the rough soldier to whom it had been given had no notion of giving it up, but chased him with a sword, and Vergil had to swim a river to escape. Afterwards, when Octavian became the first of the Roman emperors, under the name of Augustus, he gave Vergil a much more beautiful farm near Naples.

In Rome, Vergil became a friend of the rich and generous Mæcenas, who loved poetry, and who had a charming garden where he was fond of entertaining literary people. Vergil spent much time at the home of Mæcenas, and Mæcenas gave him money and lands, making him rich.

In Rome and at his farm near Naples, Vergil wrote the "Æneid," a long poem which tells how Æneas, a prince of Troy, fled when the Greeks had burned his city, and how with a band of Trojans he sailed over the sea and, after many adventures, settled in Italy. The son of Æneas became the founder and first king of Alba Longa in Italy, and was the ancestor of that Romulus who, the old legends say, built Rome.

When Vergil was fifty-one years old he left his farm and made a journey to Greece and Asia, where he expected to spend several years working upon the "Æneid," making it still better. But in Greece he met the emperor Augustus, who was returning to Rome. Augustus asked Vergil to go back with him. Vergil consented. It was always safest to do what a Roman emperor asked. The weather was hot and Vergil was taken ill. He did not live to reach Rome, but died soon after they had landed on the Italian shore.

Vergil was a large man, with dark hair and eyes. He was kind, gentle, and very modest. It is said that when a person would point him out to another on the street, saying, "That is the great poet Vergil," Vergil would always slip into a shop or a doorway to hide.

As I have already said, the "Æneid" tells how the Greeks destroyed Troy and how Æneas and the Trojans fled over the sea. The Trojans sailed in twenty ships and made several attempts to land and build a city, but each time they were unsuccessful. In the sixth year of their wanderings, a great storm arose, which scattered their ships and drove them to the coast of Africa near the ancient city of Carthage. Dido, queen of Carthage, was kind to them and made them a splendid feast. At this feast she asked Æneas to tell the story of their wanderings and he began by telling how they were driven out of Troy. The selection which we are now to read is

translated from this story of Æneas, in the second book of the "Æneid," and has been somewhat shortened. The first seven lines are in the same form of verse used in the Latin.]

Then did the chiefs of the Greeks, sick of this wearisome warfare,
Build, with the help of Pallas, a horse from the wood of the fir tree.
High was the horse and large, so large that inside of its body
Room was found for a band of chosen and well-armed soldiers,
Hid in its hollow sides and filling each cranny and corner.
It was a gift, they pretended, to gain them the favor of Pallas,
Since they were starting for home, and wished for a prosperous journey.

In sight of Troy lies the island of Tenedos, once rich and famous, but now deserted. Thither went the Greeks and hid themselves. We Trojans thought they had sailed away, with a favoring wind, to their own country. So all Troy shook off its long grief. The gates were thrown open and the Trojans went out with joy to look at the Greek camp and the deserted battle-grounds and the lonely beach. When we saw the horse some of us stood astonished and wondered at its size.

"WHEN WE SAW THE HORSE SOME OF US STOOD ASTONISHED AND WONDERED AT ITS SIZE"

Thymœtes was the first to suggest that it be dragged inside the walls and placed within the citadel. But Capys and the men of better judgment advised us to throw the suspicious gift of the Greeks headlong into the sea, or to build a fire under it and burn it up, or to make a hole in its hollow body and see what was inside. The crowd, uncertain what to do, was divided between the two opposite opinions.

Then came Laocoön toward us, running eagerly down from the citadel, with a great number of Trojans following him; and he cried from afar: "Unhappy countrymen, what madness has seized you? Do you think that the enemy has sailed away, or that any gift of the Greeks is without trickery? Is that all you know of Odysseus? Either the Greeks are shut up in this horse, or it is some machine to spy into our houses and come down upon the city from above, or there is some other trick about it. Trust not this horse, ye men of Troy. I fear the Greeks when they bring gifts."

So he spoke, and with all his force he hurled his mighty spear against the side of the wooden horse. The spear stuck fast and quivered, and a hollow sound came forth. If it had been the will of the gods and if we had had good sense, he would have prevailed upon us to carry sword and destruction into the Greeks' hiding place, and Troy and the lofty citadel of Priam would still be standing.

But see! some Trojan shepherds drag before King Priam, with loud shouts, a youth whose hands are bound behind him. From all sides rush the young Trojans, eagerly crowding about and mocking him. He stands there with all eyes fixed upon him, confused, defenseless, looking at his enemies, and crying: "O where is there a spot of land or sea that will now shelter me, or what chance is left to a wretch like me? I have no place among the Greeks, and even the Trojans are my enemies, and are asking for my blood."

At that pitiful cry, our feelings are softened and our rush upon him is checked. We urge him to speak, to tell us who he is and what he is doing. Then, overcoming his fear, he says:

"O King! my name is Sinon, and I will not deny that I am a Greek. Perhaps you may have heard of a certain Palamedes, once famous among our people. Because he wanted peace, the Greeks put him to death, calling him a traitor. But now they are sorry for it. He was a near kinsman of mine, and my father sent me with him to Troy. As long as Palamedes had an honorable place among the Greeks, I too had some honor. But after his death — which was brought about by the hate of false Odysseus — I lived in dishonor and sorrow, and was full of wrath. I could not keep silent. I vowed that if ever I got back to Greece I would have vengeance upon those who brought about my kinsman's death. So, from that

time Odysseus was always looking for a chance to do me harm, and at last, by the help of Calchas the prophet — but why do I tell you this sad story? You think all Greeks are alike. So kill me if you wish. Odysseus would be glad to have you, and so would the others."

At this, we are eager to hear more. So he goes on:

"Often did the Greeks plan to go home and give up this tiresome war, but the storm wind frightened them, and the sea was so wild that they did not dare to sail. Especially when they set up this wooden horse, black clouds and crashing thunder filled the sky. In wonder they sent to ask of Phœbus what they should do, and this was the gloomy message that came back to them: 'O Greeks, when you came to Troy, you soothed the winds with a sacrifice of blood. With blood must you soothe them again, if you wish to return home.' When they heard this message every one was frozen with fear, thinking that it might be his blood that Phœbus wanted.

"Then Odysseus, with a great disturbance, brought forward Calchas the prophet, and asked him who it was that the gods demanded for a sacrifice. Many saw what was coming and warned me of the trick, knowing that Odysseus was thinking of me. Ten days the prophet was silent and stayed in his tent. Then, carrying out the plot which he had made with Odysseus, he named me for the sacrifice. All the others agreed, each one glad enough that it was not he who was named. So the fatal day was

set and all was made ready. But I broke my chains and escaped and hid myself all night in a muddy marsh, among the sedges, until the Greeks should set sail. Now I have no hope of ever seeing again my old home, nor my dear children, nor my father, whom I have so longed to see; and perhaps those cruel men will take vengeance upon my family because I have escaped. And now, O King, I pray you to have pity on me, since I do not deserve such troubles!"

His tears move us to pity and we spare his life. Then Priam orders his chains to be struck off and speaks to him in friendly words:

"Whoever you are, from this time on forget the Greeks. You shall be one of us. But tell me, why did they make this great wooden horse?"

Then Sinon answered: "The hope of the Greeks has always been in the help of Pallas. But the false Diomed and that villain Odysseus made their way into your citadel and killed the guards, and with bloody hands carried away Pallas' sacred image, thinking it would bring them good fortune. And from that time the hope of the Greeks melted away, for the goddess was angry that her image should be moved. Hardly had the image been set up in the Greek camp when fire began to flash from its eyes, and salt sweat to trickle down its body, and three times the image leaped from the ground and shook its lance and shield. Then Calchas the prophet told the

Greeks they must go back across the sea, for they could never capture Troy unless they sought in their own land new help from the gods. So they have gone back, but they will come again and attack you unawares. Such was Calchas' warning. And he told the Greeks to build this horse of wood as an offering to Pallas, and to make it so big that you Trojans could not drag it through the gates of your city, for if you should get it inside your walls, it would protect you and would bring you victory. But if you should harm it, then destruction would come upon you." This is the tale that Sinon tells, and the Trojans are deceived by his cunning.

But now another sight, far more fearful, is forced upon us. Laocoön, the priest of Neptune who had thrown his spear at the wooden horse, was sacrificing a bullock at the altar, when behold! from Tenedos come two huge serpents, gliding in great coils over the sea, and rearing their heads above the water. The sea foams and dashes about them. Now they reach the shore — their eyes red as blood, and glowing like fire, and their tongues hissing horribly. We grow pale with fear and run for our lives, but the serpents move straight toward Laocoön. One coils itself about one of Laocoön's two sons, who are standing with their father by the altar, while the other winds itself around the other son. Laocoön rushes to the rescue with a sword in his hand, but the monsters seize upon him and wind about his limbs. He tries to tear them off, but all

in vain. When they have killed the father and his sons they glide up to the temple of Pallas and there hide themselves at the feet of the image of the goddess, behind her shield. Then every one is filled with a new fear and cries out that Laocoön has been justly punished because he threw his spear at the sacred thing which had been offered to Pallas.

"Let us draw this holy horse up to the temple of the goddess," we all cry. So we break down a part of the walls and lay open the city. We put rollers under the feet of the horse and fasten ropes to it, and drag it through the walls with its armed brood. Boys and girls crowd around it singing songs, and are wild to get their hands upon the rope. But four times, just at the walls, the horse stands still; four times the rattling of arms is heard inside its body. Yet we press on, heedless and blind with excitement, and we set the hateful monster in the citadel. Then follows a feast and we hang wreaths upon the altars of the gods.

But night comes on, and soon throughout the city the tired Trojans are wrapped in sleep. Meanwhile the Greeks who had gone away to Tenedos, sail silently back by the friendly light of the moon, when — see! a signal fire leaps up from their flagship. Sinon, who is watching from the city, notices it and quietly opens the door in the wooden horse and lets out the imprisoned Greeks within. The dreaded Odysseus and the other leaders slide down

a rope. They rush through the city, as it lies buried in sleep. They put the sentinels to death, and throwing open the city gates, they let in their comrades.

It is at the time when the first slumber of the night comes to tired men, and lo! as I slept I had a dream. Hector, the bravest of the Trojans, who had been killed in battle, seemed to be standing at my side. He looked at me in deep sorrow, as he said, "Fly, Æneas! and escape the flames! The walls are already held by the enemy. Troy is falling from its high place into ruin. You have done your duty. Take now the images of your country's gods and seek out a place for a mighty city which you shall one day build, when you have wandered over all the sea."

Meanwhile Troy is filled with noise and disorder. The sounds grow louder and louder, and the clash of arms comes nearer. I leap from my bed and rush out into the night. One of the palaces is in flames and the walls are falling in. The house of my nearest neighbor is on fire. The sea glitters in the light of the blaze. Men are shouting; trumpets are blowing. I seize my arms and try to get together a band of Trojan soldiers. Fury and rage take possession of me; but there is little use. Just then, lo! Panthus, the priest of Phœbus, having escaped the Greek spears, rushes to my door, leading his little grandson with one hand, while in the other he carries an image of the god.

"How goes the battle, Panthus?" I ask. The words are scarcely out of my mouth when with a groan he

replies: "Our final day has come. Troy is no more, and the glory of the Trojans has departed. The city is burning. The Greeks have conquered. A stream of armed men have poured out of the body of the wooden horse, and thousands more have entered at the opened gates. They are blocking the streets with their swords. The city guards are no longer trying to resist them. Nothing is left for us but flight."

[Æneas and his band fight the Greeks and are for a time successful, but at last they are driven back, King Priam's palace is destroyed, and Priam is slain. Æneas then goes to his home, takes his old father on his shoulders and his little son by the hand and, followed by his wife, flees through the burning city. In the excitement his wife becomes separated from him and is lost. He looks for her in vain. At last her spirit appears to him and tells him to waste no more time, for the gods are not willing that she should live and go with him. At that, he flees with a large company of Trojans, builds a fleet of ships, and begins his wanderings.]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Vergil's life. 2. What does the "Æneid" tell about? What other poem describes the wanderings of a hero? 3. Who is supposed to be telling the story of the Wooden Horse? To whom is he telling it and where?

4. Describe the Wooden Horse. For what purpose did the Greeks say it was built? For what was it really built? 5. Who was Laocoön? What did he do to the horse? What did he and Capys and some others advise the Trojans to do with it? 6. Why did the Trojans wish to take it into the city?

7. Who was Sinon? What story did he tell the Trojans? 8. Do you think he had any right to tell such a story?

9. Tell the story of Laocoön and the serpents. What did the Trojans think was the reason for the serpents' attack? How did this make them feel toward the Wooden Horse? 10. Describe how they drew the horse into the city. 11. Tell about the signal from the Greek ships and how it was answered.

12. Tell the dream of Æneas. How was the prophecy in this dream carried out? 13. Write a description of the burning of Troy. 14. Whom do you like better, Æneas or Odysseus? Why?

The story of the fall of Troy and the wanderings of Æneas are told in A. J. Church's "The Æneid for Boys and Girls."

Vergil (Vĕr′gĭl): also spelled Virgil.
Æneid (*Æ* nē′ĭd): a Latin poem.
Mantua (Măn′tū *a*): a city in Italy.
Georgics (Ġeôr′ġĭcs) } poems by
Eclogues (Ĕc′lŏg*ue*s) } Vergil.
Cremona (Crĕ mō′n*a*): a city in Italy.
Milan (Mĭl′ăn): a city in Italy.
Antony (Ăn′tō nў): a Roman general.
Octavian (Ŏc tā′vĭ ăn): sometimes called Octavius — the name of the emperor Augustus.
Mæcenas (M*æ* çē′năs): a wealthy Roman of the time of Augustus.
Æneas (*Æ* nē′ăs): a Trojan hero.
Alba Longa (Ăl′b*a* Lŏn′g*a*): an ancient city near Rome.
Romulus (Rŏm′ū lŭs): the legendary founder of Rome.
Dido (Dī′dō): a queen of Carthage.
Pallas (Păl′l*a*s): Pallas Athene.
Tenedos (Tĕn′ĕ dŏs): an island off the west coast of Asia Minor.
Thymœtes (Thў mo*ē*′tēs): a Trojan.
citadel (çĭt′*a* dĕl): a fortress.
Capys (Cā′pўs): a Trojan.
Laocoön (L*a*̆ ŏc′ŏ ŏn): a Trojan priest.
Priam (Prī′ăm): king of Troy.
Sinon (Sī′nŏn): a Greek warrior.
Palamedes (Păl *a* mē′dēs): a Greek.
Calchas (Căl′*ch*ăs): a Greek prophet.
Diomed (Dī′ŏ mĕd): one of the bravest of the Greek warriors.

CHANTICLEER AND THE FOX

FROM "CANTERBURY TALES"

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

[The first great story-teller who wrote in English was Geoffrey Chaucer. He was born about 1340, when Edward III was king of England, and when the English language was just beginning to be used for books.

Before his time books were written generally in Latin or in French, though there were several fine old poems in Old English, or Anglo-Saxon, telling of the deeds of heroes, and of fabulous monsters, and of the lives of wandering minstrels. "Beowulf," the greatest of these poems, you read about in Book Five.

But Chaucer wrote of the life of his own times, and told old stories and fables in everyday language. The English which he used was not such English as we speak to-day, but perhaps if you heard it, you could catch enough words to understand.

For instance, Chaucer wishes to tell us that it happened one day in the spring season that he was at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, ready to go on a pilgrimage to Canterbury with a devout or prayerful heart, and that at night there came to that hotel a company of twenty-nine people of various sorts, all pilgrims, who had fallen by chance into comradeship. This is the way he tells it:

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come in-to that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle.

Those were rude old days. People traveled on horseback, for the roads were too narrow and too muddy for carriages; and they seldom traveled alone, but in companies, for fear of thieves. Houses were cold and walls were bare, except that on some of those belonging to the rich was hung, here and there, a piece of tapestry, or curtain, with figures worked upon it. Floors were covered in winter with rushes or straw to keep the feet warm. Chairs were wooden benches. Tables were boards laid upon racks or horses, and were taken down when not in use. There were no knives or forks; people ate with their fingers, and were none too nice about it. Chaucer tells us, as if it were quite remarkable, that a certain lady let no morsel fall from her lips in eating, nor dipped her fingers too deeply into the sauce, and that she could so carry her food that no drop of it fell upon her breast.

Clothes, in those days, were of gay colors, and the clothes of the rich were often elegantly embroidered and

covered with jewels. Every trade had its own special dress, and you could tell at a glance whether a man was a merchant, a farmer, a miller, or a carpenter. But you will be most interested to hear something about Chaucer himself.

Chaucer's father was a London merchant who used to supply the king's table with wine. In those days nearly every one drank wine and ale, and there was much drunkenness. The boy Chaucer was probably sent to school, and was certainly bright and a good scholar, for he always loved books. We know little about his boyhood, until we hear of him at seventeen, as a page in the house of the Princess Elizabeth. Here he probably waited upon the ladies, learned to be polite — or as polite as any one was in those days — and acquired all the manners of the court. Two years later he followed his master, Prince Lionel, into France, fought in the wars, and was taken prisoner. We know that King Edward paid something toward his ransom.

Some eight years or so after Chaucer had returned to England he married a lady of noble birth, who was one of the maids of honor to the queen, and about the same time he won the friendship of John of Gaunt, the powerful Duke of Lancaster, who was one of King Edward's sons. This friendship lasted throughout the lives of the two men, and was made firmer by the marriage of John of Gaunt to the sister of Chaucer's wife.

Chaucer now began to be an important figure at court. He was sent by the king several times to France and to Italy on business of state, and was made a public officer, having charge of all the duties, or taxes, on imported goods. He was also a knight of the shire, or as we should say now, a member of Parliament. And during all these years of public business he studied and wrote poetry. He tells us that when his work at the office was done, he would go home and read and write far into the night.

After a time John of Gaunt lost his power at court, and with that, Chaucer lost his office and was for some years poor and in debt. But at last John became powerful again and gave Chaucer another office.

Under King Richard II, Chaucer was given charge of the public works. It was his business to see that the palace, the Tower of London, and other public buildings, as well as the city walls, were kept in repair.

When Henry IV, who was the son of John of Gaunt, became king, one of his first acts was to increase the pension allowed by the government to his father's old friend. But Chaucer did not need the pension long, for he died about a year later, in 1400, at the age of sixty years.

Chaucer's greatest poem is the "Canterbury Tales," which was begun when he was about forty-five years old. He tells us that one day in the early spring he set out to make a pilgrimage to Canterbury. A pilgrimage was a

Geoffrey Chaucer

journey to some church, or tomb, or holy place, and the journey was made to show the pilgrim's love toward God and to gain some special blessing. In former times a pilgrim took long journeys on foot, dressed in coarse garments and with only a staff in his hand to help him in walking. But in Chaucer's day pilgrims went on horseback, gayly clothed, and the pilgrimage was more a holiday than a religious act. So Chaucer went over London Bridge and put up at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, as you have read in the few lines which I have already given you. Here he knew he should find others who were making the same journey, and he would thus have company and protection against the thieves who were then swarming along all the English roads.

The travelers whom he met were of all kinds and classes. There was a knight, who had just come back from the wars; and his son, who was a young squire; and their servant, with a coat and hood of green and a mighty bow. And there were two nuns, and several priests, and a monk, and a merchant with a forked beard, and a lawyer full of business — and yet Chaucer says that he "seemed busier than he was." And there was a miller, with a wart on his nose and a mouth as big as a furnace; and there was a long-legged reeve, or steward, with a shaven head; and there was a poor scholar from Oxford, and a good-natured plowman, and a carpenter, and a sailor, and many another.

After they had all eaten a good supper, the innkeeper, Harry Bailey, a big man with a bright eye and a merry laugh, suggested that they should make the way seem shorter by telling stories.

"Let each one," he said, "tell two stories on the way to Canterbury, and two more on the way home, and the one who tells the best story shall have a good supper here in this place, when we come back, and the others shall pay for the supper. I will go with you and be your guide." All the party agreed; and the next morning they set out upon their journey.

The stories that were told were of all kinds, some serious and some funny. The one which I have selected for you is an old fable told by one of the priests. It is retold in modern prose by Francis Storrs, an English scholar, in the book called "Canterbury Chimes," from which this selection is taken.]

There was once a poor widow, who lived in a humble cottage by a woodside in a valley. She was an honest old woman, and ever since the day her husband died had worked cheerfully and hard to support herself and her two daughters, who lived with her. They had little enough to live upon, for this poor old woman had only three fat pigs, three cows, and a sheep, called Mally, so that it was a wonder how she managed to find food for herself and her daughters.

The two rooms in her cottage were black with soot, for there was no proper fireplace, and the smoke from the fire came out into the rooms. Many a time they had sat down to breakfast or to dinner and had very little to eat; and even when there was enough it was not very nice, so that the poor widow was never ill from over-eating, or needed any sauce but hunger. She lived mostly on milk and brown bread, and sometimes a bit of fried bacon, and sometimes an egg or two.

She had a yard with a dry ditch all round it and a fence of sticks, and in this yard lived a cock called Chanticleer. No cock in all the land could crow like Chanticleer; his voice was merrier than the merry organ, and he always crowed just at the right time. The church clock itself was not so punctual as he was. How he found out the right time nobody knew, but when the sun was risen a certain height, Chanticleer would crow. He was wise by nature and knew exactly what o'clock it was in his own village.

A handsome fellow was Chanticleer. His comb was redder than the reddest coral, and indented like the top of a castle wall. His beak was black and shone like jet; his legs and toes were a lovely blue, and his nails as white as a lily. His feathers were like burnished gold.

Chanticleer had seven hens to be his companions, and they were nearly as pretty a color as he was himself, but the fairest of all of them was Dame Partlet. Not

only was Dame Partlet lovelier than the other ladies, but she had shown such good breeding ever since she was a week old, and was so polite, so sociable, and had altogether such an air about her, that Chanticleer had quite lost his heart to her, and no wonder. It was a treat to hear him sing in the early morning that sweet song, "My bonny lass is far away," for Chanticleer was fond of love songs, and sang them charmingly. In those old days beasts and birds, you know, *could* speak and sing.

Now it happened that very early one morning Chanticleer sat on his perch among his wives as usual, in the widow's kitchen, and his dear Partlet sat sleeping by his side. Presently Chanticleer began to groan in his sleep so dreadfully that Partlet woke up quite in a fright.

She roused him from his dreams and said, "Dear heart, what ails you? You have been making the most dreadful noise in your sleep. Fie for shame!"

"Madam," said Chanticleer, "I beg you not to take it amiss, for I have just had such a frightful dream that I have really hardly yet recovered from my alarm. I only hope no harm will come of it, and that my dream may not come true. I thought I was strolling up and down our yard when I saw a beast like a hound, who was going to arrest me and put me to death. He was of a tawny color, something between a yellow and a red, and his ears and the tip of his tail were black. He had a small snout, and as for his eyes, they shone so fiercely

that, upon my word, I was ready to die with fear of his very look. No doubt this was what made me groan in my sleep."

"Shame on you!" said Dame Partlet, "shame on you for a coward! I tell you plainly, you have quite lost my love. I will never love a milksop. Whatever women may say, we all wish to have husbands who are brave, wise, and generous, and who know how to hold their tongues. We despise a man who is stingy, or stupid, or frightened at the least thing, or fond of bragging of what he can do. How dare you for shame tell your wife that you are afraid of anything? You, with a beard, and not a man's heart in your body!

"Dear! dear! and frightened at a dream, too! Dreams are all nonsense, and come from being not quite well. You eat too much for supper or drink more than is good for you; there is a rush of blood to the head, and then you naturally dream of red things and things that have to do with blood, such as arrows, and red flashes of fire, and red beasts going to bite you, and fights, and dogs, great dogs and little dogs, such as come and bark at us sometimes.

"Or else perhaps people are bilious when they go to bed and then they have black dreams. The dreamer often cries out in his sleep for fear of black bears that are going to eat him up, or black bulls that are going to toss him with their horns, or else black devils who

are going to carry him off altogether. I could give you many instances of bodily ailments which cause bad dreams, but I do not care to dwell on this subject. Cato, who is said to have been a very wise man, told us to take no account of dreams, as you, I dare say, may remember, my love. So you had better take a little medicine to clear away the fever and biliousness which are hanging about you. Upon my life and soul, my dear, I am giving you the very best advice. You must take some medicine at once, and as there is no doctor living in this town, I will myself prescribe two herbs which grow in this yard and which will do you a great deal of good.

"Now I know you're not attending, but if you are in this state of heat when the sun shines hot in the middle of the day, I'll lay a penny you will have a fever or an ague. You shall have a diet of worms for a day or two, which will be sure to agree with you, and then I will give you laurel, centaury, and fumitory, or else some elderberries, spurge and dogwood leaves, and a little ground ivy. You must pick them up fresh, as they grow, and swallow them down. Remember, you are of good family, my love, and pray not a word more of being afraid of a dream."

"Madam," said Chanticleer, "I am quite overpowered by your learning. I hope I shall not have occasion to trouble you for any medicine just at present; and as to

Master Cato, whom you mentioned just now, he may be a very wise man, but if he says that dreams are all nonsense, I beg leave to tell you that there are many men of much greater authority than ever Cato was, who say just the contrary, as men may read in old books.

"However, the long and the short of the matter is, that I say that harm will come of this dream of mine, and further, that I set no store by your medicines — nasty, poisonous things, as I well know. I don't believe in them. I don't like them at all. Now let us leave all this and speak of pleasanter things. In one thing, Madam Partlet, I am indeed fortunate, in being blessed with so lovely a wife, for when I gaze on the beauty of your face and see the scarlet round your eyes, I forget instantly all my troubles, and my fears die away."

So saying, Chanticleer flew down from the beam, for it had grown light while he was talking, and all his hens flew down too.

He went into the yard and soon began to cry, "Chuck, chuck!" to call his wives, for he had found a corn in the yard. Chanticleer was royal now, and no longer in the least afraid. He looked about him as grim and majestic as a lion, and marched up and down on his toes, without condescending to put his foot to the ground. Whenever he found a grain he said, "Chuck, chuck!" and all his wives ran to him as fast as they could go.

It was the third day of May, and Chanticleer was in all his pride, like any royal prince, with his seven wives walking by his side. He cast a glance at the bright sun, and knew by his natural wisdom that it was six o'clock in the morning; so he crew merrily, and said, "I see by the sun's place in the sky that it is just past six o'clock. Ah, Madam Partlet, the joy of the world to me! hark how the happy birds are singing, and see the fresh flowers how they are springing all round us! I declare I am the happiest man alive."

But you know the old rhyme,

> After joy comes sorrow,
> Laugh to-day and cry to-morrow;

and if this tale were told properly in a book, a writer might make a fine moral out of it.

A wicked, deceitful fox, a sly old sinner, who had been prowling about the neighboring wood for the last three years, had that very night burst through the hedge into the yard where Chanticleer and his wives were accustomed to take their exercise, and lay hidden in a bed of nettles until the evening, waiting for a good time to fall on Chanticleer.

Oh, villain of a fox! you are as great a deceiver as the Greek man Sinon, who caused the fall of Troy. Poor Chanticleer! it was an unlucky day for you when you flew down from your perch to walk in the yard; and you had been so well warned beforehand in your dream.

Dame Partlet and the other ladies were dusting themselves in the sand, and enjoying the warm sunshine, and Chanticleer was by himself, singing as merrily as a mermaid in the sea; but as he happened to glance at a butterfly that had settled on the nettles, he was aware of the fox crouching down among them.

Chanticleer had no mind at all to crow just at that minute. He said "Cok, cok!" and started like a man heartily frightened; for any animal knows his natural enemy, although he may never have seen him before.

Chanticleer was making off as fast as he could, but the fox at once addressed him in a most gentlemanlike manner, and said: "Alas, my dear sir, why are you going? Can it be that *I* alarm you, who am your warmest friend? Indeed, I should be worse than a fiend if I meant to do you any injury or wrong. I assure you I have not come here with any wish to intrude, or act as a spy; but as you have caught me, I see I must be open with you and confess that I came to hear you sing. I must say that I think your voice is like an angel's; and it is not only the voice, but you sing with such feeling.

"Ah, my dear sir, I knew your father well — rest his soul! — and your mother too; bless her gentle heart! They have done me the great pleasure and honor to visit me at my own house, and I am sure I should esteem your friendship and good opinion most highly.

"But talking of singing, your father had a wonderful voice. Except yourself, I never in my life heard any man who could come near him, especially in his morning songs. Ah, his songs came from the heart indeed! And to bring out the full power of his voice, he would exert himself so nobly that he was forced to wink both his eyes, and he would stand on tiptoes and stretch out his neck so long and small — and then he was a man of such sound sense, so discreet! There was no one in this neighborhood who was at all his equal either in music or wisdom.

"And now I beg you, my dear sir, do let me hear you sing, that I may see whether you have inherited your father's marvelous voice."

Chanticleer was so ravished with this flattery that he had no suspicion of the fox's treachery, and began to beat his wings. He stood high on his toes, and stretched out his neck, and shut his eyes tight, and began to crow loudly enough — and Master Renard, the fox, took the opportunity to catch him by the throat, throw him over his back, and carry him off towards the wood close by; for as yet not a soul had seen him.

Poor Chanticleer! He had better have stayed on his perch. This was what came of his wife laughing at dreams. And all this happened on a Friday too, of all days in the week — an unlucky day, Friday. Poor King Richard died on a Friday, as you all know.

When his wives caught sight of Chanticleer in this dreadful plight, they screamed louder than all the Trojan ladies at the death of Priam, and Dame Partlet especially shrieked louder than the rest. Poor hens! they cried as dismally as the senators' wives when the Emperor Nero burnt the city of Rome and slew their innocent husbands.

The widow and her two daughters were in the house, and heard the hens crying and making a great lamentation, and ran to the door to see what was the matter; and there they saw the fox making off to the wood with the cock upon his back.

They all cried out, "Mercy on us! Hi! the fox! the fox!" and off they went after him, and many a neighbor too, with sticks and brooms. Out ran Collie the dog, Talbot ran, Garland ran, Goody Malkyn ran with her distaff in her hand, the cow and the calf ran, the pigs themselves were so frightened by the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the men and women that they ran and ran until they thought their hearts would break, and yelled like the fiends. The ducks quacked as if their last day was come. The geese flew over the trees in a panic, and out came the swarm of bees from the hives, in a rage at the din. Jack Straw and his ruffians never made such a din as was made that day, after the fox. They shouted and hooted and blew horns fit to bring the sky down. But often enough hope and pride have a fall, and that Master Renard soon discovered.

Chanticleer, who lay upon the fox's back in the utmost terror, had yet not quite lost his presence of mind, and now said to the fox: "Sir, if I were in your place, I should just say to this screaming rabble, 'Back with you, insolent yokels, and a plague on you! Now I am come to this woodside, I defy the whole herd of you! I will not carry the cock a yard farther, but will eat him up at once.'"

"And I will," said the fox — but no sooner did he open his mouth to reply, than Chanticleer nimbly broke away and flew straight up into a tree to a safe height.

When the fox saw he was gone, he said: "Poor dear Chanticleer, I beg your pardon. I did very wrong to frighten you by taking hold of you and bringing you out of the yard, but indeed, sir, I meant no harm. Come down and I will explain my motive. I solemnly declare I will tell you the truth."

"No, no, no!" said Chanticleer. "Take me head and tail if you beguile me more than once. You won't flatter me a second time into singing and winking my eyes. If a man wilfully shuts his eyes when he ought to keep them open, he deserves to come to a bad end."

"I know a better bit of wisdom than that," answered the fox. "Ill befall the man who is such a fool as to chatter when he ought to hold his tongue; and if I had thought of that sooner, I should not have lost my dinner."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell something of life in England at the time of Chaucer. 2. Write or tell what you can about Chaucer. When and where was he born, what sort of training had he, and what work did he do, besides writing, when he became a man? 3. Tell the general plan of the "Canterbury Tales." When, where, and by whom does Chaucer suppose they were told? Describe some of the Canterbury pilgrims. Which one is supposed to tell the tale of Chanticleer, or the Cock and the Fox?

4. Tell in your own words, and briefly, this story of Chanticleer. 5. What is meant by the widow's not needing any sauce but hunger? 6. What does "Chanticleer" mean? 7. What is meant by Chanticleer's having a beard? 8. Who was Cato? Sinon? 9. In the talk between Chanticleer and Dame Partlet, Chaucer is making fun of people who are afraid of dreams. What is he making fun of in the paragraph beginning "Poor Chanticleer," page 193, line 23?

10. Who was Priam, and who killed him? 11. Who was Nero, and what did he do? 12. What fable tells how a fox outwitted another creature by flattery? (See Book Four, page 26.) 13. Notice what a good description Chaucer gives of the fright in the barnyard. Read this again, and imagine you are in the midst of the hubbub. Try to see each person and animal and to make others see them in your reading.

14. How was the fox outwitted at last? What does that tell you about Chanticleer? 15. What moral did Chanticleer see in the adventure? 16. What moral did the fox see?

You will be interested in other stories by Chaucer told in the book "Canterbury Chimes." Another collection of Chaucer's stories are Darton's "Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims."

Geoffrey Chaucer (Ġĕof′freў Chau̯′çẽr).

devout (dē vout′): religious.

imported (ĭm pōrt′ĕd): brought in from a foreign country.

shire (shīre): a county.

pension (pĕn′shȯn): an amount paid regularly to a person on account of past services or good work done at some former time.

Tabard (Tăb′ȧrd): the name of an old inn near London.

Chanticleer (Chăn′tĭ clēer): a name given to a cock. It means to chant or sing clearly.

indented (ĭn dĕnt′ĕd): notched.

tawny (ta̯w′nў): dull yellowish brown.

bilious (bĭl′yŭs): having a disordered stomach or liver.

bodily ailments: weaknesses or disorders of the body.

Cato (Cā′tō): a Roman philosopher, called Cato the Younger, to distinguish him from the old Roman patriot Cato the Elder.

prescribe (prē scrībe′): to order the use of, as a medicine.

lay a penny: bet a penny.

ague (ā′gūe): chills and fever.

laurel (la̯u′rĕl)
centaury (çĕn′ta̯u rў)
fumitory (fū′mĭ tȯ rў)
spurge (spûrġe)
} plants formerly used for medicine.

authority (a̯u thŏr′ĭ tў): a right to be believed or obeyed.

fiend (fiēnd): a demon or devil.

intrude (ĭn tru̯de′): to thrust oneself in without invitation.

esteem (ĕs tēem′): to value or prize.

discreet (dĭs crēet′): prudent.

inherited (ĭn hĕr′ĭt ĕd): received from an ancestor.

ravished (răv′ĭshed): greatly delighted.

treachery (trĕach′ẽr ў): treason, unfaithfulness.

plight (plīght): a bad or unfortunate state.

Nero (Nē′rō): one of the most cruel of the Roman emperors.

distaff (dĭs′tȧff): a staff used to hold the flax or wool in spinning.

panic (păn′ĭc): a great and sudden fright.

Jack Straw: a famous English ruffian.

ruffians (rŭf′fĭ ăns̯): brutal, murderous fellows.

rabble (răb′ble): a mob or disorderly crowd.

insolent (ĭn′sȯ lĕnt): insulting, impudent.

yokels (yō′kels̯): plowboys, countrymen.

motive (mō′tĭve): reason for doing a thing.

beguile (bē guīle′): to deceive.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON

FROM "THE FAIRY QUEEN"

EDMUND SPENSER

[About a hundred and fifty years had passed since the death of Chaucer, the great story-teller of the "Canterbury Tales." During that time few great books had been written. Sir Thomas Malory had translated from the French the stories of King Arthur — one of which you read in Book Five; the Bible had also been translated; and about the same time a man named Caxton had printed the first book in English. Before then books had been written by hand. Columbus, too, had sailed from Spain and had discovered the new continent of America. During all these years men were beginning to think less about their meat pies and strong drink and were growing anxious to learn. The world was waking up. The old Greek learning which had been so long forgotten was revived, and because it was new to the people of that age they called it the "new learning." So the years had passed since Chaucer died.

In 1552 another great poet and story-teller was born in England. His name was Edmund Spenser, and like Chaucer, he was born in London. It is supposed that his father was a tailor and that he was poor. If young Spenser had been like most boys in his position, he would

have been content to be a tailor like his father; but the lad had heard of the "new learning" and wanted some of it. He wanted to go to college. As his father could not afford to send him, he went as a sizar; that is, he earned his board and lodging by waiting on the tables and doing other work. He also acted as a servant to wealthy students. He worked hard, and was often ill as a result of it; but he loved his college, and speaks of it in his poems with great tenderness.

At twenty-four he had finished his course, and still being in ill health, he went to live for a time with some relatives in the north of England. There he began to write a poem called "The Shepherd's Calendar," telling of country life through all the months of the year.

Then one of his college friends wrote asking him to come to London. He went; and there he met several famous courtiers and scholars. The great Sir Philip Sidney became his friend, and the Earl of Leicester took him into his house as secretary. He traveled to France and to Ireland in the service of the earl, and published "The Shepherd's Calendar," which made him well-known.

Queen Elizabeth was then upon the throne of England, and she was beginning to gather about her that famous group of poets and scholars who have made the England of her time so celebrated — Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh and Spenser and Lord Bacon and, greatest of all, Shakespeare.

Spenser soon received a position as secretary to the governor of Ireland. In Ireland he saw war and bloodshed. The Irish were in rebellion against the English rule, and were fighting savagely. But at last the rebellion was put down, and Spenser was given for a home a fair old ivy-covered castle near the city of Cork. There he lived for many years, and there he wrote most of his great poem, "The Fairy Queen." Sir Walter Raleigh visited him there, and Spenser read to Raleigh the first three parts of the poem. Raleigh was delighted with it, and made Spenser go back to London with him and publish all that was finished. Queen Elizabeth was also greatly pleased, and told her Lord Treasurer to give Spenser a generous pension; but the Lord Treasurer was an economical person, and gave Spenser only half of what the queen had asked. That was not enough for Spenser to live upon in London, so he went back to Ireland to his castle.

Spenser employed the years that followed in working busily at "The Fairy Queen." Meanwhile he married a beautiful Irish girl, writing in her honor a marriage hymn, which is one of his most famous poems. He went to London again, published three more parts of "The Fairy Queen," and spent some months at the court of Elizabeth, meeting all the great men of that day. Here he must have talked with Shakespeare, who was already one of the celebrated writers and actors of the time.

Edmund Spenser

A few years after he had returned to his castle, the Irish rebellion broke out again. The castle was plundered and burned, and his youngest child was lost in the flames. The poet, with his wife and two young sons, were driven out with nothing but the clothes that they wore. It is supposed by some that parts of "The Fairy Queen," still unfinished, were burned in the castle.

Spenser and his family fled to Cork, and from there he went on alone to London, hoping to regain his fortune. But the loss of his child, his home, and his property seemed to have broken his heart, and he died in an inn near London. This was in the year 1599. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey among the tombs of the kings and statesmen of England, and near the grave of Chaucer, whom he always called his master.

"The Fairy Queen" was never finished as Spenser planned it. But each part — or "book," as it is called — is complete in itself. The story runs that the Fairy Queen once held a feast which lasted twelve days. Upon each of these twelve days some person came asking for help, and the queen replied to each by sending forth a knight to give such aid as he might. The adventures of each of the twelve knights were to form one book. Of the twelve books only six were finished.

Book One tells of the adventures of the Red Cross Knight, who seems to be St. George. A fair lady called Una, clothed all in black, enters the court and falls upon

her knees before the queen, saying that her father and mother, an honorable king and queen, have been for years shut up in a brazen castle, guarded by a frightful dragon. She begs for a knight to go and fight the dragon and rescue her parents. Behind her comes a dwarf, leading a war horse laden with all the armor and weapons of a knight, and the Lady Una says that her knight must wear this armor or he cannot win.

The Red Cross Knight is appointed by the Fairy Queen to go upon this quest. He seems at first to be an awkward sort of fellow, but when he has put on the armor he becomes at once the goodliest man in all that company. He and Una go forth together and have many an adventure. The Knight first kills a monstrous serpent whose den they pass upon their way. Then they meet an old man who proves to be a wicked magician, and who deceives them and weaves spells about them and finally separates them. Then a lion comes out of a wood, but instead of devouring Una he protects her, and goes with her for many days. Other wild creatures of the wood, half men, half beasts, also take pity on her.

Meanwhile the Red Cross Knight meets and fights with two Saracen knights, is captured by a giant, shut up in a dungeon, and freed by another knight, Prince Arthur. He finds again the Lady Una, and after some further adventures they reach the castle where Una's parents are imprisoned.

Spenser had a hidden meaning beneath all these stories, but sometimes this is hard to follow, and it will be better for us to enjoy the stories without trying to find out all that they mean.

The English that Spenser used is not so hard for us to understand as that of Chaucer. It was spelled quite differently from the English of to-day, but there are not, after all, a great many strange words. After changing the spelling, the first stanza of the poem, telling how the Knight of the Red Cross rode across the plain, reads like this:

> A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
> Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
> Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
> The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
> Yet arms till that time did he never wield.
> His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
> As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
> Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
> As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

The story is retold in prose by Alfred J. Church, an English teacher and writer who has written for young people many books telling of life in ancient times. The book from which this selection is taken is called "The Fairy Queen and her Knights." Among his other books are "The Iliad for Boys and Girls," "The Odyssey for Boys and Girls," and "Stories of the Old World."]

The time was now come when the Red Cross Knight must perform the task which he had taken in hand. He departed therefore from the House of Rest; nor had he journeyed far when the Lady Una said to him, "See now the brazen tower in which my father and mother are imprisoned for fear of the dragon, and lo! there is the watchman on the wall, waiting for good tidings." Scarcely had she spoken when they heard a dreadful sound of roaring, and looking, they saw the dragon lying on the sunny side of a hill, and he was like a hill himself, so great he was. Nor did he fail to note the glitter of arms, for he was a watchful beast and made all haste to meet his enemy.

Then said the Knight to Una, "The hour is come; stand aside on yonder hill where you may watch the battle and be safe yourself."

Meanwhile the dragon came on, half flying and half on foot, such haste did he make. Never was seen upon the earth so terrible a beast. He looked like to a mountain as he came, so much of the earth did he cover, so high did he rear himself in the air, so broad a shadow did he cast. He was covered with scales as of brass or iron, fitting so close together that neither edge of sword nor point of spear could pierce them. On either side he spread out two great wings like to the sails of some tall ship. Behind was a great tail, wound in a hundred folds and covering full three furlongs. Huge knots it had, each

like to a shield, and at the end were two great stings, armed each with deadliest poison. But more cruel even than the stings were his claws, so mighty were they and so sharp to rend asunder all that they should touch; and yet more cruel than his claws was his monstrous head, with rows of teeth strong as iron, set in either jaw, while out of his throat came forth a smoking and sulphurous breath. Deep set in his head were his two great eyes, large as shields and burning with wrath as with fire, like to two broad beacons set upon a hill to give warning of the foe's approach to all the shires around.

Such was the dragon to behold, and as he came on, he might be seen to rear his neck as in pride, while his scales bristled with anger — a dreadful sight, which made even the Knight's bold heart grow cold for a space with fear. But not the less boldly did he address himself to the fight. Laying his spear in rest, he charged with all his might. Full on the monster struck the spear, but could not pierce those scales, so stout and closely set they were. Only so shrewd was the blow that the dragon felt the shock within: never had such been dealt to him before, though he had met many a gallant knight in combat. So he spread wide his wings, and lifting himself in air, circled round till, swooping down, he seized Knight and steed with his claws and lifted them from the earth. For a whole bow-shot's length he carried them, but then was constrained to loose them, so fierce the struggle which

they made. So you may see a hawk, when he has pounced upon some bird that is too heavy for his flight, carry his prey awhile, but is then constrained to drop him from his claws.

Again did the Knight, so restored to the earth, charge his foe. Again did the spear glance aside, though there was the force as of three men in the blow. Yet was not the thrust all in vain. So fierce was the shock that the dragon was constrained to raise his wing, and there, where the flesh was bare of shelter, the spear point made a grisly wound. The beast caught the spear shaft with his claws and brake it short, but the head stuck fast, while the blood poured out amain. Then, in his rage, he spit forth great flames of fire, and bending round his tail, caught the Knight's horse by the legs; and the horse, fiercely struggling to free himself, threw his rider to the ground.

Ill content with this fall, for it seemed as a dishonor to him, the Knight snatched his sword — of his spear he had been bereft — and smote the dragon on his crest. The crest did not yield to the blow, so stoutly was it cased about, but the creature felt the shock through all his mighty frame. Yet again the Knight smote him, and once more the sword glanced aside, as if from a rock of adamant, yet was not the labor spent in vain, for now the beast, seeking to avoid his enemy, would have raised himself in air but that the wounded wing could not perform its office.

Then in his fury he brayed aloud and spit forth from his throat so fierce a flame that it scorched the face of the Knight and set his beard on fire and seared his flesh through his armor.

Grievous was the pain, and scarcely to be borne. He stood astonished and helpless. And when the dragon saw how he fared, he dealt him a great blow with his tail and so brought him headlong to the ground.

Then indeed it had gone ill with him but for the happy chance that behind him there was a spring which sent forth a stream of water, silvery bright and of great virtue for the healing of all wounds and sicknesses. Men in the old time, before the dragon had wasted the land, called it the Well of Life, and though it was now for the most part forgotten, yet had it not lost its healing powers. It could restore him that was wasted with sickness, ay, and raise the dead. There was no spring on earth that could be matched with it. But of this the dragon was unaware — how should he know of such things? Only when he saw his adversary fall headlong into the water he clapped his wings for joy. This the Lady Una saw from the hill whereon she sat watching the fight. Sorely did it dismay her. Nevertheless she did not wholly lose her hope, but prayed all night to God that it might yet be well with the Knight.

When the next morning dawned in the sky she looked, and lo! her champion stood all refreshed and ready for

the fray. Nor did the dragon draw back from the encounter. Straightway the Knight, lifting high his sword, dealt a great blow at the monster's crest, and this time, whether the sacred spring had given a keener edge to the steel or had put new strength into the arm which wielded it, it did that which never steel had done before, for it made a great yawning wound.

Then the dragon, wrought to fury by the pain, lifted his tail high over his head, and brought down upon his adversary the deadly double sting which lay in the end. Through the shield it made its way, and fixed itself in his shoulder. Grievous was the smart, but the Knight, thinking only of victory and honor, did not flinch beneath it, but gathering all his strength, shore off the furthest joints of the tail, so that not the half of it was left.

But not yet was the battle won. For now the dragon laid his two mighty claws upon the Knight, seizing his foot with one and his shield with the other. Sorely was he now beset, for though with a blow of his sword he rid himself of the one claw, the other held him fast. At the same time there burst forth from the monster's mouth such blasts of fire, such clouds of smoke, that the Knight was constrained to retire a little backward, and so, retiring, he slipped in the mire and fell.

Yet the matter turned to his good, for the mire was made by a healing balm which flowed from a holy tree near by, and this balm refreshed and healed him as the

spring had done before, nor did the dragon dare to come near, for he could not have aught to do with a thing so pure and holy. And so the second day came to its ending.

This night also did the Lady Una pray for her Knight throughout the hours of darkness, and the morning found her watching as before. But with the third day came a speedy end to that fierce encounter. The dragon, full of rage to be so balked of his prey, ran at the Knight with mouth wide open as if to swallow him alive. The Knight was not slow to seize the occasion, for his foe had laid bare before him its most vital part. Right into the monster's mouth he drove his sword with all the strength that was in him. Nor had he need to strike again, for the monster fell as falls some cliff which the waves of the sea for many years have worn away. High and strong it seems to stand, but it falls far and wide in sudden ruin.

There is no need to tell in many words how the king and queen of that land came forth from their prison with great gladness, and how the people of the land rejoiced to be rid of so foul a monster, and how the Lady Una seemed to be fairer than ever when she came forth in her robe of state, and how the Knight and she were duly betrothed.

"Fain would I stay," said the Knight, "but I am under promise to Queen Gloriana to serve her for six years against the infidel."

"So be it," said the king of the land. "Go, keep your promise, as becomes a noble knight, and know that when

you shall return, you shall have my daughter to wife, and my kingdom also, for this I have ever purposed in my heart, that he who should deliver it from the foul tyranny should have it for his own, for none could be more fit."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. About how long was it from the death of Chaucer to the birth of Spenser? Name some important things that happened during that time. Who printed the first book in English?

2. Write or tell the story of Spenser — when and where he was born, how he got an education, how he happened to go to Ireland, and what happened to him there. 3. Who was the ruler of England at this time, and what can you say of the court and the people? Name at least one great man who lived at the same time as Spenser — more if you can.

4. Tell briefly what "The Fairy Queen" is about. 5. Tell some of the main points in the story of Una and the Red Cross Knight. What other name did the Red Cross Knight have? 6. Write or tell briefly the story of the slaying of the dragon. 7. What other dragons do you remember to have read about?

You will be interested in the other adventures of the knights as told in Church's "The Fairy Queen and her Knights." "Una and the Red Cross Knight," by N. G. Royde-Smith, is largely in Spenser's words and in verse, but is harder to read.

sizar (sī′zär): a student, in some of the English universities, who is educated free of charge.

Leicester (Lĕs′tĕr).

Raleigh (Rȧ′lĭ).

Lord Treasurer (trĕzh′ûr ẽr): formerly the keeper of the royal treasure or money.

economical (ē′cō nŏm′ĭ cȧl or ĕc′ō-nŏm′ĭ cȧl): saving, thrifty.

Saracen (Săr′ȧ çĕn) : Mohammedan.

pricking : urging a horse forward by pricking his sides with the spur.

yclad (ɪ clăd′) : an old form for *clad*.

furlong (fûr′lôn̆g) : one eighth of a mile.

sulphurous (sŭl′fŭr *oŭs*) : like sulphur.

beacons (bē*a*′cȯn̰s) : signal fires or lights.

address himself : prepare himself.

shrewd : biting, sharp, keen.

constrained (cŏn strā*i*′ned′) : obliged, forced.

grisly (grĭs̰′lў) : horrible, ghastly.

amain (*ȧ* mā*i*n′) : with full force.

bereft (bē̆ rĕft′) : deprived of.

crest : something rising from the top of the head, as the comb of a fowl.

cased (cā*s*ed) : covered, protected.

adamant (ăd′*ȧ* mănt) : a very hard stone or mineral.

perform its office : do what it was made for.

seared (sē*a*red) : scorched, burned.

adversary (ăd′vĕr sā̆ rў) : foe, enemy.

dismay (dĭs māy′) : overwhelming fear.

encounter (ĕn coun′tĕr) : battle, combat.

sacred (sā′crĕd) : holy.

shore (shōr*e*) : sheared, cut off.

beset (bē̆ sĕt′) : surrounded, besieged.

mire (mīr*e*) : wet, spongy earth or mud.

balm (bä*l*m) : the juice of certain plants, useful in healing wounds.

balked (ba*l*ked) : checked, stopped, or disappointed.

occasion (ŏc cā′z̰hȯn) : opportunity, chance.

vital (vī′tă*l*) : that on which life depends.

betrothed (bē̆ trô*th*ed′ or bē̆ trō*th*ed′) : engaged to be married.

Gloriana (Glō rĭ ā′n*ȧ*) : the Fairy Queen.

infidel (ĭn′fĭ dĕl) : an unbeliever. In the Middle Ages the word was used especially of Mohammedans.

(*For memorizing*)

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty, as we understand it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

HOW DON QUIXOTE WAS MADE A KNIGHT

FROM "DON QUIXOTE"

MIGUEL CERVANTES

To-day I am going to take you from England to Spain. We have talked of Chaucer and Spenser, and have learned how books were being written in the English language. Now let us see what was going on at about the same time in the south of Europe.

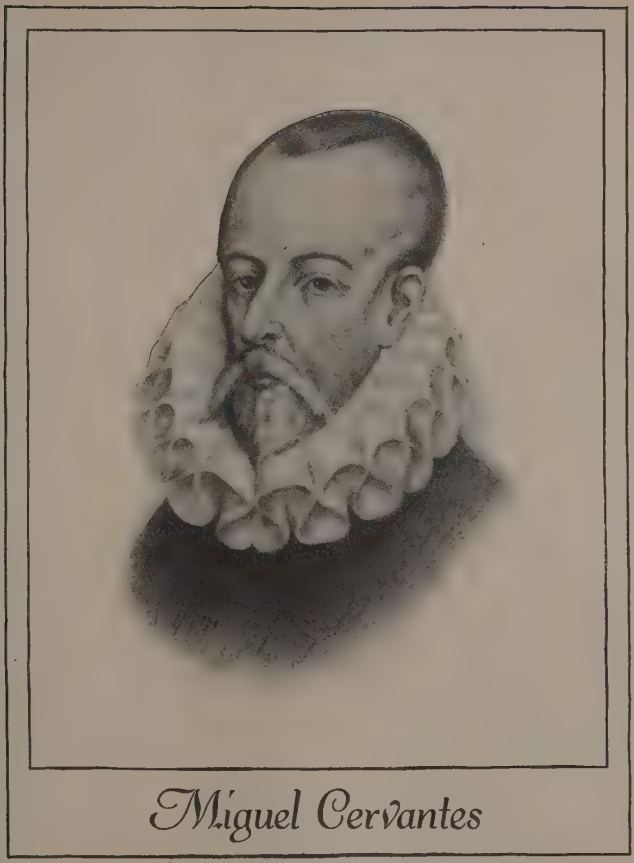
In the story of Columbus (Book Five, page 167) you read how Spain had conquered the Moors, and had united all the little kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula, except Portugal, into a great and powerful nation. Somewhat more than fifty years after that time, and after Columbus had discovered America and had brought the news of it to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, the famous Spanish author Miguel Cervantes was born in a town near Madrid, in the autumn of the year 1547.

Cervantes came of a family of Castilian noblemen and must have been well educated, but we know very little about his early life. He studied for a time under a celebrated teacher in Madrid, and wrote several poems which this teacher published with a note saying that they were the work of his "dear and beloved pupil." It is probable that later the boy served as a page. We know that when he was twenty-one he went to Rome as an attendant

of the ambassador of the Pope. It was the time of the Crusades, when all the Christian world was fighting against the Saracens, or Turks, and when almost every young man wished to be a soldier. Cervantes enlisted in a Spanish regiment, and a year later we hear of him as being on board a Spanish galleon in the battle of Lepanto. At the beginning of the battle he lay in his bunk, below decks, sick of a fever, but when he heard the fighting he leaped up, clothed himself hastily, and rushed on deck. At the end of the day they found him with two wounds in his breast and with his left hand so shattered that he could never use it again.

This battle of Lepanto was one of the great naval battles of the world. Nearly six hundred ships were engaged in it; and when it was over, the Turkish power in the Mediterranean was broken, twelve thousand Christian galley slaves were freed from their chains, and the great Turkish fleet was sunk, captured, or put to flight.

For five years Cervantes served in these wars, and Don John of Austria, who commanded the forces against the Turks, wrote a letter testifying to his bravery and ability and recommending him to Philip the Second, then king of Spain, as a young man well fitted to command. With these letters Cervantes sailed for Spain in company with his brother Rodrigo; but on the way he met with adventures which delayed him several years, and which make an interesting story.



Miguel Cervantes

The vessel in which he sailed was captured by Moors and taken to Algiers with all on board. The letters from Don John of Austria convinced the captain who had seized Cervantes that his prisoner was a man of importance, for whom a large ransom might be obtained. So the captain sent word to Spain that he would send Cervantes home if the young man's family would send enough money to make it worth while.

But Cervantes was not satisfied to wait for his ransom. He planned an escape for himself and his fellow captives, and would have succeeded if one of them had not turned traitor and betrayed his plan to the captain. As it was, they were put into a stronger prison, and their leader was loaded with chains.

When the father of Cervantes, then an old man, received the captain's message, he collected all the money he possessed and all that he could borrow, and sent it to Algiers by the hand of some monks who had volunteered to perform the service. But the rascally captain said it was not enough for so great a soldier as Miguel Cervantes. He said it would answer very well for the younger brother Rodrigo, and Rodrigo was therefore sent back to his father, but Miguel was held for a larger ransom.

Before Rodrigo sailed, it was secretly arranged between the two brothers that the younger should try to have an armed ship sent from Spain to rescue Miguel and his companions. Meanwhile Miguel made preparations

to be ready for the ship when it should come. In the outskirts of Algiers there was a garden stretching down to the sea, and in this garden was a cave. In some way Cervantes became acquainted with the gardener and won his friendship. Then, with about fifteen others, he escaped one night and took refuge in this garden. The friendly gardener hid the company in the cave and kept them there for several months, until the Spanish vessel which Rodrigo had equipped appeared one evening off the coast. Signals were exchanged, and the captives were just putting out in a small boat, when a Moorish ship came by and drove the Spanish vessel out to sea. Cervantes and his companions went back into their cave to await another chance, and soon afterwards one of the party, hoping to save himself at the expense of his fellows, betrayed the plan and disclosed their hiding place.

The Dey, or king, of Algiers at once sent a guard and took possession of them. He paid the captain five hundred ducats, or about eleven hundred dollars, for Cervantes; the rest of the men he evidently thought were not worth paying for. When the captives appeared before the Dey, you may imagine that they were in great fear; but Cervantes calmed them and declared to the Dey that he, Miguel Cervantes, had planned the escape and was ready to bear all the punishment. This boldness amazed the Dey. He threatened Cervantes with all

kinds of tortures to make him tell more, but the young soldier had only one story to tell. So at last the Dey hanged the gardener, sent the other captives back to prison, and put Cervantes into a dungeon.

Cervantes did not give up hope. He next made friends with a Moor, who consented to take letters to a Spanish general in the neighboring province of Oran, but the Moor was captured and brought before the Dey with the letters of Cervantes in his hands. The unhappy messenger was put to death, and Cervantes was condemned to be beaten with two thousand lashes, but strangely enough the lashes were never given him. There was something about this bold young Spanish soldier that aroused the Dey's admiration.

Two years passed by. Cervantes was not idle. When he was allowed some liberty, he made friends with two merchants of Algiers, whom he induced to buy a vessel and arrange to take him and a load of other captives back to Spain. Again he was betrayed and taken before the Dey to receive sentence.

One would think that the Dey would have lost patience by this time, and very likely he had. Cervantes' hands were now tied behind him, and a rope was put about his neck; then he was ordered to tell what he knew of the plot. But again he took all the blame upon himself and would tell nothing concerning the merchants or any of his companions. When the Dey found he could

do nothing with Cervantes, he sent him back to prison again and had him handcuffed.

The next scheme which the bold young Spaniard planned was nothing less than an uprising of all the prisoners in Algiers, of whom there were then some twenty-five thousand. So great was his power over men that he was able again to find messengers to carry out his orders. Arms were provided; and at a certain signal the guards were to be struck down, the city overpowered, and the Spanish flag raised upon the towers. But as you have already seen, the prisons were full of traitors, and this plan, like the others, was betrayed. Again Cervantes was spared, while others of the prisoners were killed or tortured.

While Cervantes was scheming for liberty in Algiers, his old father in Spain was trying to raise more money to ransom him. The old man told Philip the Second the story of how his son had served his country and his king, and witnesses were brought to prove these claims. But just as the king seemed about ready to help him the good old man died, worn out by long labor and anxiety. Then Cervantes' mother took up the work. She succeeded in raising a considerable sum upon some property which had come into her possession, and obtained a little more from the king, who should have taken the whole burden of it. This money was given to the monks who had carried on the former negotiations, and they went with it at once to Algiers. There they found the Dey preparing

to resign the government and go to Constantinople. He told the monks, as the captain had told them before, that they had not brought half enough, and further, that if they did not bring more at once, he would take Cervantes to Constantinople. He even went so far as to have the young Spaniard carried on board one of the vessels, which was about to sail.

The monks felt that this was the last chance to save Cervantes, and by borrowing from Algerian merchants they at last succeeded in raising the required sum. So Cervantes, after five years of imprisonment, was ransomed and went back to Spain, at the age of thirty-three.

There he set to work to pay off the debts that his family had taken upon themselves on his account. A few years afterwards he married a certain Donna Catalina, who was a good and faithful wife; he also wrote a successful novel and some sonnets, but his chief work for ten years or more was the writing of plays, of which he produced twenty or thirty. He made money, but spent it freely and was known as one of the most generous of men. For nearly ten years he served his government, first as a naval commissary at Seville, and later as a tax collector at Grenada. While he was holding the latter office one of his agents ran away with some money; and Cervantes, besides having to make good the loss, was thrown into prison, where he remained for several months. It is said that while in prison he began writing "Don Quixote."

The idea of "Don Quixote" was to make fun of the stories of knightly adventure which were then so common. There were some noble old stories of that sort, it is true, and those Cervantes did not mean to attack; but there were also a great many weak and silly stories written in imitation of the older tales, and the Spanish writers of Cervantes' time did not seem to be able to write anything different from these.

The story tells how Don Quixote, a Spanish country gentleman of La Mancha, had read so many of these wild and absurd tales that at length they turned his head, and he imagined he was a knight, like the heroes of old. He mounted one day upon his old horse, Rozinante, and went forth to seek adventures, but was roughly used by a mule driver and brought home half dead. When he had recovered, he set forth again, taking with him this time an honest but simple-minded plowman to serve as his squire, and promising to pay him for his services by making him the governor of an island which they should capture.

Having fairly started upon their journey, Don Quixote sees a number of windmills, which he charges upon, thinking them to be giants; he attacks a company of peaceful travelers, whom he imagines to be enchanters; he scatters a great flock of sheep, which he thinks are an army, and is stoned for his pains by the shepherds who are driving them; he knocks down a traveling barber and takes away

his brass basin, thinking it to be a helmet; he sets free a number of prisoners, whom the officers are taking to the galleys; he has all sorts of surprising adventures, which are finally ended by his return to his home, his recovery of his senses, and his peaceful and happy death.

The story is in two parts. The second part was written ten years after the first, and might never have been written at all if another Spanish writer had not tried to finish it after a different fashion. This naturally made Cervantes angry, and he determined to finish it himself.

Cervantes became famous as the author of this book, but gained little money from it. He wrote a number of other stories and a few plays, and at length died in Madrid in the year 1616, within a few weeks of the time when Shakespeare died in England.

The part of "Don Quixote" which we are to read tells of his first adventures, before he secured his faithful squire, Sancho Panza. It is taken from the edition arranged by Judge Parry, an English lawyer and writer.]

I. DON QUIXOTE SETS FORTH TO SEEK ADVENTURES

All his preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of carrying out his plans, his head being full of the wrongs he intended to put right, the errors he wished to amend, and the evil deeds he felt himself called upon to punish. And, therefore, without telling any living creature, and unseen of anybody, somewhat before

daybreak — it being one of the warmest days in July — he armed himself from head to foot, mounted on Rozinante, laced on his strange helmet, gathered up his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard sallied forth into the fields, marvelously cheerful and content to see how easily he had started on his new career. But scarcely was he clear of the village when he was struck by a terrible thought, and one which did well-nigh overthrow all his plans. For he recollected that he had never been knighted, and therefore, according to the laws of knighthood, neither could he nor ought he to combat with any knight. And even if he were a knight, he remembered to have read that as a new knight he ought to wear white armor without any device upon his shield until he should win it by force of arms.

These thoughts made him waver a little in his plan; but more for the reason that his head was full of his folly than for any other, he determined to cause himself to be knighted by the first he met, as others had done of whom he had read in the books which had so turned his brain. As to the white armor, he resolved at the first opportunity to scour his own until it should be whiter than ermine; and having satisfied himself with these intentions, he pursued his way without following any other road than that which his horse was pleased to choose, believing that to be the most correct way of meeting with knightly adventures. And as he rode along he exclaimed

to the empty air, as if he had been actually in love, "O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, much wrong hast thou done me by dismissing me and reproaching me with thy cruel commandment not to appear before thy beauty! I pray thee, sweet lady, to remember this thy faithful slave, who for thy love suffers so many tortures."

A thousand other ravings, after the style and manner that his books had taught him, did he add to this, as he traveled along, meeting with no adventure worthy to be set down, whilst the sun mounted so swiftly and with so great heat that it would have been sufficient to have melted his brains if he had had any left.

He journeyed all that day long, and at night both he and his horse were tired and marvelously pressed by hunger, and looking about him on every side to see whether he could discover any castle, to which he might retire for the night, he saw an inn near unto the highway on which he traveled, which was as welcome a sight to him as if he had seen a guiding star. Then spurring his horse, he rode toward it as fast as he might, and arrived there much about nightfall.

There stood, by chance, at the inn door two jolly peasant women who were traveling toward Seville with some carriers, who happened to take up their lodging in that inn the same evening. And as our knight-errant believed all that he saw or heard to take place in the same manner as he had read in his books, he no sooner saw the inn

than he fancied it to be a castle, with four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, with a drawbridge, a deep moat, and all such things as belong to grand castles.

Drawing slowly toward it, he checked Rozinante with the bridle, when he was close to the inn, and rested awhile to see if any dwarf would mount on the battlements to give warning with the sound of a trumpet how some knight did approach the castle; but seeing they stayed so long, and Rozinante was eager to get up to his stable, he went to the inn door, and there beheld the two wenches that stood at it, whom he supposed to be two beautiful damsels, or lovely ladies, that did solace themselves before the castle gates.

At that moment it happened that a certain swineherd, as he gathered together his hogs, blew the horn which was wont to bring them together, and at once Don Quixote imagined it was some dwarf who gave notice of his arrival; and he rode up to the inn door with marvelous delight. The ladies, when they beheld one armed in that manner, with lance and target, made haste to run into the inn; but Don Quixote, seeing their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard visor, showed his withered and dusty face, and spoke to them thus: "Let not your ladyships fly nor fear any harm, for it does not belong to the order of knighthood which I profess, to wrong anybody, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance shows you to be."

The wenches looked at him very earnestly and sought with their eyes for his face, which the ill-fashioned helmet concealed; but when they heard themselves called high-born damsels, they could not contain their laughter, which was so loud that Don Quixote was quite ashamed of them and rebuked them, saying: "Modesty is a comely ornament of the beautiful, and too much laughter springing from trifles is great folly; but I do not tell you this to make you the more ashamed, for my desire is none other than to do you all the honor and service I may."

This speech merely increased their laughter, and with it his anger, which would have passed all bounds if the innkeeper had not come out at this instant. Now this innkeeper was a man of exceeding fatness, and therefore, as some think, of a very peaceable disposition; and when he saw that strange figure, armed in such fantastic armor, he was very nearly keeping the two women company in their merriment and laughter. But being afraid of the owner of such a lance and target, he resolved to behave civilly, for fear of what might happen, and thus addressed him: "Sir Knight! if your Worship do seek for lodging, we have no bed at liberty, but you shall find all other things in abundance."

To which Don Quixote, noting the humility of the Constable of the Castle — for such he took him to be — replied, "Anything, Sir Constable, may serve me, for my arms are my dress, and the battlefield is my bed."

While he was speaking, the innkeeper laid hand on Don Quixote's stirrup and helped him to alight. This Don Quixote did with great difficulty and pain, for he had not eaten a crumb all that day. He then bade the innkeeper have special care of his horse, saying he was one of the best animals that ever ate bread.

The innkeeper looked at Rozinante again and again, but he did not seem to him half so good as Don Quixote valued him. However, he led him civilly to the stable, and returned to find his guest in the hands of the high-born damsels, who were helping him off with his armor. They had taken off his back and breast plates, but they could in no way get his head and neck out of the strange, ill-fashioned helmet, which he had fastened on with green ribbons.

Now these knots were so impossible to untie that the wenches would have cut them, but this Don Quixote would not agree to. Therefore he remained all the night with his helmet on, and looked the drollest and strangest figure you could imagine. And he was now so pleased with the women, whom he still took to be ladies and dames of the castle, that he said to them: "Never was knight so well attended on and served by ladies as is Don Quixote. When he departed from his village, damsels attended on him and princesses on his horse. O ladies! Rozinante is the name of my steed, and I am called Don Quixote, and the time shall come when your

ladyships may command me and I obey, and then the valor of mine arm shall discover the desire I have to do you service."

The women could make nothing of his talk, but asked him if he would eat, and Don Quixote replying that such was his desire, there was straightway laid a table at the inn door. The host brought out a portion of badly boiled haddocks and a black, greasy loaf, which was all the inn could supply. But the manner of Don Quixote's eating was the best sport in the world, for with his helmet on, he could put nothing into his mouth himself, if others did not help him to find his way, and therefore one of the wenches served his turn at that, and helped to feed him. But they could not give him drink after that manner, and he would have remained dry forever if the innkeeper had not bored a cane, and putting one end in his mouth, poured the wine down the other. And all this he suffered rather than cut the ribbons of his helmet.

As he sat at supper, the swineherd again sounded his horn, and Don Quixote was still firm in the belief that he was in some famous castle where he was served with music, and that the stale haddock was fresh trout, the bread of the finest flour, the two wenches high-born damsels, and the innkeeper the Constable of the Castle. But he was still greatly troubled by the thought that he was not yet dubbed knight.

II. THE KNIGHTING OF DON QUIXOTE

When he had finished his sorry supper, he took his host with him to the stable, and shutting the door, threw himself down upon his knees before him, saying, "I will never rise from this place where I am, Sir Constable, until your courtesy shall grant unto me a boon that I mean to demand of you, something which will add to your renown and to the profit of all the human race."

The innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing him speak these words, stood confounded at the sight, not knowing what he would say or do next, and tried to make him arise. But all was in vain until he had promised him that he would grant him any gift that he sought.

"Signor," said Don Quixote, rising from his knees, "I did never expect less from your great magnificence, and now I will tell you that the boon which I demand of you, and which you have so generously granted, is that to-morrow in the morning you will dub me knight. This night I will watch mine armor in the chapel of your castle, and in the morning, as I have said, the rest of my desires shall be fulfilled, that I may set out in a proper manner throughout the four parts of the world to seek adventures to the benefit of the poor and needy, as is the duty of knighthood and of knights-errant."

The innkeeper, who was a bit of a jester, and had before thought that the wits of his guest were none of the best, was sure that his suspicions were true when he heard Don Quixote speak in this manner. And in order to enjoy a joke at his expense, he resolved to fall in with his guest's humor, and told him that there was great reason in what he desired, which was only natural and proper in a knight of such worth as he seemed to be. He added further that there was no chapel in the castle, where a knight might watch his arms, for it had been broken down that it might be built up anew. Nevertheless, he knew well that in case of necessity the arms might be watched in any other place, and therefore his guest might watch them that night in the lower court of the castle, where in the morning all the proper ceremonies should be performed, so that he should be made not only a dubbed knight, but such a one as should not have a fellow in the whole universe.

The innkeeper now gave orders that Don Quixote should watch his armor in a great yard that lay near unto one side of the inn, wherefore he gathered together all his arms, laid them on a cistern near to a well, and buckling on his target, he laid hold of his lance and walked up and down before the cistern very gravely, until night came down upon the scene.

In the meantime the roguish innkeeper told all the rest that lodged in the inn of the folly of his guest,

the watching of his arms, and the knighthood which he expected to receive. They all wondered very much at so strange a kind of folly, and going out to behold him from a distance, they saw that sometimes he marched quietly to and fro; at other times, leaning upon his lance, he looked upon his armor for a good space of time without beholding any other thing.

Although it was now night, yet was the moon so clear that everything which the knight did was easily seen by all beholders. And now one of the carriers that lodged in the inn resolved to give his mules some water, and for that purpose it was necessary to move Don Quixote's armor that lay on the cistern.

Seeing the carrier approach, Don Quixote called to him in a loud voice: "O thou, whosoever thou art, bold knight, who dares to touch the arms of the bravest adventurer that ever girded sword, look well what thou doest, and touch them not unless thou art ready to leave thy life in payment for thy meddling!"

The carrier took no notice of these words, though it had been better for him if he had, but laying hold of the armor threw it piece by piece into the middle of the yard.

When Don Quixote saw this, he lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his Lady Dulcinea, he said, "Assist me, dear lady, in punishing this insult, and let not thy favor and protection fail me in this my first adventure!"

Uttering these and other such words, he let slip his target or shield, and lifting up his lance with both hands, he gave the carrier so round a knock on the pate that it overthrew him, and if he had given him a second, there would have been no use of any surgeon. This done, the knight gathered up his armor, and laying the pieces where they had been before, he began walking up and down near them as quietly as at first.

But very soon afterwards another carrier, without knowing what had happened, for his companion yet lay on the ground, came also to give his mules water, and as he came to take away the armor, to get at the cistern, Don Quixote let slip again his target, and lifting his lance, brought it down on the carrier's head, which he broke in several places.

All the people in the inn, and amongst them the innkeeper, came running out when they heard the noise, and Don Quixote, seeing them, seized his target, and drawing his sword, cried aloud, "O lady of all beauty, now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn the eyes of thy greatness on thy captive knight, who is on the eve of so marvelous an adventure!"

The companions of the wounded men, seeing their fellows in so evil a plight, began to rain stones on Don Quixote, who defended himself as well as he might with his target and would not leave the cistern lest he should appear to abandon his arms.

The innkeeper cried to them to let him alone, but all the time Don Quixote cried out louder than the innkeeper, calling them all disloyal men and traitors, and saying that the lord of the castle was a treacherous and bad knight to allow them to use a knight-errant so basely. Then calling to the carriers, he said, "As for you, base and rascally ruffians, you are beneath my notice. Throw at me, approach, draw near, and do me all the hurt you may, for you shall ere long receive the reward of your insolence."

These words, which he spoke with great spirit and boldness, struck a terrible fear into all those who had assaulted him, and partly moved by his threats, and partly persuaded by the innkeeper, they left off throwing stones at him, and he allowed them to carry away the wounded men, while he returned to his watch with great quietness and gravity.

The innkeeper did not very much like Don Quixote's pranks, and therefore determined to shorten the ceremony and give him the order of knighthood at once, before any one else was injured. Approaching him, therefore, he made apologies for the insolence of the base fellows who had thrown stones at him, and explained that it was not with his consent, and that he thought them well punished for their impudence. He added that it was not necessary for Don Quixote to watch his armor any more, because the chief point of being knighted

was to receive the stroke of the sword on the neck and shoulder, and that ceremony he was ready to perform at once.

All this Don Quixote readily believed, and requested him to finish everything as speedily as possible. For, he said, as soon as he was knighted, if he was assaulted again, he intended not to leave one person alive in all the castle, except those whom the Constable should request him to spare.

The innkeeper, alarmed at what he said, and fearing lest he should carry out his threat, set about the ceremony without delay. He brought out his day-book, in which he wrote down the accounts of the hay and straw which he sold to carriers who came to the inn, and attended by a small boy holding the end of a candle and walking before him, and followed by the two women who were staying at the inn, he approached Don Quixote. He solemnly commanded him to kneel, while he mumbled something which he pretended to read out of the book that he held in his hand. Then he gave him a good blow on the neck, and after that another sound thwack over the shoulders with the sword, always as he did so continuing to mumble and murmur as though he were reading something out of his book. This being done, he commanded one of the damsels to gird on the sword, which she did with much grace and cleverness.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who was the author of "Don Quixote"? Where and when was he born? How long was that after Columbus had discovered America? 2. Tell the story of Cervantes' early life, his visit to Rome, his enlistment, and the battle in which he was wounded. 3. Tell of his capture by the Moors and, briefly, of his imprisonment, attempts to escape, and ransom. 4. Tell of his writings and of his later years. 5. What in his life and character interests you most strongly? Why was "Don Quixote" written?

7. Who was Don Quixote, and why did he go in search of adventures? Why did he think it necessary to be knighted? Describe the ceremony of being knighted. (The esquire who was to be made knight knelt before the knight who was to give him the order. The knight then struck the kneeling esquire upon the shoulder or the neck with the flat side of a sword. This was called the accolade (ăc cō lāde′). In later times, before this ceremony was performed, the esquire was obliged to watch his arms all night before some altar. In the morning he received certain directions, the accolade was given, and the lords and ladies then assisted him to put on his armor.) 8. What was a knight-errant? What knights have you read of, and what about them interested you especially? 9. Describe the adventures of Don Quixote at the inn.

10. Was Don Quixote brave? Was he courteous? Was he good? Remember, in reading this story, that Don Quixote is not so much to be laughed at as to be pitied. He had many of the qualities of the true knight, and is really a fine character. Judge Parry's edition of "Don Quixote," with pictures by Walter Crane, includes Part First and is easy to read.

Don Quixote (Dŏn Quĭx′ōte, or Dŏn Kē hō′tē).

Miguel Cervantes (Mĭ guel′ Çĕr văn′tēs or Thĕr văn′tes).

Crusades (Cru sādes′): a series of expeditions made by the Christian nations of Europe in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, to take the Holy Land from the Mohammedans.

galleon (găl′lē on): a large Spanish sailing vessel of the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries.

Lepanto (Lē pän′tō): a naval battle fought in 1571 in the Gulf of Lepanto, between Venice, Spain, and the Papal States on one side and the Turks on the other.

Rodrigo (Rŏ drĭ′gō).

Dey (Dey): the governor of Algiers.

Oran (Ō răn′): a province on the Mediterranean coast of Africa.

negotiations (nē gō shĭ ā′shons): dealings or bargainings.

Catalina (Căt *à* lĭ′*nà*).

naval commissary (cŏm′mĭs sa rў): an officer who provides food for the navy.

Rozinante (Rŏz ĭ năn′tē): Don Quixote's horse.

galleys: large boats rowed by slaves or convicts.

Sancho Panza (Săn cho Păn′zà): Don Quixote's squire.

resist (rē sĭst′): withstand, check.

amend (*à* mĕnd′): to make better.

target: a small round shield.

Dulcinea (Dŭl çĭn′ē *à*): a peasant girl of Toboso, who was Don Quixote's lady love.

retire (rē tīre′): go to bed.

carriers: teamsters.

knight-errant: a knight wandering in search of adventures.

pinnacles (pĭn′nà cles): spires, peaks.

wenches: peasant girls.

solace (sŏl′āçe): divert, amuse.

visor (vĭs′ŏr): the front piece of a helmet which, when closed, protects the face.

comely (cóme′lў): fair, handsome.

fantastic (făn tăs′tĭc): fanciful, queer.

constable (cón′stà ble): the keeper of a royal castle or fortress.

haddock: a fish somewhat like the cod, but smaller.

dubbed knight: made knight.

humor: whim or fancy.

fellow: here, an equal.

universe (ū′nĭ vĕrse): the world; all created things.

abandon (*à* băn′dŏn): leave, give up.

gravity (grăv′ĭ tў): seriousness.

day-book: a book in which daily accounts are kept.

THE MAGIC JUICE

FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[In the little village of Stratford on Avon, on a spring morning in the year 1564, a boy was born in the home of John and Mary Shakespeare. John Shakespeare was a man of some importance in Stratford. He was one of the town officers and a dealer in corn, meat, leather, and other products of the farm. Some say he was a maker of gloves, but that was probably only a part of his business. Mary Shakespeare was the daughter of a wealthy farmer not far from town.

The Shakespeares lived in a well-built house of rough stone, covered outside with plaster and crossed with heavy beams of dark oak. The house is still standing and is visited every year by hundreds of travelers. Do you ask why? It is because of this boy who was born in it, three hundred and fifty years ago, and who afterwards became the greatest of all poets. His name was William Shakespeare.

Other children came into the Shakespeare family, and it was a pleasant life that they led in the old plastered house with the dark-oak beams. The Avon River flowed quietly through the meadows at the end of the next street, and the country all around seemed like a great

playground. For several years young Will attended the Stratford Grammar School, where he learned Latin and busied himself with such other studies as the boys of that day were expected to take up.

Strolling companies of players sometimes came to Stratford, and as Will's father was the officer to whom they came to get permission to act their plays, it is probable that Will saw them and was greatly interested, for he loved above all other things to see a play. The plays were usually acted out of doors, or perhaps in the courtyard of some inn, and the people who looked on either stood, or if it were in an inn court, may have looked out of the windows or sat upon the balconies that often stretched around the sides of the court at each story of the inn. The players would sometimes raise a rough stage of boards; sometimes they would act their play upon the green turf; but there was hardly any scenery. The audience had to imagine a great deal, but the actors wore fine costumes and made a great show in their silks and velvets; and the whole town always poured out to see them.

When Will Shakespeare was about eleven, it was whispered in Stratford one afternoon that Queen Elizabeth was to visit the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle, only about sixteen miles away. The Earl of Leicester was one of the greatest lords of his time. It was he, you will remember, who helped young Edmund Spenser. And this

visit of the queen was to be the most magnificent affair ever seen in that part of the country. All the people for miles around hurried to Kenilworth to see the show.

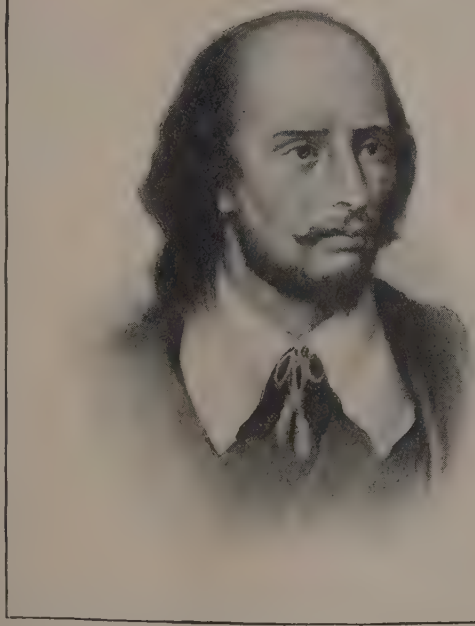
We may be pretty sure that John Shakespeare was there, and very likely he took young Will with him. There were plays and shows of all kinds, like a great fair, and above all there was the queen herself, who smiled upon the people as she passed.

When William was about thirteen, a change came over his father's fortunes. John Shakespeare fell into debt and had to sell the larger part of his property; and the boy was obliged to leave school and earn his own living. We do not know just what he did. Some say he worked at the butcher's trade; but the most important thing that he did was to notice carefully all the people whom he met, and the river, and the sky, and the meadows, so that he knew how every sort of man and woman looked and behaved, and how every flower grew, and what every change of season brought. Nothing escaped his eye, and he stored away in his memory all that he saw, so that years later he was able to bring it out and put it into his great plays.

When he was little more than eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, a farmer's daughter living at Shottery, only a short walk across the fields from Stratford. Before long they had a family of three children. People in Stratford thought Will Shakespeare ought to spend less time

in hunting deer and tramping over the fields and ought to stick to some honest trade. There is a story that he once got into trouble by hunting in a piece of woods belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, and that Sir Thomas had him arrested. But Shakespeare could not think of settling down to the life of a village tradesman. There was something in him that told him to look farther, and so one day he said good-by to his wife and children and started off for London to seek his fortune.

There is a story that when he reached London he went straight to the theater, determined to get work of some sort there; and that finding nothing better to do, he began by holding the horses of the fine gentlemen who came to see the plays. It is said that a little later he was employed to call out the names of the actors and the pieces, and after a time was given a small part to act. But he soon showed that he could make himself most useful in changing old plays so that they could be more easily acted. That was something which the actors themselves could not do. Every old play that Shakespeare took in hand he made over into something different and far better. Then he began to write plays himself, and almost before he knew it he was famous. All the actors wanted to act Shakespeare's plays, and all the people wanted to see them acted, because there was life in them, and because they showed men and women as they really were.



William Shakespeare

In spite of his fame Shakespeare did not grow proud. He worked hard, writing at one time of his life about two plays each year. He returned often to Stratford to see his family, bought as good a house for them as could be found in town, paid his father's debts, and when he had earned all that he thought he needed, went back and spent the rest of his days looking after his farm and living the life of a country gentleman. He died there at the age of fifty-two, the most famous writer of his time and of all time. Every one loved him. He was kind, gentle, full of fun, a good friend, and a delightful companion.

Most of his plays are poems written in blank verse — that is, verse without rime. Parts of them are in prose. The greatest of the plays are perhaps "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "The Tempest."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream," from which this selection has been taken, tells how Oberon and Titania, the king and queen of the fairies, had a quarrel, and how Oberon, with the help of Puck, a mischievous little elf, played a joke upon Titania in a wood near Athens.

Titania had taken a little human boy to bring up among the fairies. Oberon wanted him for a page, but Titania said she could not think of such a thing, and so they had hard words about it. The poor fairies were so frightened when their king and queen began to scold each other that they ran away and hid themselves in the

acorn cups. Titania at last went away in a high state of indignation into another part of the wood, and left Oberon to shift for himself.

Oberon called Puck and told him of a little purple flower the juice of which, if laid upon the eyes of those who slept, would make them fondly love the first live creature that they saw when they awoke.

"Fetch me this herb," he said, and almost before the words were out of his mouth Puck was away on his errand. Soon he came back, bringing the flower in his hand. The next thing for Oberon to do was to find Titania. He thought a few moments, and then exclaimed:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight."

Oberon went to find Titania and, after some searching, discovered her giving orders to her fairies. She was telling some to kill the worms in the musk-rose buds, some to make war upon the bats and take their leather wings for coats for the small elves; others she commanded to keep away the hooting owl; but first of all they were told to sing her to sleep. So the fairies sang this song:

FIRST FAIRY. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS. Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS. Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

FIRST FAIRY. Hence, away! now all is well;
One aloof stand sentinel.

When the fairies had sung their queen to sleep, they went away to make war on the worms and the bats and the owls, as she had bidden them. Then along came Oberon, as quietly as you please, and stealing past the sentinel, who was perhaps a little drowsy after his day's work, he came to the bank where Titania lay asleep, squeezed a little of the juice of the flower upon her eyelids, and went away, as softly as he had come.

While Titania is asleep we shall try to find out what other things were happening in Athens and in the wood.

The Duke of Athens was to be married next day, and great preparations were being made for the wedding. There were to be games and plays and races, and all sorts of fun. Among other things a play was being arranged by a company of Athenian tradesmen who had no notion of how to act their parts, but who were perfectly confident of themselves and quite sure they could give a play that would please the duke. It *did* please him, too, but not in the way they expected.

This play of theirs was founded on the very ancient story of Pyramus and Thisbe, a legend of Babylon. Pyramus, it seems, loved the beautiful lady Thisbe and wished to marry her, but her father said no. It happened that a high wall separated Pyramus's yard from Thisbe's, and in this wall there was a chink, or hole, through which the lovers used to peek at each other and whisper pleasant things. Talking together through this chink, they

laid a plan to run away and meet one moonlight night at a certain tomb. The night arrived. Thisbe went first, but when she reached the tomb she saw a lion prowling there. This naturally frightened her, and she ran away, dropping her cloak as she ran. The lion seized the cloak and tore it, leaving upon it some stains of blood; for he had just been eating an ox, and had not properly washed his lips and paws since his repast. Then away ran the lion into the forest.

Soon afterwards, Pyramus came to the tomb. When he saw the bloodstained cloak he was sure that Thisbe had been killed by some wild beast, so he promptly fell upon his sword and killed himself. Thisbe came back and finding her lover dead, she too fell upon the sword. Altogether it was a tragic piece of business, and required real actors, who could put a great deal of bloodcurdling horror into it. Poor actors would only make it a joke; and that is just what this little company of Athenian tradesmen did, without knowing it.

Nick Bottom, the weaver, was to take the part of Pyramus. He was a vain fellow and would have liked to play all the parts, but that was hardly possible. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender, was to take the part of Thisbe. Flute was afraid he could not play a woman's part because he had a beard coming, but to save his feelings it was arranged that he should play it with a mask over his face.

Robin Starveling, the tailor, was to play the part of Thisbe's mother; Tom Snout, the tinker, was to be Pyramus's father, and Peter Quince, the carpenter, was to be Thisbe's father. Snug, the joiner, was given the part of the lion. All that he had to do was to roar. Bottom was greatly attracted by this part and wanted to play the lion also.

Bottom. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again!"

Quince. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

Quince, who was supposed to be managing the affair, told Bottom flatly that one part was enough for him and that he could play no part but Pyramus.

Then Bottom wanted to know what kind of beard he should wear; whether it should be a straw-colored beard or an orange-tawny beard or a purple beard or a yellow beard. Quince didn't seem to know.

The night before the duke's wedding, Quince and his company met in a wood near Athens to rehearse their play; and it happened to be this wood in which Oberon and Titania held their court — yes, even the very glade where Titania lay asleep, with the magic

juice upon her eyes. But Titania, being a fairy, was of course quite invisible. Before the company began their rehearsal, Bottom had a question to ask.

BOTTOM. Peter Quince —

QUINCE. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

STARVELING. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOTTOM. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

QUINCE. Well, we will have such a prologue.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING. I fear it, I promise you.

BOTTOM. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOTTOM. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, — "Ladies," — or "Fair ladies, I would wish you," — or, "I would request you," — or, "I would entreat you, — not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are"; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUINCE. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNOUT. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUINCE. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOTTOM. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns, and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOTTOM. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

QUINCE. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

They began their rehearsal, and Bottom, after speaking his first lines, went off into the brake to await his next turn on the stage.

Puck, wandering alone through the wood, soon came to the same spot and saw a chance to have some fun with Bottom. With a wave of his wand he changed Bottom's head into the head of a donkey. Bottom did not know that he had been changed, and came back to continue the rehearsal. But at sight of that great hairy head with its flapping ears, his companions cried out and ran away in fright.

Bottom wondered what had frightened them. He said he was not afraid; and to prove it he began to sing in a loud voice a stanza of an old song. He made so much

noise that he wakened Titania, and she, opening her eyes, saw him first of all living things, and loved him.

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?" she asked.

Bottom did not notice, but went on singing. When he had finished, Titania begged him to sing again, for she said his voice was so beautiful and he was altogether so charming a creature that she was quite in love with him.

Then she called four of her fairy attendants, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, and told them to wait upon him.

TITANIA. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Other things were happening meanwhile in this same wood. Four young people from Athens — two youths and two maidens — had wandered out from the city and had become lost in the wood. One of these couples had

just been quarreling, and the young man had been proud and scornful. Oberon believed that here was another good chance to try the magic juice; so he told Puck to put some of it upon the eyes of the scornful young Athenian when he went to sleep. Puck made a mistake and put it upon the eyes of the wrong young man, and when he waked there was a sorry mix-up.

Titania and Bottom soon came back to the forest glade where we first found them, and a train of fairies followed.

BOTTOM. Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM. Ready.

BOTTOM. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB. Ready.

BOTTOM. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED. Ready.

BOTTOM. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

MUSTARDSEED. What's your will?

BOTTOM. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.

TITANIA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOTTOM. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

TITANIA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITANIA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

BOTTOM. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

They both fell asleep and Oberon, advancing from behind, gazed upon them in pity. He had met Titania and Bottom strolling through the wood together, and had scolded her again, but she surprised him by speaking gently to him and sending him the little human child whom they had quarreled about, to be his page. Oberon now felt somewhat ashamed of himself and wished to undo the mischief he had caused. So he repeated some exceedingly powerful fairy charm over her, and she woke

up as she was before the magic juice had blinded her. Then Puck took away the donkey's head and restored Bottom's own, which was not much better, to be sure, but looked a little more like a man's.

The day then began to dawn, and the Duke of Athens, with his bride and a company of Athenian nobles, came out into the forest to hunt. They found the youths and maidens and Bottom, all asleep, but the fairies had flown.

The horns of the huntsmen awakened the sleepers; the duke heard the stories of the young people, and said that, as it was his wedding day, they should all go back to Athens and be married together.

Bottom went back also to the city and found his friends; and the play of Pyramus and Thisbe was given with great success before the duke and his court the following night. If you wish to know just how it all came out, read the story of it in the last act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Shakespeare's life, telling (*a*) when and where he was born; (*b*) something about his parents and his home; (*c*) his schooling; (*d*) why he had to leave school, and what he did; (*e*) his marriage; (*f*) what he did in London; (*g*) his return to Stratford, and his death.
2. Tell how plays were acted in Shakespeare's time, and

anything that you know about the players, the stage, and the theaters. 3. Name six of Shakespeare's greatest plays.

4. Who were Oberon and Titania, what trouble did they have, and what trick did Oberon play? What was the magic juice? 5. Describe Puck. 6. Memorize and repeat Oberon's words beginning "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows." 7. What is "wild thyme"? "oxlips"? "over-canopied"? "luscious"? "eglantine"? 8. Memorize the fairies' song beginning "You spotted snakes." 9. What is meant by the double tongue of the snake? Why are the hedgehogs called "thorny"? 10. What are newts? blind worms? What is "Philomel"?

11. Tell briefly the story of the company of Athenian tradesmen and what they planned to do. What sort of actors do you think they made? 12. Describe Bottom the weaver. You will notice that Bottom is an ignorant fellow who likes to talk, and who often uses big words without knowing just what they mean. Quince and several of his other friends are much like him. What did Bottom mean by "to the same defect"? 13. In the old plays the man in the moon was represented with a bundle of sticks or thorns. What does Quince mean by saying that some man must come to "disfigure" moonshine? 14. Explain the line "And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs." Does the light of the glowworm come from its eyes?

15. What is the correct spelling and pronunciation of the word that Bottom calls "mounsieur," and what does it mean (see Book Five, page 260)? 16. Put into other words "give me your neaf"; "Cavalery Cobweb" (see word list). Bottom does not yet know that he has a donkey's head, and when he feels that it is hairy he thinks he needs a shave. 17. What word should Bottom have used for "reasonable," page 253, line 7? What did he mean by "an *exposition* of sleep"?

Act the parts of this selection that are in dramatic form.

Another fairy song from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which you may like to read and memorize, is "Over hill, over dale," at the beginning of Act II. "Where the bee sucks," from "The Tempest," and the first stanza of "Under the greenwood tree," from "As You Like It," are also simple and musical.

If you want to know more about Shakespeare and his times, read Bennett's "Master Skylark." Read also T. B. Aldrich's poem on Shakespeare, called "The King."

Stratford on Avon (Străt′fŏrd ŏn Ā′vŏn)

Oberon (Ō′bĕr ŏn) : the fairy king.

Titania (Tĭ tā′nĭ *a*) : the fairy queen.

thyme (*th*ȳme) : a spicy herb.

oxlip (ŏx′lĭp) : an English primrose.

over-canopied (ăn′o͝o pĭed) : covered with a canopy or shelter.

luscious (lŭsh′ŭs) : usually means delicious, but here luxuriant.

eglantine (ĕg′lăn tīne) : sweetbrier.

newt : a kind of lizard.

blind-worm : an old name for the European adder.

Philomel (Fĭl′o͝o mĕl) : a name given to the nightingale, from the old Greek myth of Philomela.

offence (ŏf fĕnçe′) : harm or wrong.

Pyramus (Pȳr′*a* mŭs).

Thisbe (Thĭs′bē).

tragic (trăj′ĭc) : terrible, or very sad.

tinker (tĭn̲k′ẽr) : a mender of tinware.

joiner (join′ẽr) : a cabinetmaker.

bully : here, a comrade.

abide (*a* bīde′) : here, endure.

device (dē vīçe′) : a contrivance.

prologue (prō′lŏgue) : an introduction or speech before a plāy.

defect : Bottom means "effect."

casement (cās′mĕnt) : a window sash opening on hinges.

disfigure : Bottom means to say "prefigure," or suggest.

rough-cast : a rough plastering.

cue (cūe) : the last words of an actor's speech, as a signal for the next actor to begin.

gambol in his eyes : play before him.

loath (lōath) : sorry or unwilling.

neaf (nēaf) : fist or hand.

Cavalery (căv *a* lē′rў) : Bottom means cavalero, or cavalier, a bold, gay fellow, usually a soldier.

tongs : tongs were formerly used to rattle together in rough music.

provender (prŏv′ĕn dẽr) : dry food for animals.

bottle : in old English, bundle.

exposition : Bottom means "disposition" or desire.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST

FROM "COMUS"

JOHN MILTON

[On a December day in 1608, while Shakespeare was still writing his great plays, and Raleigh was in prison, and Elizabeth had been but five years dead, and James the First was on the throne of England, another great English poet was born in London. It was John Milton.

Milton's father made a business of preparing law papers, and was a prosperous man. He was a Puritan, but not so harsh as most of the Puritans of his day, for he loved music and taught his boy to love it. He also loved books, and young John Milton began to show when a very small boy that he loved them, too. His father had a private teacher for him, and when scarcely more than ten years old the boy wrote good verse and sat up later than was good for him over his studies. We are told that his father had the maid sit up with him after the rest of the family had gone to bed. A recent writer[1] has said of this time of Milton's life:

We can imagine to ourselves the silence of the house, when all the Puritan household had been long abed. We can picture the warm, quiet room where sits the little fair-haired boy poring over his books by the light of flickering candles, while in the

[1] H. E. Marshall, English Literature for Boys and Girls.

shadow a stern-faced, white-capped Puritan woman waits. She sits very straight in her chair, her worn hands are folded, her eyes heavy with sleep. Sometimes she nods. Then with a start she shakes herself wide awake again, murmuring softly that it is no hour for any Christian body to be out o' bed, wondering that her master should allow so young a child to keep so long over his books. Still she has her orders, so with a patient sigh she folds her hands again and waits.

When about twelve years old, young Milton was sent to a famous boys' school in London called St. Paul's, and from there at fifteen he went to Cambridge University. He was a handsome youth, but somewhat proud and independent in his ways of thinking. He was said to be the finest scholar in the university.

Milton had planned to be a clergyman of the English Church, but strife arose between the Puritans and the Church, and Milton was a Puritan. It was about this time that the Pilgrims went to Plymouth, and a few years later that colonies of Puritans settled at Salem and Boston, in New England. King James died during these troubles, and Charles the First became king.

After finishing his university course and deciding not to be a clergyman, Milton was for a time in some doubt what he should do, but the more he thought of it the more clear it seemed to him that he was born to be a poet. So for five years he lived at home in his father's country house at Horton, about twenty miles from London,

writing poetry and studying hard, in order better to fit himself for his work. Between his hours of study and writing he roamed the fields and woods, and thought high thoughts, and saw marvelous visions, some of which he put at once into his verse, while others he kept in his memory and wrote out years afterwards.

It was during these years at Horton that he wrote his shorter poems, "L'Allegro," describing happiness; "Il Penseroso," describing meditation; "Lycidas," praising a dear friend who had been drowned; and "Comus," the masque or play from which we are soon to read.

But Milton soon tired of this quiet country life. He longed to see more of the world, and at last, with money which his good father gave him, he set out to travel through France, Switzerland, and Italy. While he was in Italy, news came that trouble had sprung up in England between the king and the people, and that war might come of it. At this he immediately gave up his plans for traveling and writing poetry, and went back to England; "For," said he, "I thought it base that while my fellow countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be traveling at my ease."

Milton set up a small house in London and took two of his young nephews to live with him. He taught them Latin and Greek, and soon took also several other boys, making, in fact, a small private school. But all the time he kept on writing, and now it was not so much poetry

as essays and pamphlets, to help the cause of the people in their struggle for freedom.

About this time Milton took a journey to Oxford and came back with a young wife. She was but seventeen — about half his age — and the two were not well suited to each other. She cared nothing for books, and he cared little for the sort of merrymaking that she loved. Then, too, young Mary Milton and her father and all her father's family were Royalists — that is, supporters of the king — while Milton was a Puritan. So after a few weeks Mary Milton ran away from her husband and went back to live with her own people. There she stayed until the king was beaten and his followers driven from their homes. Then she came again to her husband and begged his forgiveness, and he not only took her in but took also her father, mother, brothers, and sisters. His own father and his pupils were also living with him at that time, so we may imagine that his house was full.

In the year 1649 the king, Charles the First, was beheaded by order of Parliament, and Oliver Cromwell became the head of the government, with the title of "Lord Protector." This new Puritan government remembered how Milton had helped their cause by his essays and pamphlets, and they gave him the important office of Secretary for Foreign Tongues. Besides translating the letters from other governments and answering them in Latin, he was obliged to reply to all the criticisms and

John Milton

arguments against the government of Cromwell. The work was very hard, and he had to write so steadily that soon his eyes began to fail. The doctors told him he must stop using them or he would become blind, but his friends knew, and he knew himself, that there was no one else in England who could do this work so well as he. He said that as he had given up his poetry for the service of the English people he was now ready to give up his sight. So he worked on, and at the age of forty-three he became totally blind.

But his blindness did not stop his work. He dictated his letters and arguments to others, and was busy from morning till night. Then his wife died, leaving to him the care of their three little girls, the oldest of whom was but six years old. It was a hard task for a blind man already overwhelmed with public work.

Then came the return of the Royalists to power. Charles the Second, son of the former king, was placed upon the throne, and the Puritans fled for their lives. Some went to America, and some were caught and put to death. Milton hid for months in the house of a friend. His property was seized, his books were burned by the hangman, and at last he was caught and put into prison, but the king afterwards pardoned him.

Now that his public work was at an end, he returned to the writing of poetry, and worked for seven years upon his great poem, "Paradise Lost," which tells how

Satan rebelled against God, and how Adam and Eve were driven out of Eden. This he dictated sometimes to his daughters, sometimes to friends who came to see him. "Paradise Lost" won him great honor, and famous scholars and statesmen came from far to visit him. After finishing this poem he wrote "Paradise Regained" and a play telling the story of Samson, the champion of Israel, who, like Milton himself, passed his last days in blindness.

Milton spent the rest of his life quietly and peacefully at work, and died in 1674.

The masque, or play, of "Comus" was written, as I have told you, when Milton was at Horton, after having finished his course at the university. The Earl of Bridgewater had just been appointed lord lieutenant, or governor, of Wales, and with his family was about to take possession of beautiful old Ludlow Castle. A great festival was planned at Ludlow in the autumn of 1634 to welcome him, and it was suggested that a masque be given in which the earl's three children should take part. Milton was selected to write the masque.

The play begins by supposing that Comus, a pleasure-loving spirit, had his palace in a thick wood near Ludlow Castle. Now Comus could take at will any form that he wished. He was a son of Circe, the nymph who changed the companions of Odysseus into swine, and he had, in a way, his mother's art of turning men and women into

beasts; at least, he could turn their heads into beasts' heads; and in this wood he was always surrounded by a crowd of strange creatures with human bodies and the heads of wolves, bears, tigers, hogs, and goats.

When travelers came through the wood, weary and thirsty with their journey, Comus would meet them and invite them to his palace, where he would offer them a wonderful liquor from a crystal glass, and whoever drank of this liquor would at once lose his human features and take on the likeness of an animal. They did not know that they had been changed, but they simply forgot their home and friends and all that had happened to them in the days before, and wished only to remain there, feasting and drinking, making merry, and serving this gay master, Comus. To guide and save the travelers from such a fate a good spirit called the Attendant Spirit was sent down from heaven.

Now the story goes that through this wood came the three children of the Earl of Bridgewater, to take part in the festival at Ludlow Castle. The Lady Alice was a beautiful young girl, and as good as she was beautiful; her two brothers were boys who had no fear. But the way through the wood was long, and the tangled vines and branches of the great trees confused them, so that they lost the path. Then it began to grow dark, and the Lady Alice grew hungry and very thirsty. The boys thought they might find wild berries for her in a near-by

thicket, and leaving her for a moment upon a bank beneath the shelter of a group of pines, they plunged into the bushes.

It grew darker, and soon they could not find their way back to their sister. After waiting long the Lady heard in the distance the noise of Comus and his followers, and thinking that they were peasants at a country dance, who would perhaps show her the way out of the wood, she followed the sound. Then she lost it, and to attract the attention either of them or of her brothers she sang a song.

Comus heard her, and taking the form of a shepherd, he drew near. She told him that she had lost her brothers, and he replied in these flattering words:

"I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood.
I took it for a fairy vision."

Comus told the Lady he would lead her to the spot, but instead he took her to his palace and offered her a drink of his magic liquor.

Meanwhile the Attendant Spirit hastened to find the two brothers. He too took the form of a shepherd — the shepherd who was accustomed to tend their father's flocks, and whom they knew well. He told them that

as he was sitting upon a bank of ivy, not long before, he had heard the roar and riot of Comus's crew and then the song of the lost Lady, and running to her aid he had found Comus already leading her away.

"Come, let's on!" cried the elder of the brothers, and drawing his sword he started in search of Comus.

But the Attendant Spirit held him back. "Good venturous youth," said he, "I love thy courage, but here thy sword can do thee little stead. He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints and crumble all thy sinews. But I have here a small unsightly root with darkish leaf and prickles on it, which has a greater power than that moly which Hermes once gave to wise Odysseus. It is called hæmony, and it is proof against all enchantments. If you have this about you, you may boldly assault the necromancer's hall, rush on him, break his glass, and shed the liquor on the ground. But seize his wand. Though he and his crew make sign of battle, yet they will soon retire, if he shrinks back."

The scene then changes to the palace of Comus in the heart of the woods. Soft music sounds throughout the halls. Tables are spread with all sorts of dainties. The Lady is seen seated in an enchanted chair, while Comus and his crew gather about her. Comus offers her the glass of magic liquor, but she will not touch it, and starts to rise.

"Nay, Lady, sit," says Comus. "If I but wave this wand, your nerves are all chained up, and you a statue."

"Do not boast," replies the Lady. "Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind with all thy charms, though thou hast chained my body."

"Why are you vexed, Lady?" asks Comus. "Why do you frown? See this liquor that flames and dances in its crystal glass, mixed with balm and fragrant sirups. It will cool your thirst and bring you joy."

The Lady answers him:

"Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite."

Comus begins to feel the strength of the Lady's goodness and is afraid. But he makes one more effort, and holds out the cup again.

At this instant the two brothers rush in with their swords drawn. One of them dashes the glass out of the hand of Comus and breaks it into a thousand pieces. The crowd of Comus's followers fight for a time, but finally all turn and flee into the shadows of the wood. The last one has but just disappeared, when in rushes the Attendant Spirit. He cries:

"What! Have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand,

And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless."

"But," he continues, "there is a gentle nymph not far from here who dwells in the smooth Severn stream. Sabrina is her name. Often at eve she visits the herds along the twilight meadows, and guards them from the spells that the meddling elves throw about them; and for this the shepherds love her, and at their festivals sing songs to her, and throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream, of pansies, pinks and gaudy daffodils. She can unlock all charms and spells, and if she is called upon with a song, she will be swift to aid the Lady. I will call upon her thus, and add the power of some beseeching verse."

Then the Attendant Spirit calls upon the nymph and sings this song:

'Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!"

When the song has ceased, Sabrina rises from the stream with her water-nymphs around her and sings:

"By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here!"

SPIRIT. "Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile."

SABRINA (to the Lady). "Brightest Lady, look on me:
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Now the spell hath lost his hold."

At the end of this song Sabrina and her nymphs sink into the stream, and the Lady rises from her seat.

The scene changes again, and we are in Ludlow Town, with Ludlow Castle in the background. Country youths and maidens come in, and there is dancing and merry-making in honor of the earl. In the midst of it all the Attendant Spirit, the Lady, and the Brothers enter, and the Spirit presents the three to their father and mother, telling of the trial through which they have passed and of their victory over the enchanter.]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Name some things that were happening in England when Milton was born. 2. Tell or write the story of Milton's life: (*a*) when and where he was born; (*b*) something about his father, his home, and his early studies; (*c*) his school and university life; (*d*) his life at Horton; (*e*) his travels; (*f*) his teaching, and his marriage; (*g*) his work for the government, and his blindness; (*h*) his return to the writing of poetry, and his last days. 3. Tell why "Comus" was written.

4. Tell briefly in your own words the story of Comus. 5. Who was Circe? 6. What herb did the Attendant Spirit give to the brothers to protect them, and to what other herb did he compare it? Tell what you can of the other herb (see page 150). 7. Memorize the speech of the Lady beginning with line 9, page 267. 8. Why did Comus fear the Lady?

9. What is meant by "Without his rod reversed, we cannot free the Lady"? What are "stony fetters"? 10. Memorize the song "Sabrina fair," page 268. 11. Memorize Sabrina's

reply. 12. What is meant by "The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair"; by "rushy-fringèd," "osier dank," "azurn sheen," "turkis blue," "printless feet," "rubied lĭp"?

The thought which Milton wishes to bring out in this play is that good is stronger than evil and can conquer it.

Read about Charles I, Cromwell, and Charles II in any good book of stories from English history.

Comus (Cō′mŭs).

clergyman (clēr′gy măn) : a preacher or minister of the church.

L'Allegro (Läl le͟g′grō) : the cheerful or merry one.

Il Penseroso (Ĭl Pĕn sĕ rō′sō) : the meditative or thoughtful one.

Lycidas (Lĭç′ĭ dăs).

pamphlets (păm′flĕts) : small books without covers or with paper covers.

dictated (dĭc′tāt ĕd) : spoken so that another may write it down.

masque (măsk) : an old play in which the actors wore masks.

Ludlow (Lŭd′lō*w*).

port : the manner in which a person bears himself; behavior.

stead (stĕ*a*d) : service, advantage.

unthread thy joints : take out the threads or ligaments that hold the bones together.

hæmony (h*æ*ĕ′mō nў) : a mythical plant.

necromancer (nĕc′rō măn çēr) : a magician or sorcerer.

banquets (bă͟n′quĕts) : feasts.

treasonous (trē*a*′s͟on o*u*s) : treasonable, traitorous.

'scape : escape.

reversed : turned backward or in an opposite direction.

Severn (Sĕv′ērn) : a river in Wales and England.

Sabrina (S*a*′brĭ nȧ) : a nymph of the river Severn.

translucent (trăns lū′çĕnt) : partly transparent.

train : something that trails or hangs behind.

amber-dropping hair : hair of amber color, or a clear light yellow, with water dropping through it.

osier (ō′zhēr) : a kind of willow.

dank (dă͟nk) : damp or moist.

azurn sheen (ăzh′ŭrn) : a glossy azure or sky blue.

turkis (tûr′kĭs) : an old word for turquoise, a greenish blue.

swain (swā*i*n) : a young countryman.

rubied (ru͟′bĭ*e*d) : ruby-colored.

HOW ROBINSON CRUSOE LEARNED TO USE HIS HANDS

FROM "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

DANIEL DEFOE

[Charles the Second of England seemed to live chiefly for the purpose of enjoying himself; and enjoyment to him meant drinking and carousing and all kinds of dissipation. While he was engaged with this sort of thing he let his followers do about as they pleased. The government of the Puritans had been perhaps too strict, but the government of Charles the Second was almost no government at all.

During these times the Puritan Milton, you will remember, was obliged to hide in order to save his life, and at last, when he was allowed to go freely about, returned to the writing, or dictating, of "Paradise Lost." John Bunyan, a Puritan or dissenting preacher, was put into prison because he insisted upon preaching, and there in his cell wrote that great book "Pilgrim's Progress," which I hope you will read, for it is a wonderful story and the work of a wonderful man. John Dryden, the most popular writer of the day, had been a Puritan when the Puritans were in power, but was glad to turn Royalist when Charles the Second came to the throne. He wrote poems and plays and translations, and some of his poems

were very good and some were not so good. We do not read them much to-day.

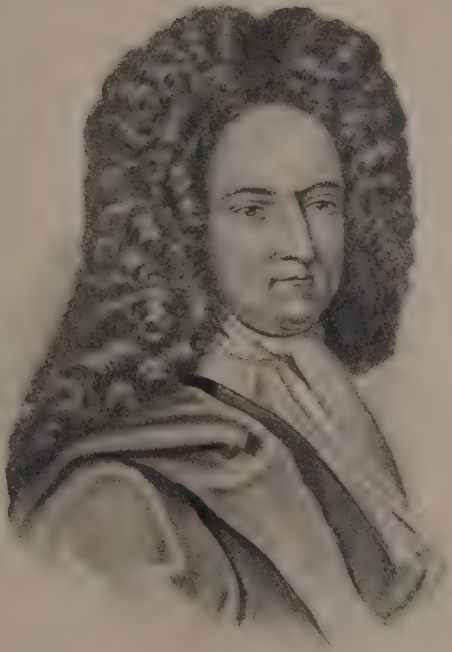
Into the midst of all this riot and turmoil, about 1661, another writer was born in London, who years afterwards was to become the author of another wonderful book, "Robinson Crusoe." His father was a butcher named Foe, a good man, who knew that his son had talent and who wanted him to become a preacher — a Puritan or dissenting preacher, like Bunyan, for the Foe family were dissenters. So the boy Daniel was sent to school for some five years or more. But he had no notion of becoming a preacher. Perhaps he thought the life of a dissenting preacher under such conditions was too hard; perhaps he thought he was not good enough, and very likely he was right about it; but he decided that he would rather go into business. So he went into business and became a hosier, or, as we should say, a dealer in stockings. Then he started a factory for making tiles and brick — and if you will read his description of how Robinson Crusoe baked clay and made pottery, you will see that he understood how it was done.

I am sorry to tell you that when he became a man he was foolish enough to change his name from Foe to Defoe. It is said that he used to write his name "D. Foe"; some took it to be all one name; he liked the Frenchy sound and let it go at that. At all events, it was n't the name that his father, the honest butcher, bore.

At about the time that he became Defoe he began to wear a French wig, which was quite the style in those days. These wigs were absurdly large affairs and looked somewhat like the inside of a hair mattress. We should not call them exactly beautiful, but the people of those days thought them very grand. Anything French was then considered right and proper.

While Defoe was wearing this wig of his, and was selling hose and making tiles and brick, he was writing too — for he was a restless sort of person who was never satisfied if he was not doing half a dozen things at once. And about 1703 he wrote something that got him into trouble. There had been changes in England. Charles the Second had been succeeded by his brother, James the Second, and James the Second by William of Orange. Then Queen Anne came to the throne. She didn't treat the dissenters any better than Charles or James had treated them, and when Defoe wrote a pamphlet criticizing her, she offered a reward of fifty pounds for his arrest. Some one told the officers where he was, and got the fifty pounds, and the result was that the officers seized Defoe and put him in the pillory.

The pillory, as you perhaps know, was a plank with three holes in it, one of them just big enough to fit about a man's neck and one for each of his wrists. When any one had broken the law, he was locked into this plank, or pillory, and made to stand in some public



Daniel Defoe

street or square, so that the crowd might jeer at him and throw mud and decayed vegetables and various other unpleasant things at him. It was brutal enough, but it was a fair sample of the civilization of those days.

When Defoe was put into the pillory a strange thing happened. Instead of throwing mud, the people cheered him and hung wreaths of flowers on the pillory and strewed the street with roses; and this was because they knew that Defoe was right and the government wrong.

But the queen and her nobles weren't to be defeated in that way, so they had the wreaths of flowers pulled off the pillory, and shut up Defoe in prison; and there, behind the prison bars, he kept on writing and edited a newspaper, which some of his friends helped him to publish, and which made him still more popular. This was almost the first newspaper ever published, and if Defoe had never written anything else we should remember him for that.

The queen at last decided that it was better to have such a man on her side than against her; so she let Defoe out of prison and paid him to write political pamphlets that would quiet the people instead of disturbing them.

Some fifteen years after he had been released, we hear of him as living comfortably in a large house at Stoke Newington, with his wife and family, being then about sixty years of age. And there he wrote the story

that has made him famous for all time — "Robinson Crusoe," one of the greatest tales that was ever put into a book.

It is hard for us to believe that "Robinson Crusoe" is not true. It is told with such exactness and is so lifelike that we can see, as long as we live, old Crusoe in his goatskin clothes, with his parrot at his side and his dog at his feet. And all that Defoe had to make the story out of was the fact that about 1704 a Scotch sailor named Alexander Selkirk got into a dispute with the captain of the ship in which he was sailing; was put off on a lonely island near the coast of South America with a gun, a bed, and some provisions; lived there a little more than four years, dressing himself in goatskin when his clothes had worn out; and at the end of that time was rescued by a British vessel and taken home to England. That was all.

I cannot tell you the story of Robinson Crusoe. You must read it if you do not already know it. How Crusoe ran away from home and went to sea; how he was captured by pirates and sold as a slave; how he escaped and went to South America and started a plantation; how he went to sea again and was wrecked and cast alone upon a desert island, and made a home for himself there, living for twenty-eight years with his dog and cats and goats and parrot; how, walking one day by the seaside, he saw a man's footprints in the sand,

and soon after discovered a party of savages eating one of their captives; how he saved a captive and made a servant of him, calling him "Friday"; and how afterwards he saved Friday's father, and fought with a party of mutineers and rescued their captain and their ship, and was taken home again — all these things make a story that is as fresh and interesting to-day as it was when it was written, nearly two hundred years ago.

The selection which we are to read tells how Crusoe learned to make the things he needed; for you must remember that, while in civilized countries the needs of life are supplied by thousands of men, each doing different things, Robinson Crusoe had to do *everything himself*. He was the whole world of working men in one.

I must not forget to tell you that Defoe towards the end of his life became very unpopular, because it became known that he had sold himself to the service of the queen and nobles. It was also said that he had acted as a spy or secret agent for the government. A man cannot sell his beliefs and honor without suffering for it sooner or later, and Defoe suffered severely in the end. He lost his money, got into debt, and fled from home, hiding for two years, no one knows just where or why, perhaps to escape from his creditors or from some enemy whom he feared. He died a poor old man of about seventy, friendless and alone, in a cheap lodging house in London, in the year 1731.]

I. I BEGIN HOUSEKEEPING

I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house-side, so that nothing could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave; but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not above an hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door, and at the end of it descended irregularly every way down into the low grounds by the seaside.

Before I set up my tent, I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock, and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending.

In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm, like piles, the biggest end being out of the ground about five feet and a half, and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another.

Then I took the pieces of cable which I had cut in the ship, and I laid them in rows one upon another, within the circle, between these two rows of stakes, up to the top, placing other stakes in the inside, leaning

against them, about two feet and a half high, like a spur to a post; and this fence was so strong that neither man nor beast could get into it or over it. The entrance into this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top, which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me, and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the world.

Into this fence or fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition, and stores, and I made me a large tent, which, to preserve me from the rains that in one part of the year are very violent there, I made double; namely, one smaller tent within, and one large tent above it.

When I had done this, I began to work my way into the rock; and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug out through my tent, I laid them up within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made me a cave just behind my tent, which served me like a cellar to my house.

In the interval of time while this was doing I went out once at least every day with my gun, as well to divert myself as to see if I could kill anything fit for food, and, as near as I could, to acquaint myself with what the island produced. The first time I went out I presently discovered that there were goats in the island, which was a great satisfaction to me.

After I had been there about ten or twelve days, it came into my thoughts that I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books and pen and ink, and should even forget the sabbath days from the working days; but to prevent this, I cut it with my knife upon a large post, in capital letters, and making it into a great cross, I set it up on the shore where I first landed; namely,

I CAME ON SHORE HERE ON THE 30TH SEPT., 1659.

Upon the sides of this square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

I must not forget that we had in the ship a dog and two cats. I carried both the cats with me; and as for the dog, he jumped out of the ship of himself and swam on shore to me the day after I went on shore with my first cargo, and was a trusty servant to me many years. I wanted nothing that he could fetch me, nor any company that he could make up to me; I only wanted to have him talk to me, but that he would not do.

I have already observed how I brought all my goods into this pale, and into the cave which I had made behind me; but I must observe too that at first this was a confused heap of goods, which, as they lay in no order, so they took up all my place, and I had no room to turn

myself. So I set myself to enlarge my cave and works farther into the earth; for it was a loose, sandy rock, which yielded easily to the labor I bestowed on it. When I found I was pretty safe as to beasts of prey, I worked sideways to the right hand into the rock, and then turning to the right again, worked quite out and made me a door to come out on the outside of my pale or fortification.

And now I began to apply myself to make such necessary things as I found I most wanted, as particularly a chair and a table. I made abundance of things, even without tools, and some with no more tools than an adze and a hatchet, which, perhaps, were never made that way before, and that with infinite labor. For example, if I wanted a board, I had no other way but to cut down a tree, set it on an edge before me, and hew it flat on either side with my ax, till I had brought it to be as thin as a plank, and then dub it smooth with my adze. It is true, by this method I could make but one board out of a whole tree; but this I had no remedy for but patience.

When I had wrought out some boards, as above, I made large shelves, of the breadth of a foot and a half, one over another, all along one side of my cave, on which to lay all my tools, nails, and iron-work, and, in a word, to separate everything at large in their places, that I might come easily at them. I knocked pieces into the wall of the rock, to hang my guns and all things that

would hang up. So that my cave looked like a general magazine of all necessary things; and I had everything so ready at my hand that it was a great pleasure to me to see all my goods in such order, and especially to find my stock of all necessaries so great.

I was at a great loss for candles; so that as soon as ever it was dark, which was generally by seven o'clock, I was obliged to go to bed. The only remedy I had was, that when I killed a goat I saved the tallow, and with a little dish made of clay, which I baked in the sun, to which I added a wick of some oakum, I made me a lamp. In the middle of all my labors it happened that, rummaging my things, I found a little bag, which had been filled with corn for the feeding of poultry, not for this voyage, but before, as I suppose, when the ship came from Lisbon. What little remainder of corn had been in the bag was all devoured by the rats, and I saw nothing in the bag but husks and dust. Being willing to have the bag for some other use, I shook the husks of corn out of it on one side of my fortification under the rock.

It was a little before the great rains that I threw this stuff away, taking no notice of anything, and not so much as remembering that I had thrown anything there. About a month after, or thereabout, I saw some few stalks of something green shooting out of the ground, which I fancied might be some plant I had not seen; but I was surprised and perfectly astonished, when, after a little

longer time, I saw about ten or twelve ears come out, which were perfect green barley. I carefully saved the ears of this corn, you may be sure, and laying up every corn, I resolved to sow them all again, hoping in time to have some quantity sufficient to supply me with bread. Besides this barley there were twenty or thirty stalks of rice, which I preserved with the same care.

II. I EXPLORE THE ISLAND AND BUILD A COUNTRY HOUSE

I had been now in this unhappy island above ten months. All possibility of deliverance from this condition seemed to be entirely taken from me; and I firmly believed that no human shape had ever set foot upon that place. Having now secured my habitation, as I thought, fully to my mind, I had a great desire to make a more perfect discovery of the island, and to see what other productions I might find, which I yet knew nothing of.

It was on the 15th of July that I began to take a more particular survey of the island itself. I went up the creek first, where I brought my rafts on shore. I found, after I came about two miles up, that the tide did not flow any higher, and that it was no more than a little brook of running water, and very fresh and good. On the bank of this brook I found many pleasant savannas, or meadows, plain, smooth, and covered with grass.

The next day, the 16th, I went up the same way again, and after going somewhat farther than I had gone the day before, I found the brook and the savannas began to cease, and the country became more woody than before. In this part I found different fruits, and particularly I found melons upon the ground in great abundance, and grapes upon the trees. The vines had spread indeed over the trees, and the clusters of grapes were just now in their prime, very ripe and rich.

I spent all that evening there, and went not back to my habitation. In the night I got up into a tree, where I slept well, and the next morning proceeded upon my discovery, traveling near four miles, as I might judge by the length of the valley, keeping still due north, with a ridge of hills on the south and north sides of me.

At the end of this march I came to an opening, where the country seemed to descend to the west. A little spring of fresh water, which issued out of the side of the hill by me, ran the other way; that is, due east. The country appeared so fresh, so green, so flourishing, that it looked like a planted garden.

I descended a little on the side of that delicious vale, surveying it with a secret kind of pleasure (though mixed with my other afflicting thoughts), to think that this was all my own; that I was king and lord of all this country. I saw here abundance of cocoa trees, orange, and lemon, and citron trees, but all wild and very few bearing any

fruit; at least, not then. However, the green limes that I gathered were not only pleasant to eat but very wholesome; and I mixed their juice afterwards with water, which made it very wholesome, and very cool and refreshing.

I gathered a great heap of grapes in one place, and a lesser heap in another place, and a great parcel of limes and lemons in another place; and taking a few of each with me, I traveled homeward, and resolved to come again and bring a bag or sack, or what I could make, to carry the rest home.

Accordingly, having spent three days in this journey, I came home (so I must now call my tent and my cave); but before I got thither the grapes were spoiled. The richness of the fruits and the weight of the juice having broken them and bruised them, they were good for little or nothing. As to the limes, they were good, but I could bring but a few.

The next day, being the 19th, I went back, having made me two small bags to bring home my harvest. But I was surprised when, coming to my heap of grapes, which were so rich and fine when I gathered them, I found them all spread about, trod to pieces, and dragged about, some here, some there, and abundance eaten and devoured. By this, I concluded there were some wild creatures thereabouts which had done this; but what they were I knew not.

However, as I found there was no laying them up in heaps, and no carrying them away in a sack, I took another course. I gathered a large quantity of the grapes, and hung them upon the out branches of the trees, that they might cure and dry in the sun; and as for the limes and lemons, I carried as many back as I could well stand under.

When I came home from this journey, I contemplated with great pleasure the fruitfulness of that valley, and the pleasantness of the situation, and concluded that I had pitched upon a place to fix my abode which was by far the worst part of the country. Upon the whole I began to consider removing my habitation.

But I considered that I was now by the seaside, where it was at least possible that something might happen to my advantage. Though I resolved not to remove, yet I built me a little kind of bower, and surrounded it at a distance with a strong fence, being a double hedge, as high as I could reach, well staked and filled between with brushwood. Here I lay very secure, sometimes two or three nights together, always going over it with a ladder, as before; so that I fancied now I had my country house and my seacoast house. This work took me up to the beginning of August.

The 3d of August I found the grapes I had hung up were perfectly dried, and indeed were excellent good raisins. I had above two hundred large bunches of them.

No sooner had I taken them all down, and carried most of them home to my cave, but it began to rain; and from thence it rained more or less every day till the middle of October; and sometimes so violently that I could not stir out of my cave for several days.

In this confinement I began to be straitened for food; but venturing out twice, I one day killed a goat, and the last day, which was the 26th, found a very large tortoise, which was a treat to me. My food was regulated thus: I ate a bunch of raisins for my breakfast, a piece of goat's flesh or of turtle for my dinner, broiled, and two or three of the turtle's eggs for my supper.

As soon as the rains were over, and the weather began to settle, which was about the month of November, I made a visit up the country to my bower, where, though I had not been some months, yet I found all things just as I left them. The circle or double hedge that I had made was not only firm and entire, but the stakes which I had cut out of some trees that grew thereabouts were all shot out and grown with long branches, as much as a willow tree usually shoots the first year after lopping its head. I pruned them and led them up to grow as much alike as I could, and it is scarce credible how beautiful a figure they grew into in three years; so that, though the hedge made a circle of about twenty-five yards in diameter, yet the trees, for such I might now call them, soon covered it.

This made me resolve to cut some more stakes and make me a hedge like this in a semicircle round my first dwelling. Placing the trees or stakes in a double row, at about eight yards' distance from my first fence, they grew presently and were at first a fine cover to my habitation and afterwards served for a defense also.

In the rainy season I found much employment. Particularly, I tried many ways to make myself a basket; but all the twigs I could get for the purpose proved so brittle that they would do nothing. It proved of excellent advantage to me now, that when I was a boy I used to take great delight in standing at a basket-maker's in the town where my father lived, to see them make their wicker ware. I had by this means so full knowledge of the methods of it that I wanted nothing but the materials; when it came into my mind that the twigs of that tree from whence I cut my stakes that grew, might possibly be as tough as the willows and osiers in England, and I resolved to try.

Accordingly, the next day I went to my country house, as I called it, and cutting some of the smaller twigs, I found them to my purpose. I carried them to my cave, and here, during the next season, I employed myself in making, as well as I could, a great many baskets, both to carry earth, or to carry or lay up anything, as I had occasion. Especially I made strong, deep baskets to place my corn in, when I should come to have any.

I mentioned before, that I had a great mind to see the whole island, and that I had traveled up the brook and so on to where I built my bower and where I had an opening quite to the sea on the other side of the island. I now resolved to travel quite across to the seashore on that side; so, taking my gun, a hatchet, and my dog, and a larger quantity of powder and shot than usual, with two biscuit cakes and a great bunch of raisins in my pouch for my store, I began my journey. When I had passed the vale where my bower stood I came within view of the sea, to the west; and, it being a very clear day, I fairly descried land, whether an island or continent I could not tell; but it lay very high, and at a very great distance. By my guess it could not be less than fifteen or twenty leagues off.

I could not tell what part of the world this might be, otherwise than that I knew it must be part of America; and, as I concluded, must be near the Spanish dominions, and perhaps was inhabited by savages.

With these considerations, I walked very leisurely forward. I saw abundance of parrots, and I did, after some painstaking, catch a young one and bring him home. It was some years before I could make him speak, but at last I taught him to call me by my name, very familiarly.

As soon as I came to the seashore, I was surprised to see that the shore was covered with turtles. Here was also an infinite number of fowls of many kinds. I traveled

along the shore, I suppose about twelve miles. Then, setting up a great pole upon the shore, for a mark, I concluded I would go home again, and the next journey I took should be on the other side of the island, east from my dwelling, and so round, till I came to my post again.

In this journey my dog surprised a young kid and seized upon it; and I, running to take hold of it, caught it and saved it alive from the dog. I had a great mind to bring it home, if I could, for I had often been musing whether it might not be possible to get a kid or two, and so raise a breed of tame goats, which might supply me when my powder and shot should be all spent.

I made a collar for this little creature, and, with a string which I had of some rope-yarn, I led it along till I came to my bower, and there I inclosed it and left it; for I was very impatient to be at home.

I reposed myself here a week; then I began to think of the poor kid, which I had penned in within my little circle. I went, and found it where I left it; for, indeed, it could not get out; and having fed it, I tied it as I did before, to lead it away. But it was so tame with being hungry that I had no need to have tied it; for it followed me like a dog. As I continually fed it, the creature became so loving, so gentle, and so fond, that it became from that time one of my domestics also, and would never leave me afterwards.

III. I LEARN TO MAKE POTTERY, BREAD, AND CLOTHES, AND I SET UP A DAIRY

About the latter end of December, I reaped my crop. I was sadly put to it for a scythe or a sickle to cut it down, and all I could do was to make one as well as I could out of one of the broadswords, or cutlasses, which I saved among the arms out of the ship. At the end of all my harvesting, I found that out of my half-peck of seed I had near two bushels of rice and above two bushels and a half of barley. I resolved not to taste any of this crop, but to preserve it all for seed against the next season, and in the meantime to employ all my study to accomplish this great work of providing myself with corn and bread. It is a little wonderful, and what I believe few people have thought much upon; namely, the strange multitude of little things necessary in the providing, producing, and finishing this one article of bread.

I had the next six months to furnish myself with utensils. But first, I was to prepare more land, for I had now seed enough to sow above an acre of ground. I sowed my seeds in two large, flat pieces, as near my house as I could find them to my mind, and fenced them in with a good hedge. This work did not take up less than three months; because great part of that time was in the wet season, when I could not go abroad.

Within doors, when it rained, and I could not go out, I found employment, and all the while I was at work I diverted myself with talking to my parrot and teaching him to speak. I quickly taught him to know his own name, and at last to speak it out pretty loud, "Poll," which was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. Afterward, he would sit upon my finger and lay his bill close to my face and cry, "Poor Robinson Crusoe, where are you?" "Where have you been?" "How came you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

I had long studied, by some means or other to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely. Considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any clay, I might botch up some such pot as might, being dried by the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling and to hold anything that was dry and required to be kept so. So I resolved to make some as large as I could.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing, as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how

after having labored hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and work it, I could not make above two large earthen, ugly things — I cannot call them jars — in about two months' labor.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up and set them down again in two great wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them that they might not break. As between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw; and these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of my earthenware vessels in the fire, burnt as hard as a stone and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it and said to myself that certainly they might be made to burn whole if they would burn broken.

This set me to studying how to order my fire so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three pots in a pile, one upon

another, and placed my firewood all round it with a great heap of embers under them. I piled the fire with fresh fuel round the outside and upon the top till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run. For the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat and would have run into glass if I had gone on. So I slacked my fire gradually till the pots began to abate of the red color, and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good, I will not say handsome, pipkins, and two other earthen pots, as hard burnt as could be desired; and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

After this experiment, I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the children make dirt pies.

No joy at a thing of so mean a nature was ever equal to mine when I found I had made an earthen pot that would bear the fire; and I had hardly patience to stay till they were cold, before I set one upon the fire again with some water in it, to boil me some meat, which it did admirably well.

My next concern was to get me a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in. I spent many a day to find out a great stone big enough to cut hollow and make fit for a mortar, and could find none at all, except what was in the solid rock and which I had no way to dig or cut out. So I gave it over, and resolved to look out for a great block of hard wood, which I found indeed much easier. Getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it and formed it on the outside with my ax and hatchet, and then, with the help of fire and infinite labor made a hollow place in it, as the Indians in Brazil make their canoes. After this, I made a great heavy pestle or beater of the wood called the iron-wood, and this I prepared and laid by against I had my next crop of corn, when I proposed to myself to grind, or rather pound, my corn into meal to make my bread.

My next difficulty was to make a sieve to dress my meal and to part it from the bran and the husk. Here I was at a full stop, but at last I did remember I had among the seamen's clothes which were saved out of the ship some neckcloths of calico or muslin, and with some pieces of these I made three small sieves.

The baking part was the next thing to be considered. For an oven, I was indeed in great pain. At length I made some earthen vessels very broad but not deep; that is to say, about two feet diameter and not above nine inches deep. These I burnt in the fire, as I had done the

other, and laid them by. When I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles of my own making and burning also. When the firewood was burnt pretty much into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the hearth was very hot. Then, sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf, or loaves, and, whelming down the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to keep in and add to the heat. Thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves, and became in a little time a pastry-cook into the bargain, for I made myself several cakes of the rice, and puddings.

It need not be wondered at if all these things took up the most part of the third year of my abode here; for in the intervals of these things I had my new harvest and husbandry to manage. I reaped my corn in its season, carried it home, and laid it up in my large baskets. And now, indeed, my stock of corn increasing, I really wanted to build my barns bigger; for I had of the barley about twenty bushels and of the rice as much or more; insomuch that now I resolved to begin to use it freely.

My clothes too began to decay mightily. As to linen, I had had none a good while, except some checkered shirts which I found in the chests of the other seamen and which I carefully preserved. I saved the skins of all

the creatures that I killed and the first thing I made of these was a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside, to shoot off the rain. After this I made me a suit of clothes wholly of skins, that is to say, a waistcoat, and breeches open at the knees, and both loose; for they were rather wanted to keep me cool than to keep me warm. I spent a great deal of time and pains to make me an umbrella. At last I made one to answer, and covered it with skins, the hair upwards, so that it cast off the rains and kept off the sun.

I cannot say that after this, for five years, any extraordinary thing happened to me. I had one labor, to make me a canoe, which at last I finished. By digging a canal to it six feet wide and four feet deep I brought it into the creek. I fitted up a little mast, and made a sail out of some of the pieces of the ship's sail which lay in store.

Having fitted my mast and sail and tried the boat, I found she would sail very well. Then I made little lockers, or boxes, at either end, to put provisions, necessaries, and ammunition into, to be kept dry either from rain or the spray of the sea; and a little, long, hollow place I cut in the inside of the boat, where I could lay my gun, making a flap to hang down over it to keep it dry. I fixed my umbrella also in the stern, to stand over my head and keep the heat of the sun off me, like an awning; and thus I every now and then took a little voyage upon the sea.

Being now in the eleventh year of my residence, and my ammunition growing low, I set myself to study some art to trap and snare the goats, to see whether I could not catch some of them alive. I dug several large pits in the earth, in places where I had observed the goats used to feed, and over these pits I placed hurdles of my own making, too, with a great weight upon them, and several times I put ears of barley and dry rice. Going one morning to see my traps, I found in one of them a large old he-goat and in one of the others three kids.

As to the old one, I knew not what to do with him. He was so fierce I durst not go into the pit to him to bring him away alive; so I let him out, and he ran away as if he had been frighted out of his wits. Then I went to the three kids, and taking them one by one I tied them with strings together, and brought them all home.

It was a good while before they would feed, but throwing them some sweet corn it tempted them, and they began to be tame. I resolved to inclose a piece of about one hundred and fifty yards in length, and one hundred yards in breadth, which, as it would maintain as many goats as I should have in any reasonable time, so, as my flock increased, I could add more ground to my inclosure.

I was about three months hedging in the first piece, and till I had done it I tethered the three kids in the best part of it and used them to feed as near me as possible, to make them familiar. Very often I would go and carry

them some ears of barley or a handful of rice and feed them out of my hand; so that after my inclosure was finished and I let them loose, they would follow me up and down, bleating after me for a handful of corn.

In about a year and a half I had a flock of about twelve goats, kids and all; and in two years more I had three and forty, besides several that I killed for my food. After that, I inclosed five pieces of ground to feed them in, with little pens to drive them into, to take them as I wanted; and gates out of one piece of ground into another.

But this was not all; for now I not only had goat's flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk too — a thing which indeed in my beginning I did not so much as think of. For now I set up my dairy and had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a day. I also made me both butter and cheese at last.

It would have made a stoic smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island. I had the lives of all my subjects at absolute command. Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants! Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, which was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side the table and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand as a mark of special favor.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who was the king of England at the time of Defoe's birth, and what was going on in the country? 2. Write or tell what you can of Defoe's life; (*a*) his birth and family; (*b*) schooling; (*c*) business life; (*d*) change of name; (*e*) arrest and punishment; (*f*) release and later life.

3. Write or tell briefly in your own words some of the principal events in the story of Robinson Crusoe. 4. What were the facts out of which Defoe made the story? 5. Draw a plan of Crusoe's fortress and cave, and describe it. Why did he build against the side of a steep hill? Why was a cave better than a tent?

6. How did Crusoe keep his reckoning of time? 7. How did he make a board for a shelf, and what does that show you of the value of tools and machinery? 8. What shows Crusoe's tidiness and love of order? 9. How did he make a lamp? 10. What did he have for food, and how did he get it? Tell particularly about his corn, and what is meant here by corn (see word list).

11. Tell how Crusoe got his raisins. 12. Describe his "country house." 13. Describe the seasons on Crusoe's island. Name one or more countries that you have read about in your geography having seasons like these (Crusoe's island was supposed to be near the mouth of the Orinoco River, off the coast of South America). 14. Tell how Crusoe made baskets. What is wicker ware? 15. Describe Crusoe's first journey to the side of the island opposite that where he had his cave. What did he find?

16. What different things did Crusoe have to do before he could make a loaf of bread? 17. Tell how he made pottery.

What was there in Defoe's own life that made it easy for him to describe Crusoe's experiments in pottery? What is meant by "abate of the red color"? Explain how one of the pots was "perfectly glazed by the running of the sand." 18. Describe Crusoe's oven. 19. What story is Defoe thinking of when he makes Crusoe say that he wanted to build his barns bigger (see the Bible, Luke xii, 18)?

20. Tell how Crusoe made clothing for himself. 21. Tell how he made a boat and launched it. 22. Tell how he came to have a dairy. 23. Have you ever tried to make any of the things that Crusoe made? If so, tell what success you had. 24. Do you think Crusoe enjoyed using his rough homemade things as well as he would have enjoyed more perfect ones that had been made in a factory? Give reasons for your answer.

25. Name the good qualities that Crusoe showed. One was love of order; another was patience. What were others? 26. The story shows how many different kinds of work must be done by some one to make the little things that we use every day. In this selection find how many kinds of workmen Crusoe did the work of, as carpenter, potter, baker, etc.

You will want to read the whole story of Robinson Crusoe. Some may be interested in making a model of Crusoe's cave, or of the clothes that he wore, or of his boat, or of some other things that he made.

Defoe (Dē fō′): author of Robinson Crusoe, lived 1661–1731.

Dryden (Drī′dĕn): an English poet, lived 1631–1700.

dissenters (dĭs sĕn′tẽrs): a name given to the Puritans and others who left the Church of England.

Anne (Ănne): queen of England from 1702 to 1714.

semi-diameter (sĕmĭ-dī ăm′ē tẽr): half the diameter.

piles: large stakes or pointed logs driven into the earth.

spur: here, a short wooden brace.

infinite (ĭn′fĭ nĭt*e*) : so great that it cannot be measured.

pale : a fence, or the space inclosed by it.

abundance (*à* bŭn′dăn*çe*) : great plenty, more than enough.

adze (ădz*e*) : a cutting tool like an ax, except that the blade is at right angles to the handle.

dub : to smooth with an adze.

magazine (măg *à* zĭne′) : here, a storehouse.

oakum (ō*a*′kŭm) : rope picked into shreds.

corn : here, any kind of grain.

savannas (sȧ văn′nȧs) : grassy plains.

due : here, directly or exactly.

lime : a small greenish-yellow fruit, somewhat like the lemon but more nearly round.

credible (crĕd′ĭ bl*e*) : believable.

wicker ware : articles woven of small pliable twigs.

descried (dē scrīed′) : spied, or caught sight of.

league (lēa*gue*) : a measure of distance differing in different countries; in English-speaking countries it is about three miles.

inclosed (ĭn clōsed′) : shut in.

domestics (dō mĕs′tĭcs) : members of a household.

utensils (ū tĕn′sĭls) : implements, especially those used in the kitchen or dairy.

temper : here, to moisten and stir or knead thoroughly.

kiln (kĭl*n*) : a large oven or furnace.

pipkins (pĭp′kĭns) : small earthen pots.

began to abate of the red color : the red color began to disappear.

indifferent (ĭn dĭf′fēr ĕnt) : here, not very good.

mortar (môr′tär) : here, a strong vessel in which substances are pounded to break them up.

pestle (pĕs′l) : a pounder, or hard implement, used to break or powder substances in a mortar.

whelming down : placing over so as to cover.

husbandry : the business of a farmer.

hurdles : movable frames of woven willow twigs or wicker.

tethered (tĕth′ēred) : tied as an animal, with a rope or chain, to keep it within bounds.

used them : accustomed them.

stoic (stō′ĭc) : one not easily excited.

SOME ADVENTURES OF GULLIVER

FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"

JONATHAN SWIFT

[I am going to tell you to-day the story of a man who became very unhappy by thinking too much about himself. He was one of the most brilliant writers of the eighteenth century, and his name was Jonathan Swift.

In 1667, while Milton was still writing, and Defoe was a small boy in London, Jonathan Swift was born in the city of Dublin. His parents were English, and his father had gone to Ireland in the hope of getting a political office, but failed and died there, leaving his wife and two young children very poor.

Some of the wealthy relatives of the Swifts helped them in their poverty. A nurse was employed for Jonathan, and this nurse thought so much of the child that when he was a year old she ran away with him and took him to England. He seems to have lived with her for about three years. Then his uncle took him back to Ireland and cared for him, sending him to school when he was six, and to Trinity College, Dublin, when he was fourteen. His mother soon went back to live with relatives in England, and Jonathan saw little more of her.

At school and college young Swift began to show that unhappy spirit which went with him through life. He

was proud, and his uncle, though giving him a good education, made him feel his poverty and dependence. This soured the young man's disposition; he wasted his time, quarreled with his teachers, and was able to pass his final examinations only through the favor of one of the examiners.

Then he went to England to live with another relative, Sir William Temple, who gave him a position as private secretary. Sir William treated him very much as his uncle had done, and Swift was often thrown into a furious rage. At last he had an open quarrel with Sir William and left him.

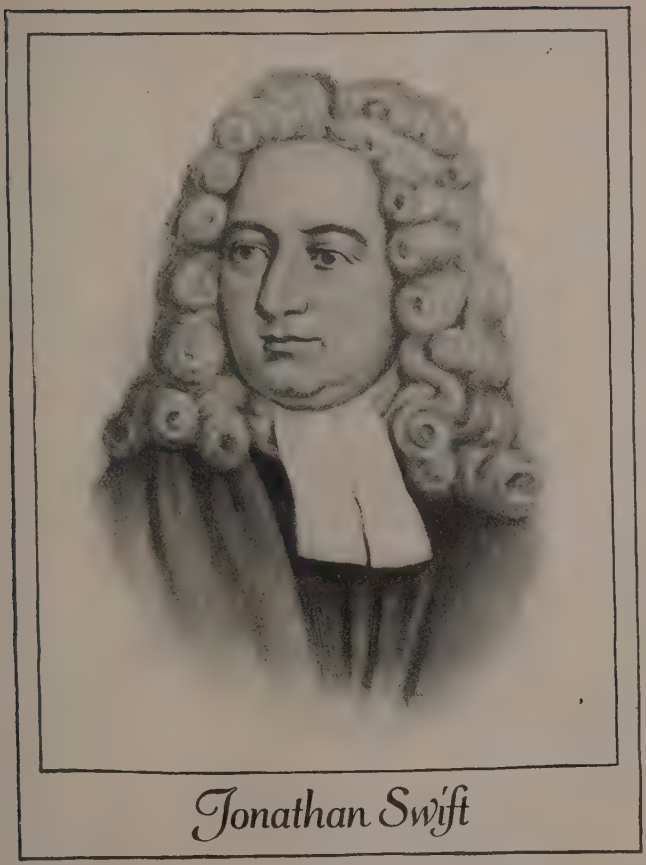
He then became a clergyman of the Church of England. Why a young man of his disposition should wish to be a clergyman may perhaps make you wonder, and it has made others do the same. But he was sent to Ireland, and was given a little parish by the seashore; and there, with no one to look down upon him, he went to work with a will, and forgot himself for a time in caring for others.

But it grew very dull in that quiet seashore parish, and he received barely enough to live upon, so that when Sir William wrote to him asking him to come back to England, he went back and took up the position of private secretary again, and kept it several years longer, until Sir William died. Then he returned to Ireland and took another country parish, smaller than the former one.

It is said that often on a Sunday he would have only the parish clerk for his congregation; and he would preach to this clerk, calling him by name, which must have been somewhat embarrassing to the clerk, one would think.

During the years in which Swift was private secretary to Sir William Temple, and while he was preaching in Ireland, he wrote two satires called "The Battle of the Books" and "The Tale of a Tub." A satire is a story or poem or essay in which something that is wrong or foolish is held up to be made fun of. Swift's satires were very sarcastic and witty, and when he published them they attracted great attention. Soon afterwards he went to London and began to write political pamphlets, and wrote with such force and brilliancy that no one in England could equal him. Queen Anne was then on the throne, and the country was torn with political strife, into which Swift threw himself heart and soul. He made fun of every one and scorned every one. It would be hard to say whether he was most feared or most hated — he certainly was not loved.

He wanted to be made a bishop, but Queen Anne said he was no sort of man for a bishop; the most she would do for him was to make him dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin. So he went back to Ireland as dean of St. Patrick's, and when he got there the people threw mud and stones at him and hooted at him in the street. But here again he took up his work in earnest, and within



Jonathan Swift

a few years the very people who had thrown stones came to love and to honor him. He was a just man, and felt that the Irish people were not receiving justice; and he worked to get it for them.

In Dublin he wrote his best-known book, "Gulliver's Travels." This too is a satire, on the people and customs of his time, though it reads like a simple story. He published it without letting any one know who the real author was, but said in the introduction that it was written by a man named Lemuel Gulliver, who lived in Nottinghamshire, who always told the truth, and whose neighbors always believed everything he said.

Some were deceived and even went to Nottinghamshire to see this Mr. Gulliver and learn more about his remarkable voyages, but I don't need to tell you that they did n't find him.

The book describes four voyages. In the first, Gulliver was shipwrecked and cast upon an island called Lilliput, where the inhabitants were about as tall as the length of his middle finger; but what they lacked in size they made up in numbers and bravery, for an army of them bound him with strings as he lay asleep upon the ground, and fastened his hair to the earth with pegs, and shot showers of arrows like needles into his flesh, and at length carried him to their capital on a frame of wood, mounted upon twenty-two wheels and drawn by five hundred horses.

They fed him with loaves of bread about as big as musket bullets and with the flesh of animals smaller than larks, and gave him to drink from their largest hogshead, which he took up in his hand and emptied at a draft, for it did not hold more than half a pint.

When they learned that he did not intend to hurt them, they set him free, and he repaid their kindness by helping them to fight their enemies upon the neighboring island of Blefuscu, where he did valiant service.

The second voyage was to Brobdingnag, a land of giants, who seemed as large to Gulliver as he himself had seemed to the Lilliputians. In Brobdingnag a farmer found him and carried him home in a pocket handkerchief. The first day he had a battle with two rats, one of which he killed with his sword. Gulliver was exhibited by his master in many cities of the realm, and at last was sold to the queen, who made a pet of him, treated him well, and carried him about in her hand or in a small box. His nurse was a little girl named Glumdalclitch, nine years old, and small for her age, being not more than forty feet tall. While in the queen's service Gulliver had a fight with a linnet, was knocked down by an apple falling from a tree, broke his leg by stumbling over a snail shell, was almost killed by a monkey, and had many other exciting adventures, which ended in his being carried off in his box by an eagle, dropped into the sea, and rescued by an English vessel.

The third voyage was to a flying island, which was held up in the air by a magnet and was peopled by very learned men who spent much of their time in scientific experiments. The fourth was to a country ruled by horses, who were educated, intelligent, and kind, and who had for their servants a race of men too vile and ugly to read about.

"Gulliver's Travels" met with a wonderful success — so great a success that Dean Swift at length acknowledged that he wrote the book. But the fame of it did him little good. Sorrows and disappointments came thick upon him. The only woman whom he ever truly loved, the beautiful Esther Johnson, or "Stella," as he called her, whom he had taught when she was a little girl of seven at Sir William Temple's and whom years afterwards he married, died soon after this famous book was published. Swift knew that he had neglected and wronged her, and the thought of it made his grief for her still greater. At last, sick in mind and body, he too died. This was in the year 1745, in the reign of George the Second.

The first selection which we have chosen tells of Gulliver's expedition against the island of Blefuscu, while living with the Lilliputians; the second relates a few of his marvelous adventures in Brobdingnag, including his troubles with the queen's dwarf, his fight with the wasps, his sailing excursions, and his capture by the monkey.]

I. GULLIVER CAPTURES A NAVY

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-northeast side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships.

I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbor, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed. They told me that in the middle at high water it was seventy glumgluffs deep, which is about six feet of European measure, and the rest of it fifty glumgluffs at most. I walked towards the northeast coast over against Blefuscu; and lying down behind a hillock, took out my small pocket perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house and gave order for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for

the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls.

I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for my eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessaries a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which had scaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect further than a little to discompose them.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!"

II. ADVENTURES IN BROBDINGNAG

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the Queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the Queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness. One day at dinner this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that raising himself

"I CRIED IN A LOUD VOICE, 'LONG LIVE THE MOST PUISSANT EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT!'"

upon the frame of her Majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the Queen was in such a fright that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me.

I remember one morning when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days, to give me air, (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away, others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the

noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges. I took out their stings, and found them an inch and a half long, and sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and have since shown them with some other curiosities in several parts of Europe.

Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in a smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, the dwarf followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-trees, the malicious rogue watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face, but I received no other hurt.

The Queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail, or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I

answered that I understood both very well; but I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us. She said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. The Queen ordered him to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the Queen and her ladies. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows

and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived because of its largeness and convenience. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with

his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other by cramming into my mouth some victuals, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing.

The ladders were now applied and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, three hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind or to fall by my own giddiness and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up and putting me into his breeches pocket brought me down safe.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can about the author of "Gulliver's Travels," including (*a*) his birth and childhood; (*b*) his life at college; (*c*) at Sir William Temple's; (*d*) as a country clergyman; (*e*) in London; (*f*) as dean of St. Patrick's; (*g*) his books; (*h*) his last days. 2. What is a satire? 3. Give the general plan of "Gulliver's Travels."

4. How far was Blefuscu from Lilliput? Mention two places near your schoolhouse that are about the same distance apart. 5. What is meant by the channel having been often "plumbed"? 6. Why does Swift use the word *glumgluffs* instead of simply expressing the depth of the channel in English feet? 7. What effect does his exact description of details give to the story? What other story of adventure have you read that has this same effect? 8. Tell in your own words the story of how Gulliver captured the fleet. 9. What is meant by the ships falling "foul on each other"? by their moving forward in a large half-moon? 10. How tall was the dwarf of the queen of Brobdingnag? Compare this with the height of a house or some other object which you know. 11. Describe the adventure in the cream; with the wasps, the apples. 12. Compare the dwarf's teasing of Gulliver with the teasing of any small animal by one of us. Does this help you to see how such an animal must feel? 13. Describe Gulliver's boat. 14. Tell about the adventure with the monkey.

You will be interested in reading all of the first two voyages of "Gulliver's Travels." The third and fourth voyages are not so interesting or so easily understood. One of the best editions of the first two voyages is that arranged by Edward K. Robinson.

private secretary: a person employed to attend to the correspondence or private business of another.

parish (păr′ĭsh): the district of which a clergyman has charge.

congregation (cŏn̲ grē̆ gā′shŏn): an assembly of people who meet together for worship.

satire (săt′īre): something written to make fun of wrong or foolish acts or customs.

dean (dēan): a clergyman of high rank; the head of a cathedral.

Lemuel (Lĕm′ū ĕl).

Lilliput (Lĭl′lĭ pŭt): an imaginary island described by Swift.

hogshead (hŏgs̲′hĕad): a large cask or barrel.

Blefuscu (Blē̆ fŭs′cū).

Brobdingnag (Brŏb′dĭng năg).

Lilliputians (Lĭl lĭ pū′shăn̲s): the tiny people of Lilliput.

Glumdalclitch (Glŭm dăl′clĭtch).

plumb (plŭm*b*): to measure the depth of water by dropping a line weighted with a plummet.

glumgluffs (glŭm′glŭffs): an imaginary measure used in Lilliput.

perspective-glass (pēr spĕc′tĭve): a spyglass or telescope.

transports (trăns′pōrts̲): ships used to carry troops.

extremities (ĕx trĕm′ĭ tĭe̲s): ends.

jerkin (jĕr′kĭn): a jacket.

apprehension (ăp prē̆ hĕn′shŏn): fear.

infallibly (ĭn făl′lĭ blў): certainly.

expedient (ĕx pē′dĭ ĕnt): here, a means or device.

scaped (scāped): escaped.

discompose (dĭs cŏm pōs̲e′): disarrange or put out of place.

Blefuscudians (Blē̆ fŭs cū′dĭ ănz̲): inhabitants of Blefuscu.

fall foul on each other: to have a collision or become entangled with one another.

issue (ĭsh′ū*e*): outcome or result.

in more pain: more disturbed or anxious.

puissant (pū′ĭs săn̲t): powerful.

antechamber (ăn′tē̆-chām bēr): an outer chamber or lobby.

allured (ăl lūred′): attracted.

hanger: a short sword.

dispatched: here, killed.

Bristol barrel: a large barrel or cask made in Bristol, England.

convenient for: here, of advantage to.

wherry (whĕr′rў): a long light rowboat pointed at both ends.

starboard: the right-hand side of a vessel, as one stands facing the bow.

larboard: the left-hand side of a vessel, now called port.

rabble: crowd, mob.

PART III. STORIES OF OUTDOOR LIFE

THE SUGAR CAMP

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

["One of the best things in the world to be, is a boy." That is what Mr. Warner says in the first sentence of the book "Being a Boy," from which this selection is taken. Mr. Warner himself was a real boy, and knew just how good it is. He was so successful in being a boy that he grew up to be a kind and noble man, loved and admired by all who knew him.

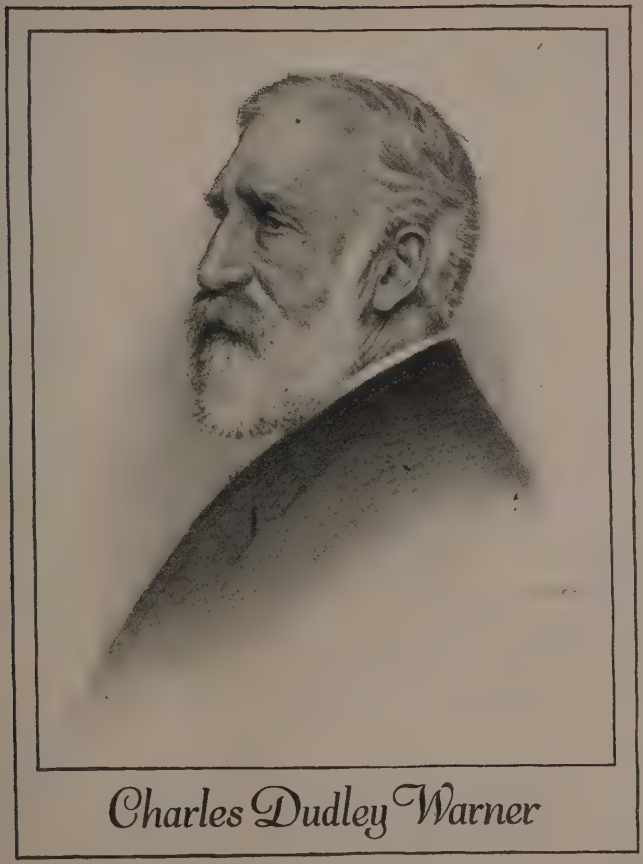
Charles Dudley Warner was born on a farm near the little village of Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1827. As soon as he could walk alone he used to wander off to the great hill pasture where the wintergreen berries grew, and the sweet fern and the sassafras. He loved the big bowlders covered with gray moss, and the brook that brawled over the stones, and the apple orchard with its load of red and yellow fruit. He had a good father, who saw the fine spirit that was in him, and who felt that some day the boy would do something worth while. This father was not a college man, but always regretted that he was not, and determined that his boy should have

the advantages that he himself had lacked. The father died when Charles was only five years old, and the last words which he said were, "Charles must go to college."

Soon after this the old home was given up, and Charles went to live with a relative who had been made his guardian. This relative lived near Charlemont, some ten miles away, on the Deerfield River. It is the life at Charlemont that Mr. Warner tells of in his book "Being a Boy."

Charles went to the district school at Charlemont, and was a good scholar; but he had so many "chores" to do that there was little time left him for play. He drove the oxen, and cleaned the stable, and cut down the thistles, and weeded the beet bed, and hoed the potatoes, and raked the sticks and leaves out of the front yard, and split the kindling, and turned the grindstone for the hired man, and went after the cows, and was told that after he had finished all these things he might play ball. But there was n't much time left to play ball.

Yet he did have fun. Was there ever a boy who did n't find a chance for fun somewhere? When he was cutting down the big thistles, he used to imagine that they were the whiskered villains he had read of in the fairy books, and he went at them with his bill hook, slashing off their heads, and shouting, "Die, ruffian!" And sometimes he went fishing and caught a big "sucker" in the deep pool or a string of trout in the brook.



Charles Dudley Warner

In winter, after school, he slid downhill on the crust of the snow, or skated on the pond, and at noontime built snow forts and had snowball fights — the Indians against the early settlers — in which all the boys took part. The Indians were frightfully fierce.

When Charles was about twelve he went with his mother to her old home in New York State. There he prepared for college and found time to do some reading. He earned his way by working in a drug store, then in a printing office, and after a time in the village post office. Then he went to Hamilton College, and when he had graduated, in 1851, he joined a surveying party that was going out to Missouri. After that, he studied law and was for several years an attorney in Chicago. At the age of thirty-one he returned East and went into newspaper work. He became editor of the Hartford *Courant* and for many years had charge of a department in *Harper's Magazine*.

He wrote many books besides the one already mentioned. Among the best-known of them are "In the Wilderness," "Backlog Studies," "My Summer in a Garden," and "My Winter on the Nile." With Mark Twain he wrote a story of early Missouri life called "The Gilded Age."

Mr. Warner was a great traveler. Several of his books describe journeys in Egypt, Asia Minor, and other lands. He was interested in all good works, and especially in improving our prisons. He had a long life of usefulness, and died at his home in Hartford in 1900.]

I think there is no part of farming the boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar; it is better than "blackberrying," and nearly as good as fishing. And one reason he likes this work is that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active and yet not do much.

In my day maple-sugar making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island, where one should save from the wreck tubs and augurs and great kettles and pork and hen's eggs and rye-and-indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world. I am told that it is something different nowadays, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be, and that the old fun and picturesqueness of the business are pretty much gone.

I am told that it is the custom carefully to collect the sap and bring it to the house, where there are built brick arches, over which it is evaporated in shallow pans, and that pains is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, and ashes and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified; and that, in short, it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun; and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious sirup. The prohibition may improve the sugar, but it is cruel to the boy.

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one), he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins — a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted. The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds, which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out. Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jackknife; at any rate he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement — as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn — with, "Sap's runnin'!"

And then indeed the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the wood-house, and which the boy has occasionally climbed up to look at with another boy, for they are full of sweet suggestions of the annual spring frolic — the sap-buckets are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two deep

in the woods, and the ox-sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help the excitement.

It is a great day when the cart is loaded with the buckets, and the procession starts into the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is soft and beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere, the snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the ax echoes far and wide. This is spring, and the boy can scarcely contain his delight that his outdoor life is about to begin again.

In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest. He wishes that some time when a hole is bored in a tree the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider-barrel is tapped; but it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly, and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world have to be patiently waited for and do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between

them. Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great caldron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it, somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap, somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over, and to fill them. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle. In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to sirup and is taken out to cool and settle until enough is made to "sugar off." To "sugar off" is to boil the sirup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax

on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes, but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost sirup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose at the constant risk of burning his tongue. The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother would n't know him.

He likes to boil eggs in the hot sap, with the hired man; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes; and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. Some of the hired men sleep in the bough shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys afterwards that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter and little affectations of fright. The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets on the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play. If Rembrandt could have seen a sugar party in a New England wood he would have made out of its strong contrasts of light and shade one of the finest pictures in the world. But Rembrandt was not born in Massachusetts; people hardly ever do know where to be born until it is too late. Being born in the right place is a thing that has been very much neglected.

At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar, that though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever. At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the

snow, where it congealed, without crystallizing, into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can of Mr. Warner's life. What sort of boy was he? What sort of man did he become? Plainfield and Charlemont are in northwestern Massachusetts, about halfway between the Connecticut River and the Hoosac Mountains. Point this out on a map. 2. Write or tell in your own words how maple sugar is made. How was it made when Mr. Warner was a boy? 3. When does the sap begin to run in the maple trees? What is there in the description that tells you the time of year? What is meant by the boy's having "a feeling of something starting in his own veins — a sort of spring stir in his arms and legs"?

4. How are the country boy's feet compared to the buds of the trees in spring? 5. Describe what the boy saw and felt when he slept all night in the bough shanty. 6. Who was Rembrandt, and why is he mentioned in connection with a night scene at the sugar camp? 7. What do you think interested the boy most at the sugar camp? What would have interested you most?

You will want to read other chapters in "Being a Boy," especially the story of the snowball fights (chap. xi) and the boy's first party (chap. xiii).

guardian: one appointed to take care of the person and property of a boy or girl whose father is dead and who is not yet old enough to take care of himself.

Charlemont: (Chär*le*′mŏnt).

chores: the lighter everyday work of a farm.

bill hook: a knife with a hook-shaped point, used for pruning.

picturesqueness (pĭc tu̇r ĕsq*ue*′nĕss): quaint or rugged beauty, such as might be found in a picture.

evaporated (ē văp′ō rāt ĕd): boiled down, or so heated that the liquid part passes away in steam or vapor.

clarified (clăr′ĭ fīed): made clear.

on the *qui vive* (kī vīve′): on the alert. (From the French, meaning "alive.")

unobstructedly (ŭn ŏb strŭct′ĕd lў): with nothing in the way.

spindling (spĭn′dlĭng)′: growing up slender and tall.

caldron kettles (cal′drŏn): large kettles or boilers. Better, simply caldrons.

sap-yoke: a stick of wood fitted to lie across the shoulders and support pails of sap which hang from the ends.

crystallize (crўs′tăl līze): turn into crystals.

perpetually (pēr pĕt′ū ăl lў): all the time.

affectations (ăf fĕc tā′shŏns)′: airs, something pretended or put on.

Rembrandt (Rĕm′brănd*t*): a Dutch painter (1606–1669) famous for his strong contrasts of light and shade.

congealed (cŏn ġēal*e*d′): hardened, or changed from a liquid to a solid by the cold.

converse (cŏn vērse′): talk.

(For memorizing)

A DAY IN MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

It is the first mild day of March,
Each minute sweeter than before;
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[Whittier is the poet of country life. He shows us the joy of living out of doors and of growing up naturally. He was once a barefooted country boy himself, and was brought up on a farm near Haverhill, Massachusetts. (For the story of his life see Book Four of the Literary Readers.)

Whittier writes this poem to a barefoot boy whom he sees whistling along the road, and as he looks at the boy he thinks of his own boyhood. He remembers that in the fields and woods he used to find out more things about the wild creatures than he ever learned at school. He knew the bees and how they stored their honey; the flowers and where they grew; he knew the mud turtle, and the woodchuck, and the mole, and the robin, and the oriole, and the wasps and hornets. He knew where to find the finest berries and the earliest nuts and apples; and then there was the pond, with the big pickerel resting under the shadow of the lily pads.

At supper time he had his bowl of bread and milk on the doorstep, and saw the sky all purple and gold in the sunset, and heard the frogs croaking down in the pond, in different tones, like a band of music. And a little later, when it began to grow dark, the fireflies came out.

He says the barefoot boy is a true prince, because the boy thinks everything belongs to him; the grown-up man is "republican," because he knows that he is no better or more important than any one else. The barefoot boy has more than the millionaire can buy, because all nature is within reach of his ears and eyes; the sun shines down upon him, and his heart is full of joy. And that is something which is better than money.

So the poet tells the barefoot boy to laugh and be happy while he may, for when he grows older he will be too proud to go barefoot, and will then put his feet into shoes (here called "prison cells"), and will lose his freedom and have to toil for a living, just as the colt is shod when he becomes a horse and is put to work.]

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy —
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art — the grown-up man
Only is republican.

All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold,
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra,
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:

All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell briefly the main events in Whittier's life (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 310). For what kind of poems is he best known?

2. What made the barefoot boy's lip "redder still"? Put into prose this and the following line. 3. Explain lines 21–22, page 336. 4. Explain lines 25–26. 5. What has the barefoot boy that the "million-dollared" man cannot buy?

6. Put into simpler words "boyhood's painless play"; "Sleep that wakes in laughing day"; "Health that mocks the doctor's rules." 7. What sort of knowledge does the boy get that is not "learned of schools"? 8. What are the "tenants of the wood," and what is their "habitude"?

9. Give another name for the tortoise, and describe it in a few words. 10. Describe the woodchuck; the mole. Tell what you can about their holes. 11. How and with what does

the robin feed her young? 12. Describe an oriole's nest and draw a picture of one (see page 349). 13. What is meant by the "architectural plans of gray-hornet artisans"? 14. Describe the houses of the wasp and of the hornet.

15. Put into simpler words "For eschewing books and tasks, Nature answers all he asks." 16. What is meant by "crowding years in one brief moon"? 17. Is it true that the barefoot boy owns all the wild flowers and squirrels and humming birds? Would they do him any more good if they belonged *only* to him, and if he could shut them up, away from other people? 18. What were the apples of the Hesperides (see word list)? The reference here simply means that the apples were as yellow and as precious as the golden apples in the old Greek story. 19. Explain "as my horizon grew, larger grew my riches too." 20. Why did the world seem like "a complex Chinese toy"?

21. What made the bread and milk taste so good to the barefoot boy? 22. Did you ever hear the frogs croaking on a summer night? Tell what they sounded like. What are "pied" frogs? 23. What kind of fly is it that "lights his lamp of fire"? 24. Explain "flinty slopes," "stubble-speared," "fresh baptisms of the dew." 25. What is meant by "the prison cells of pride," and why are they so called? 26. Explain "forbidden ground," "Quick and treacherous sands of sin." Why is sin like quicksand?

Other poems of Whittier that may be read in this grade are "The Fisherman," "The Drovers," "The Pumpkin," "In School-Days," and "King Solomon and the Ants." See also "The Huskers" (in Advanced Literary Reader), "Red Ridinghood" (Literary Readers, Book Five, page 363), and "The Frost Spirit" (Literary Readers, Book Four, page 314).

Parts of W. D. Howells's "A Boy's Town" and "The Flight of Pony Baker," T. B. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," and C. D. Warner's "Being a Boy" may also be read (see pages 33–41, 58–66, and 323–333 of this book).

pantaloons (păn tȧ lōōnṣ′) : trousers.
jaunty (jạun′tў) : easy and sprightly.
republican (rē̇ pŭb′lĭ căn) : a citizen of a republic, in which all are equal; having the same rights as other people.
habitude (hăb′ĭ tūde) : habit, manner of life.
tenants (tĕn′ănts) : those who dwell in or occupy a place.
groundnut : a trailing plant having eatable roots tasting somewhat like a nut.
cunning (cŭn′nĭng) : here, skillful.
architectural plans (är′kĭ tĕc′tu̯r ăl) : building plans.
artisans (är′tĭ ṣăns) : workmen.
eschewing (ĕs chew′ĭng) : keeping away from.
part and parcel : a part that cannot be taken away without destroying the entire thing.
boyhood's time of June : youth, the springtime of life.
moon : here, month, because there is a new moon each month.
plied (plīed) : used steadily.
snouted : having a snout or long nose.
blackberry cone : a blackberry — so called because the shape of the blackberry is somewhat conelike.
purpled : became purple.
apples of Hesperides (Hĕs pĕr′ĭ dēṣ) : the golden apples which belonged to Hera and which were guarded by the Hesperides, the daughters of the Evening Star, or some say the daughters of Atlas.
horizon (hō̇ rī′zȯn) : the place where the sky and earth seem to meet; therefore, the farthest that one can see.
complex (cŏm′plĕx) : made up of many parts.
festal (fĕs′tăl) : used in a feast.
regal (rē′găl) : belonging to a king.
pied (pīed) : spotted with two or more different colors.
orchestra (ôr′kĕs trȧ) : a band of musicians.
pomp : splendor.
flinty : stony.
stubble-speared : full of sharp stubble, that is, stumps of the grain or hay in a field which has been cut.
sward (swạrd) : grassland.
moil : hard work.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

[If a naturalist were choosing a place in which to be born, one of the first places that he would think of would probably be Louisiana, for Louisiana is a land of birds and flowers.

It was the good fortune of Audubon to be born there. His father was a French naval officer, who had large plantations in the South; his mother was a gentle and beautiful Spanish lady. John James was the youngest of four children, and was born at Mandeville, near New Orleans, in 1780, during the last year of the American Revolution.

His childhood was spent among the magnolias and orange trees, watching the birds build their nests and following them to learn their ways. When he was about eleven he went with his mother to one of their plantations on the island of Santo Domingo. While they were there a rebellion broke out: many of the planters' families were murdered, and young Audubon's mother was among the killed.

His father took the children to France, and some time afterwards married again and bought a home on the Loire, near Nantes. The new mother was fond of John James and helped him all she could. Indeed, she took

his part against his father, who wanted him to be a soldier; but, bless you! John James was no more of a soldier than a wood pigeon would have been. He was to do better things than killing men.

His father sent him away to school, where he studied drawing under the great French artist David, and learned to play the flute and the violin. He played the flute so well that later, in the woods, he could imitate upon it the sounds of birds, and they would sometimes fly to him and light upon his shoulder, thinking perhaps that he was only some larger species of their own kind. As he showed no signs of ever making a soldier, his father at last took him out of school and sent him to America to look after one of his farms at Mill Grove, near Philadelphia.

Here the young man lived for ten years, drawing birds, and collecting specimens, and enjoying every moment of his life. He had already formed the plan of making a series of pictures of all the birds of America, in their natural size and colors, and of having his drawings published. That was a large undertaking, you will think, but he was determined to accomplish it.

The farm adjoining his at Mill Grove was owned by an Englishman, a Mr. Bakewell; and this Mr. Bakewell had a daughter Lucy, whom Audubon greatly loved, and at length married. Mr. Bakewell had said that if Audubon was to marry Lucy he must go into some kind of business

and earn a living, for he didn't have much faith in that book of birds. So Audubon sold the Mill Grove farm which his father had given him, invested his money in a stock of goods, and went with his young wife down the Ohio River to Louisville, where he set up a general store. The store didn't succeed. He went to Henderson, Kentucky, and then to Sainte Genevieve, Missouri, and then to New Orleans, and then back to Henderson. Everywhere it was the same. He wasn't any more of a business man than he was a soldier.

His father had died and his money was now gone. He must do something to support his family — his wife and two little boys. So he started a drawing school in Cincinnati, and made crayon portraits "between times" in exchange for a pair of shoes or a bag of flour. And all this time he kept drawing birds. Every one who knew him said he was crazy — all but his wife; she knew him better than that and encouraged him to keep on with his drawings. After a time she got a position as governess with a family in Louisiana, and a little later started a private school; and when she found that she was able to provide for herself and the children, she urged Audubon to go in search of other birds which he needed to complete his book. So Audubon set out and worked his way North again, making sketches as he went. In Philadelphia and New York he showed his drawings and was recognized as having done a great and valuable work.

After some two years more of tramping the woods, making crayon portraits in exchange for a night's lodging or for his fare on a flatboat on the river, he got back to Louisiana. Mrs. Audubon's school had been successful. She had earned and saved three thousand dollars, which she put into her husband's hands. But this sum was still hardly enough to pay for the publication of the drawings; so Audubon gave dancing lessons for a time, and then with about five thousand dollars in his pocket sailed for England to have his drawings published.

It would take too long to tell you of all the trials and struggles that he passed through in England before the work was done. The engravings cost more than he had expected, and he had to go out and sell enough sets in advance to make up the sum required. While waiting for the engravers he was up every morning at four o'clock, painting pictures and selling them from house to house before the paint was dry, accepting whatever he could get for them — often barely enough to pay his board. But at last the great work, "Birds of America," was published, and Audubon was famous. It was the finest collection of bird pictures that had ever been made, and it brought him enough money to enable him to live in comfort for the rest of his days.

With the first money that was put into his hands he brought Mrs. Audubon to England, and there he wrote a book to accompany his engravings. This he called

"Ornithological Biography," which means simply Life Stories of Birds. From it we have taken our selection about the Baltimore oriole.

In 1842 the Audubons returned to America and bought a beautiful home on the banks of the Hudson just above New York. The two sons had now grown up and married and brought their wives home; and as the fairy stories say, "they lived happily together ever after." But Audubon, though now more than sixty, made other journeys, one as far west as the Yellowstone River, and discovered yet other birds, and began a great work on the "Quadrupeds of North America," which his sons finished after his death.]

No traveler can ascend that extraordinary river, the Mississippi, in the first days of autumn, without feeling enchanted by the varied vegetation which adorns its shores: the tall cotton tree descending to the very margin of the stream, the arrow-shaped ash mixing its branches with those of the pecan and black walnut, immense oaks and numerous species of hickory covering with their foliage the densely tangled canes, from amongst which, at every step, vines of various kinds shoot up, winding round the stems and interlacing their twigs and tendrils, stretching from one branch to another until they have reached and overspread the whole like a verdant canopy, forming one solid mass of richest vegetation in the

foreground of the picture; whilst wherever the hills are in view, the great magnolias, the hollies, and the noble pines are seen gently waving their lofty heads to the breeze.

Now we have ascended the mighty river, have left it and entered the still more enchanting Ohio, and yet never for a day have we been without the company of the oriole. Here amongst the pendulous branches of the lofty tulip trees it moves gracefully up and down, seeking in the expanding leaves and opening blossoms the caterpillar and the green beetle, which generally contribute to its food.

The Baltimore oriole arrives from the south, perhaps from Mexico, or perhaps from a more distant region, and enters Louisiana as soon as spring commences there. It approaches the planter's house and searches amongst the surrounding trees for a suitable place in which to settle for the season. It prefers, I believe, the trees that grow on the sides of a gentle declivity. The choice of a twig being made, the male oriole becomes extremely conspicuous. He flies to the ground, searches for the longest and driest filaments of the moss, which in that state is known by the name of Spanish beard, and whenever he finds one fit for his purpose, ascends to the favorite spot where the nest is to be, uttering all the while a continued chirrup, which seems to imply that he knows no fear, but on the contrary fancies himself the acknowledged

THE FEMALE COMMENCES HER OPERATIONS, MAKING THE WHOLE CROSS AND RECROSS SO AS TO FORM AN IRREGULAR NETWORK

king of the woods. This sort of chirruping becomes louder and is emitted in an angry tone, whenever an enemy approaches or the bird is accidentally surprised, the sight of a cat or a dog being always likely to produce it.

No sooner does the bird reach the branches than with bill and claws, aided by an astonishing sagacity, he fastens one end of the moss to a twig with as much art as a sailor might do and takes up the other end, which he secures also, but to another twig a few inches off, leaving the thread floating in the air like a swing, the curve of which is perhaps seven or eight inches from the twigs. The female comes to his assistance with another filament of moss, or perhaps some cotton thread or other fibrous substance, inspects the work which her mate has done, and immediately commences her operations, placing each thread in a contrary direction to those arranged by her lordly mate, and making the whole cross and recross so as to form an irregular network.

The nest has now been woven from the bottom to the top and so secured that no tempest can carry it off without breaking the branch to which it is suspended. Remark what follows. This nest contains no warming substance such as wool, cotton, or cloth, but is almost entirely composed of the Spanish moss, interwoven in such a manner that the air can easily pass through it. The parents no doubt are aware of the intense heat which will exist ere

long in this part of the world, and moreover take especial care to place their nest on the northeast side of the trees. On the contrary, had they gone as far as Pennsylvania or New York, they would have formed it of the warmest and softest materials, and have placed it in a position which would have left it exposed to the sun's rays, the changes in the weather during the early period of incubation being sometimes so great there that the bird looks on these precautions as necessary to insure the life of its brood against cold, while it knows that the heat in these northern latitudes will not be so great as to incommode them. I have observed these differences in the formation and position of the nests of the Baltimore oriole a great many times, as no doubt have other persons.

The female lays from four to six eggs, and in Louisiana frequently rears two broods in a season. The period of incubation is fourteen days. The eggs are about an inch in length, rather broadly ovate, pale brown, dotted, spotted, and tortuously lined with dark brown.

The movements of these birds as they run among the branches of trees differ from those of almost all others. They cling frequently by the feet in order to reach an insect at such a distance from them as to require the full extension of their neck, body, and legs, without letting go their hold. They sometimes glide, as it were, along a small twig, and at other times move sidewise for a few steps. Their motions are elegant and stately. Their song

consists of three or four, or at most eight or ten, loud, full, and mellow notes, extremely agreeable to the ear.

A day or two before the young are quite able to leave the nest, they often cling to the outside, and creep in and out of it like young woodpeckers. After leaving the nest, they follow the parents for nearly a fortnight, and are fed by them. As soon as the mulberries and figs become ripe, they resort to these fruits, and are equally fond of sweet cherries and strawberries. During spring their principal food is insects, which they seldom pursue on the wing, but which they search for with great activity among the leaves and branches. I have seen the young of the first brood out early in May, and of the second in July. As soon as they are fully able to take care of themselves, they generally part from each other and leave the country as their parents had come, that is, singly.

During migration the flight of the Baltimore oriole is performed high above all the trees and mostly during day, as I have usually observed them alighting, always singly, about the setting of the sun, uttering a note or two and darting into the lower branches to feed and afterwards to rest. To assure myself of this mode of traveling by day, I marked the place where a beautiful male had perched one evening, and on going to the spot next morning, long before dawn, I had the pleasure of hearing his first notes as light appeared and saw him search a while for food and afterwards mount in the air,

making his way to warmer climes. The flight is straight and continuous.

The Baltimore oriole, although found throughout the Union, is so partial to particular sections or districts that of two places not twenty miles distant from each other, where none are to be seen in the one, a dozen pairs or more may be in the neighborhood of the other. They are fondest of hilly grounds, refreshed by streams.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell briefly the story of Audubon's life. What was the one purpose that he kept in mind through all his disappointments and that he achieved at last? Point out on a map the places in which he lived.

2. Mention a few of the native trees that grow along the Mississippi. 3. Explain "interlacing" vines, "verdant canopy," "pendulous branches," "expanding leaves," "contribute to its food." 4. Describe the Baltimore oriole in your own words. 5. What is a "gentle declivity"? What are "filaments" of moss? 6. Describe the way in which the oriole builds its nest. Of what material does it build in the South? in the North? Why is this difference? How does the bird know it will be colder in Pennsylvania than in Louisiana?

7. Why is the male oriole called "lordly"? What is meant by the "period of incubation"? "broadly ovate"? "tortuously lined"? 8. How do the movements of the oriole differ from those of other birds? 9. Tell any interesting things that you have noticed about orioles, or any stories that you have heard or read about them.

Fuller accounts of Audubon will be found in Mr. Burroughs' little book "John James Audubon" and in Sarah K. Bolton's "Famous Men of Science." Stories of bird life from Audubon and other naturalists are in C. M. Weed's "Bird Life Stories." The most complete account of Audubon's work is in "Audubon and his Journals" (in two volumes) by his granddaughter, Maria R. Audubon.

More about the oriole may be found in Olive Thorne Miller's "Second Book of Birds," "Bird Ways," and "True Bird Stories."

Audubon (Ȧu′dụ bŏn).

David (Dȧ vĭd′): a famous French artist (1748–1825).

ornithological (ôr nĭ thŏ lŏj′ĭ cȧl): pertaining to the science of birds.

extraordinary (ĕx trȧôr′dĭ nȧ rў): unusual, remarkable.

interlacing (ĭn tẽr lāç′ĭng): twining together.

verdant (vẽr′dănt): green, fresh.

canopy (căn′ŏ pў): an overhanging shelter or shade.

pendulous (pĕn′dụ̆ lo͝us): swinging.

tulip tree: a tall tree bearing large tuliplike flowers.

expanding: swelling, enlarging.

declivity (dẽ clĭv′ĭ tў): a downward slope.

conspicuous (cŏn spĭc′ụ̆ o͝us): plainly seen, attracting attention.

filaments (fĭl′ȧ mĕnts): threadlike substances, fibers.

emitted (ẽ mĭt′tĕd): sent out, given out, or thrown out.

sagacity (sȧ găç′ĭ tў): shrewdness, keenness of judgment.

fibrous (fī′bro͝us): made of fibers or threads.

remark: notice.

period of incubation (ĭn cụ̆ bā′shŏn): the time necessary to hatch eggs.

precautions (prẽ cặu′shŏnz): acts of a prudent forethought against danger.

incommode (ĭn cŏm mōde′): disturb, trouble.

ovate (ō′vāte): oval.

tortuously (tôr′tụ̆ o͝us lў): in a winding or twisted manner.

extension (ĕx tĕn′shŏn): the act of stretching out.

migration (mī grā′shŏn): the act of passing from one region or country to another in search of homes or food.

continuous (cŏn tĭn′ụ̆ o͝us): without break or interruption.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[Did you ever plant a tree? And if you did, did you stop to think what that little sprout with its bunch of rootlets that you were putting into the earth would become, years afterwards, when you are old? It is one of the most wonderful things in the world — the growth of a tree. And the planting of one is so common that we seldom realize all it means.

The quality that makes a poet different from other people is imagination. The farmer plants his apple tree because he knows that sometime it will bear apples; but the poet can, in imagination, *see* the tree as it will look, years afterwards, with the birds nesting in it and the bees gathering honey from its fragrant blossoms. He can see the children laughing around it and picking up the fallen fruit from the grass. He can see the farmer's daughters peeling the apples in winter by the open fire, and the guests in richer homes enjoying it as it is piled high upon the table. He can see the apples being shipped to foreign lands, where people wonder at their beauty and ask where they grew. He can see at last the apple tree, old and gnarled and fallen into decay, and as he thinks of those far distant times, he wonders what they will be like — whether the world will still be

oppressed by tyrants and dishonest men, and what acts of kindness will be performed amid the toils and strife and troubles of that day.

He thinks of the children of those times as gathering around the old tree and wondering who planted it. And an aged, white-haired man tells them that it was a poet of bygone years who planted it — meaning Bryant himself.

For the story of Bryant's life see the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 146.]

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,

A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
The winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below.

Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell briefly what you know of Bryant's life (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 146). 2. Why is so great care used in arranging the roots of the tree? 3. Express in simpler words "Cleave the tough greensward"; "Sift the dark mold with kindly care." 4. What comparison is made in lines 17 and 18, page 356? What are the *feet* of the tree? What is the *cradle-sheet* that is used to protect them?

5. What does the poet see in the apple tree, as expressed in the second stanza? (Notice that in this stanza he thinks mainly of the leaves; in the next stanza, of the blossoms: and

in the next, of the fruit.) 6. What effect does the poet's imagination have upon the imagination of his readers? 7. What is the "thrush with crimson breast"? (The American robin belongs to the thrush family.) 8. What does the poet see as expressed in the third stanza? Answer in your own words, not in the words of the poem. 9. Explain lines 4–7, page 357. Think of the May wind as *alive*. Why are the wings of the May wind called "restless"? 10. What is meant by "the orchard *row*"? "a world of blossoms"? "sprigs of bloom"?

11. What is described in the fourth stanza? 12. Notice the difference between the gentle airs "that fan the blue September sky" and the "restless" winds of May. Have you ever noticed this difference between the two months? 13. How does the grass "betray" the bed where the apple has fallen?

14. What is seen in the fifth stanza? 15. Describe in your own words an apple tree on a winter night. 16. Describe a scene around some "cottage hearth," where apples are plentiful. What games may the girls (line 24, page 357) be playing in which apples are used. 17. Describe such a scene as is hinted at in lines 1–4, page 358. 18. What is meant by "the grape of Cintra's vine"? the "golden orange *of the line*"?

19. Explain how "winds and our flag of stripe and star" carry the fruit to foreign lands. 20. Who are the "sojourners beyond the sea," and why should the apple make them think of their childhood?

21. What is meant by "roseate bloom"? "verdurous gloom"? 22. Mention some of the ways in which "fraud and force and iron will oppress the weak and helpless still." 23. Mention some of the "tasks of mercy" that now help to make life pleasanter for those who are unfortunate. 24. What does this stanza show us of Bryant's character?

25. Who was the poet spoken of in the last stanza? 26. What were the "quaint old rhymes"? Do you think this a good name for them? Why did Bryant call them so?

The poem shows how much joy and comfort and good may come from a little act. It is not hard to plant a tree. Here we see some of the things that come from it.

Read all of Longfellow's "Rain in Summer," and notice how in the latter part of that poem also the imagination of the poet sees things which are not visible to the eye.

Other poems of Bryant that may be read in this grade are "The Death of the Flowers," "March," "To a Fringed Gentian," "The Yellow Violet," and the "Song of Marion's Men." (See Advanced Literary Reader.) See also "Robert of Lincoln" (Book Four, page 150) and "The Gladness of Nature" (Book Five, page 374).

Other poems about apples and trees are Uhland's "The Wayside Inn," Burleigh's "The Old Apple Tree," Martin's "Apple Blossoms," Abbey's "What do we Plant when we Plant a Tree?" Lucy Larcom's "Plant a Tree," and Morris's "Woodman, Spare that Tree." These are good selections for Arbor Day. See also Burroughs' "The Apple," in "Winter Sunshine," and Stone and Fickett's "Trees in Prose and Poetry."

cleave: to cut open or split.
greensward (grēen′swa̤rd): turf, sod.
mold: soft earth.
haunt (ha̤unt): to visit often, to frequent.
lea (lē*a*): a meadow or grassy field.
betrays: shows, discloses as a secret.
Cintra (Çïn′trä): a town in Portugal famous for its grapes.
the line: here, the equator.
sojourners (sō′j*o*ûr nẽrs̤): travelers in a foreign land.
roseate (rō′s̤ē ā̇t*e*): rosy.
verdurous (vẽr′d̮ū̇r *oŭ*s): clothed with fresh green.
lower (lou′ẽr): to frown, or look dark and gloomy.
waste: here, wear away or make thin.

THE STORY OF A SALMON

David Starr Jordan

[In the Genesee valley, in western New York, at the little village of Gainesville, was born in 1851 one of the foremost of modern American scientists, Dr. David Starr Jordan. His boyhood was spent mostly out of doors. Like Whittier's Barefoot Boy he knew

> How the tortoise bears his shell,
> How the woodchuck digs his cell,

and all the other things that a live country boy should know. As he grew older he became more and more interested in nature and determined to give up his life to the study of it. He made a special study of botany; and when Cornell University opened at Ithaca, not far from his home, he entered as a student, at seventeen, already knowing more about many plants than his teachers knew. Two years later he was made instructor in botany at Cornell. Then he went West and taught in various schools and colleges in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana, and assisted in the work of the United States Fish Commission, the object of which is to study our native fishes and to see that they are not needlessly destroyed. Dr. Jordan studied fishes under the famous scientist and teacher, Agassiz, and has himself become a leading authority on this subject.

For some years he was president of Indiana University. Then in 1891 he was made president of the new Leland Stanford Junior University in California, which he has built up and made one of the great universities of the United States. He is a man with a big heart and a deep sympathy for all who are ambitious to know more and to do more for their fellow men.

In addition to his scientific works and textbooks, President Jordan has written a number of good nature stories for young people. One of the best is this "Story of a Salmon," which we are now to read. It is taken from his book "Science Sketches."]

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary line between the dark fir forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain — a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile the dense fir woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile a lighter green of grass and bushes gives place in winter to white; and on its uppermost mile the snows of the great ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that their mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that even in its own country Mount Tacoma is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Tacoma is a cold, clear river, fed by the melting snows

of the mountain. Madly it hastens down in white cascades and over beds of shining sands, through birch woods and belts of dark firs, to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia. This river is the Cowlitz; and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but great in their possibilities. In the waters above them little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins strained their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish — a curious little fellow, not half an inch long, with great, staring eyes, which made almost half his length, and with a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon; but the water was good, and there were flies and worms and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. Then there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used

to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole; for, said they, "even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose" was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into a single larger one.

By and by, when all the salmon were too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and it was somehow suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion — which fashion is to get into the current, head upstream, and thus to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River the salmon went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last they began to grow hungry; and coming near the shore, they saw an angleworm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of them opened his mouth, which was filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around the angleworm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them; for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide and seek, but

only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.

At last they came to where the Cowlitz and the Columbia join, and they were almost lost for a time; for they could find no shores, and the bottom and the top of the water were so far apart. Here they saw other and far larger salmon in the deepest part of the current, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but swimming right on upstream just as rapidly as they could. And these great salmon would not stop for them, and would not lie and float with the current. They had no time to talk, even in the simple sign-language by which fishes express their ideas, and no time to eat. They had important work before them, and the time was short. So they went on up the river, keeping their great purposes to themselves; and our little salmon and his friends from the Cowlitz drifted down the stream.

By and by the water began to change. It grew denser, and no longer flowed rapidly along; and twice a day it used to turn about and flow the other way. Then the shores disappeared, and the water began to have a different and peculiar flavor — a flavor which seemed to the salmon much richer and more inspiring than the glacier-water of their native Cowlitz. There were many curious things to see — crabs with hard shells and savage faces, but so good when crushed and swallowed! Then there

were luscious squid swimming about; and to a salmon, squid are like ripe peaches and cream. There were great companies of delicate sardines and herring, green and silvery, and it was such fun to chase and capture them! Those who eat sardines packed in oil by greasy fingers, and herrings dried in the smoke, can have little idea how satisfying it is to have a meal of them, plump and sleek and silvery, fresh from the sea.

Thus the salmon chased the herrings about and had a merry time. Then they were chased about in turn by great sea lions — swimming monsters with huge half-human faces, long thin whiskers, and blundering ways. The sea lions liked to bite out the throat of a salmon, with its precious stomach full of luscious sardines, and then to leave the rest of the fish to shift for itself. And the seals and the herrings scattered the salmon about, till at last the hero of our story found himself quite alone, with none of his own kind near him. But that did not trouble him much, and he went on his own way, getting his dinner when he was hungry, which was all the time, and then eating a little between meals for his stomach's sake.

So it went on for three long years; and at the end of this time our little fish had grown to be a great, fine salmon of twenty-two pounds' weight, shining like a new tin pan, and with rows of the loveliest round black spots on his head and back and tail. One day, as he was

swimming about, idly chasing a big sculpin with a head so thorny that he never was swallowed by anybody, all of a sudden the salmon noticed a change in the water around him.

Spring had come again, and the south-lying snow-drifts on the Cascade Mountains once more felt that the "earth was wheeling sunwards." The cold snow waters ran down from the mountains and into the Columbia River and made a freshet on the river. The high water went far out into the sea, and out in the sea our salmon felt it on his gills. He remembered how the cold water used to feel in the Cowlitz when he was a little fish. In a blundering, fishy fashion he thought about it; he wondered whether the little eddy looked as it used to look, and whether caddis-worms and young mosquitoes were really as sweet and tender as he used to think they were. Then he thought some other things; but as the salmon's mind is located in the optic lobes of his brain, and ours is in a different place, we cannot be quite certain what his thoughts really were.

What our salmon did, we know. He did what every grown salmon in the ocean does when he feels the glacier-water once more upon his gills. He became a changed being. He spurned the blandishment of soft-shelled crabs. The pleasures of the table and of the chase, heretofore his only delights, lost their charms for him. He turned his course straight toward the direction whence the cold

water came, and for the rest of his life never tasted a mouthful of food. He moved on toward the river-mouth, at first playfully, as though he were not really certain whether he meant anything, after all. Afterward, when he struck the full current of the Columbia, he plunged straightforward with an unflinching determination that had in it something of the heroic. When he had passed the rough water at the bar, he was not alone. His old neighbors of the Cowlitz, and many more from the Clackamas and the Spokane and Des Chutes and Kootanai — a great army of salmon — were with him. In front were thousands pressing on, and behind them were thousands more, all moved by a common impulse which urged them up the Columbia.

They were all swimming bravely along where the current was deepest, when suddenly the foremost felt something tickling like a cobweb about their noses and under their chins. They changed their course a little to brush it off, and it touched their fins as well. Then they tried to slip down with the current, and thus leave it behind. But, no! the thing, whatever it was, although its touch was soft, refused to let go, and held them like a fetter. The more they struggled, the tighter became its grasp, and the whole foremost rank of the salmon felt it together; for it was a great gill-net, a quarter of a mile long, stretched squarely across the mouth of the river.

By and by men came in boats and hauled up the gill-net and the helpless salmon that had become entangled in it. They threw the fishes into a pile in the bottom of the boat, and the others saw them no more. We that live outside the water know better what befalls them, and we can tell the story which the salmon could not.

All along the banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth to nearly thirty miles away, there is a succession of large buildings looking like great barns or warehouses built on piles in the river, high enough to be out of the reach of floods. There are thirty of these buildings, and they are called canneries. Each cannery has about forty boats, and with each boat are two men and a long gill-net. These nets fill the whole river as with a nest of cobwebs from April to July, and to each cannery nearly a thousand great salmon are brought every day. These salmon are thrown in a pile on the floor; and Wing Hop, the big Chinaman, takes them one after another on the table, and with a great knife dexterously cuts off the head, the tail, and the fins; then with a sudden thrust he removes the intestines and the eggs. The body goes into a tank of water; and the head is dropped into a box on a flatboat and goes down the river to be made into salmon oil. Next, the body is brought to another table; and Quong Sang, with a machine like a feed-cutter, cuts it into pieces each just as long as a one-pound can. Then Ah Sam, with a butcher-knife,

cuts these pieces into strips just as wide as the can. Next Wan Lee, the "China boy," brings down a hundred cans from the loft where the tinners are making them, and into each can puts a spoonful of salt. It takes just six salmon to fill a hundred cans. Then twenty Chinamen put the pieces of meat into the cans, fitting in little strips to make them exactly full. Ten more solder up the cans, and ten more put the cans into boiling water till the meat is thoroughly cooked, and five more punch a little hole in the head of each can to let out the air. Then they solder them up again, and little girls paste on them bright-colored labels showing merry little cupids riding the happy salmon up to the cannery door, with Mount Tacoma and Cape Disappointment in the background; and a legend underneath says that this is "Booth's," or "Badollet's Best," or "Hume's," or "Clark's," or "Kinney's Superfine Salt Water Salmon." Then the cans are placed in cases, forty-eight in a case, and five hundred thousand cases are put up every year. Great ships come to Astoria and are loaded with them; and they carry them away to London and San Francisco and Liverpool and New York and Sydney and Valparaiso; and the man at the corner grocery sells them at twenty cents a can.

All this time our salmon is going up the river, eluding one net as by a miracle, and soon having need of more miracles to escape the rest; passing by Astoria on a

fortunate day — which was Sunday, the day on which no man may fish if he expects to sell what he catches — till finally he came to where nets were few, and, at last, to where they ceased altogether. But there he found that scarcely any of his many companions were with him; for the nets cease when there are no more salmon to be caught in them. So he went on, day and night, where the water was deepest, stopping not to feed or loiter on the way, till at last he came to a wild gorge, where the great river became an angry torrent, rushing wildly over a huge staircase of rocks. But our hero did not falter; and summoning all his forces, he plunged into the Cascades. The current caught him and dashed him against the rocks. A whole row of silvery scales came off and glistened in the water like sparks of fire, and a place on his side became black-and-red, which, for a salmon, is the same as being black-and-blue for other people. His comrades tried to go up with him; and one lost his eye, one his tail, and one had his lower jaw pushed back into his head like the joint of a telescope. Again he tried to surmount the Cascades; and at last he succeeded, and an Indian on the rocks above was waiting to receive him. But the Indian with his spear was less skillful than he was wont to be, and our hero escaped, losing only a part of one of his fins; and with him came one other salmon, and henceforth these two pursued their journey together.

"SUMMONING ALL HIS FORCES, HE PLUNGED INTO THE CASCADES"

Now a gradual change took place in the looks of our salmon. In the sea he was plump and round and silvery, with delicate teeth in a symmetrical mouth. Now his silvery color disappeared, his skin grew slimy, and the scales sank into it; his back grew black, and his sides turned red — not a healthy red, but a sort of hectic flush. He grew poor; and his back, formerly as straight as need be, now developed an unpleasant hump at the shoulders. His eyes — like those of all enthusiasts who forsake eating and sleeping for some loftier aim — became dark and sunken. His symmetrical jaws grew longer and longer, and meeting each other, as the nose of an old man meets his chin, each had to turn aside to let the other pass. His beautiful teeth grew longer and longer, and projected from his mouth, giving him a savage and wolfish appearance, quite at variance with his real disposition. For all the desires and ambitions of his nature had become centered into one. We may not know what this one was, but we know that it was a strong one; for it had led him on and on — past the nets and horrors of Astoria; past the dangerous Cascades; past the spears of Indians; through the terrible flume of the Dalles, where the mighty river is compressed between huge rocks into a channel narrower than a village street; on past the meadows of Umatilla and the wheat-fields of Walla Walla; on to where the great Snake River and the Columbia join; on up the Snake River and its eastern

branch, till at last he reached the foot of the Bitter Root Mountains in Idaho, nearly a thousand miles from the ocean which he had left in April. With him still was the other salmon which had come with him through the Cascades, handsomer and smaller than he, and, like him, growing poor and ragged and tired.

At last, one October afternoon, our finny travelers came together to a little clear brook, with a bottom of fine gravel, over which the water was but a few inches deep. Our fish painfully worked his way to it; for his tail was all frayed out, his muscles were sore, and his skin covered with unsightly blotches. But his sunken eyes saw a ripple in the stream, and under it a bed of little pebbles and sand. So there in the sand he scooped out with his tail a smooth round place, and his companion came and filled it with orange-colored eggs. Then our salmon came back again; and softly covering the eggs, the work of their lives was done, and in the old salmon fashion they drifted tail foremost down the stream.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about the author of this story. 2. Describe in your own words a young salmon; a full-grown salmon. 3. What were the orange-colored globules mentioned on page 364? 4. What is meant by the ripples saying their "incantations" over one of them? 5. Why are the eyes of the crawfish called "telescopic" eyes? 6. Which way does

the salmon face when he goes down a stream? Why? 7. What happened to the fish that snapped at the angle-worm? 8. What made the difference in the taste of the water as the young salmon went down, and where did he find himself at last? How long did he remain there? 9. What is "glacier-water"? What is a "common impulse"?

10. What made the salmon start up the stream again? What were they going to do? 11. Describe how salmon are caught and canned. 12. Describe the laying of the eggs.

You will be interested in reading "The Story of a Stone," in Dr. Jordan's "Science Sketches"; also his little book "Matka and Kotik," the story of two seals.

Agassiz (Ag′ȧs sĭz): a famous Swiss-American naturalist (1807–1873).

salmon (săl′m′ŏn).

king-pin: the most important of the pins in a group set up for bowling.

globules (glŏb′ūleṣ): little globes.

sculpin: a spiny, large-headed fish.

incantations (ĭn căn tā′shŏnṣ): magic spells or charms.

luscious (lŭsch′i*o*ŭs): delicious.

squid: a kind of cuttlefish, or sea animal, having a saclike body surrounded by arms or suckers.

caddis-worm: also called caseworm. It lives in a case covered with bits of sticks, sand, and shells.

optic lobes: two pairs of knobs or bunches on the brain.

blandishment: flattery or soft words.

impulse: something in the mind that urges one to do a thing.

gill-net: a net with meshes which allow the fishes' heads to pass through but catch the gills.

dexterously: skillfully.

intestines (ĭn tĕs′tĭneṣ): bowels.

eluding (ē lūd′ĭng): escaping slyly.

surmount (sŭr mount′): rise above.

hectic flush: a tinge of red seen on the flesh during a wasting fever.

enthusiasts (ĕn thū′sĭ ăstṣ): those who are filled with eagerness to do a certain thing.

symmetrical (sȳm mĕt′rĭ căl): alike on both sides of a line running through the center.

flume: a ravine or gorge with a stream running through it.

Dalles (Dălleṣ): rapids of the Columbia River in Oregon.

unsightly: ugly, not pleasing to the sight.

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

[Far up in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near the northern boundary of Georgia, rises the Chattahoochee River. Through its upper course, in Habersham County, it is a turbulent stream, dashing over stones and through mountain gorges, leaping down in waterfalls, split at times by the rocks into several channels, but soon rushing together again and growing broader and deeper as it flows along. Its course leads then through the wooded valleys of Hall and other counties, past villages and towns, until on the western border of the state it spreads out into the plains, furnishes power for scores of mills, and empties into the Apalachicola River, on the edge of Florida, through which it flows on into the Gulf of Mexico.

Lanier knew the Chattahoochee well and loved it. Dancing along among the hills and through the valleys, it seemed to him almost human; and he fancied that as it flowed, the rushes and ferns and berries that dipped into it or that reached across its way, the trees that bent over it, and the stones that stood before it, were trying to stop it and make it play with them. But there was work for the river to do. There were mills to turn, and fields to water, and beyond all these was ever heard the call of the sea.

The great beauty of the poem lies in the music of its verse. It is not only a poem; it is a song. Think of the river as *singing* it while it flows along.

The life of Lanier is told in the Literary Readers, Book Five, page 278.]

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide,"
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay,"
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall."

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
O'erleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall
The white quartz shone and the smooth brook stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone —
Crystal clear or acloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,

And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of Lanier's life (see Literary Readers, Book Five). 2. Where is the Chattahoochee River? Describe its course and locate it upon a map. 3. What and where are Habersham and Hall? 4. Put into simpler words "Accept my bed, or narrow or wide." 5. What is meant by "flee from folly"? (Remember that as the stream flows on, it seems to be thinking all the time of the work it has to do.) 6. Explain line 13, page 378. (The river is in love with its work and impatient to reach the plain where duty calls it.)

7. Notice how much is added to the music of the verse by repeating the sounds at the beginning of words or syllables, as "hills of Habersham," "run the rapid," "flee from folly." This is called alliteration (ăl lĭt ĕr ā′shŏn). What examples of it do you find in the second stanza? the third? the fourth? the fifth? 8. Explain "held me *thrall*," "*laving* laurel," "*fondling* grass," "for to work delay." (In Old English it was customary to use "*for* to" where now we use only "to.") Find another example of this in the poem.

9. What "veiled the valleys" in line 2, page 379? 10. Express in simpler words "Wrought me her shadowy self to hold," "Pass not, so cold." Explain "flickering meaning." 11. Describe white quartz, ruby, garnet, amethyst. 12. "Bar me of passage" is an old English form for "bar my passage." Do you think the poem is better or worse for using these

old forms of speech? 13. What is a "friendly brawl"? a "luminous jewel"? 14. Put into simpler words "Made lures with the lights of streaming stone." (The lights streaming *from* the stone are meant — lights so brilliant that the stone itself seems to stream out with them.)

15. Rewrite the last stanza in simple prose, explaining "be mixed with the main," "mortally yearn." 16. Name all the different things that tried to stop the stream. 17. Think of yourself as having a duty to do, and mention some things that might try to call you from it. 18. *Memorize the poem.*

19. Compare with Tennyson's "The Song of the Brook" (Book Five, page 212). How are the two poems alike and how different? Notice how Tennyson also uses alliteration.

Songs of other poets addressed to streams are Burns's "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," Bryant's "The Rivulet," Southey's "The Cataract of Lodore," Longfellow's "To the River Charles," Hayne's "The River," and Father Ryan's "A Song of the River" (for the last, see Advanced Literary Reader, Part I).

Lanier's "Tampa Robins" may be read in this grade, but will be better a year later (see Advanced Literary Reader, Part I).

Chattahoochee (Chăt'tȧ hōō'chĕe).
Habersham (Hăb'ĕr shăm).
Apalachicola (Ăp'ȧ lăch'ĭ cō'lȧ).
amain (ȧ mān'): at full speed.
abide (ȧ bīde'): stay, delay.
thrall (thrąll): enslaved.
laving (lāv'ĭng): washing, bathing.
laurel (lą'rĕl): here, the mountain laurel, a shrub with glossy leaves.
fondling (fŏnd'lĭng): caressing.
dewberry: a kind of blackberry borne on long trailing vines.
manifold (măn'ĭ fōld): many and different.
wrought (*wrought*): made.
brawl (brąwl): here, a confused noise of water flowing over stones.
luminous (lū'mĭ nŏŭs): shining.
fain: eager, desirous.
the main: the sea.
myriad (mỹr'ĭ ăd): a great number.
mortally yearn: are filled with eager longing, as if life depended upon having their desire.

PIPPA'S SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

[Pippa worked in the silk mills of Asolo. She was a girl who loved a holiday as only a child can, but she was poor and could spend no time in play. She had but one holiday in all the year.

This holiday dawned bright and beautiful. Pippa leaped from her bed, dressed quickly, and set out, up the hillside, through the dewy grass, singing as she went. She was so happy she could not help singing, and the first words that she sang were:

"All service ranks the same with God;
. . . there is no last nor first."

On she went, over the hill, and passed a house where a man had done wrong; and he heard her singing:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!"

"God's in his heaven!" cried the man, and at once he felt the deepest sorrow for what he had done.

Pippa went on singing. She passed another house where a man was quarreling with his young wife and was about to leave her. He heard the song and kissed his wife, and they were both happy again.

Toward evening Pippa passed a ruined tower, and as she went she sang another song, and a young man heard it who was hiding there. His life was in danger, for men were seeking him to do him harm, and he did not know whether to stay or to go boldly out. Something in the song inspired him to go, and he was saved.

As Pippa was coming home at night, tired but happy, she passed a great castle where a nobleman was being tempted to do a sinful deed. He was almost ready to yield, when he heard the sweet girlish song and put away the temptation and was kept from sin.

When Pippa went to bed that night, she did not know how much good she had done. It had been only a holiday.]

QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what happened on Pippa's holiday. 2. Why do you think Pippa was so happy? 3. Memorize the lines "All service ranks the same with God; . . . there is no last nor first." This means that in God's sight little deeds are as important as great ones; that no one deed should be called first in importance, and another last. What little deed of Pippa's had a great effect on other people?

4. Memorize the song beginning "The year's at the spring." 5. What is meant by the first line of it? the second? 6. Shut your eyes and try to see the picture of the hillside "dew-pearled." Then describe it. 7. Tell what you can about a lark; a snail. 8. What does the word "his" before heaven add to the force of line 20? 9. Why is it all right with the world? 10. What lesson do you think Browning meant to teach in the story of Pippa? Think of the song as bubbling over with joy, and express this in reading or reciting it.

Asolo (ȧ′sō lō): a town in Italy. **on the thorn**: on the hawthorn.